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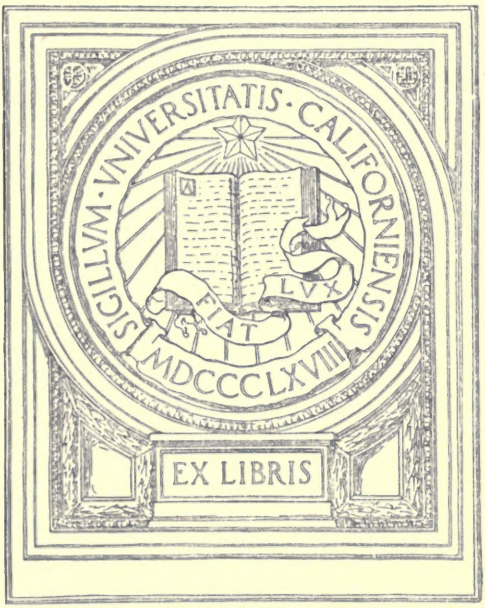

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Winning a Husband;

OR,

SEVEN'S THE MAIN.

A

MONO-DRAMATIC BAGATELLE.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

ROYAL COBURG THEATRE,

AND THE

Royal Amphitheatre.

THE MUSIC BY MR. T. HUGHES.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BARKER,
Dramatic Repository,
ST. CLEMENT'S ARCHWAY, STRAND.

Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

1819.

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TO

MRS. W. BARRYMORE,

WHOSE PERFORMANCE

HAS RENDERED SUCH AMPLE

JUSTICE

TO THE

AUTHOR

AND CREDIT

TO

HERSELF,

THE FOLLOWING TRIFLE

IS GRATEFULLY AND SINCERELY

DEDICATED.

430564

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Sir Roderick Strageways, in love with every thing romantic, except Miss Jenny Transit ..... Mr. GALLOT.

Davy (his Man), no Philosopher, and yet no Fool..... Mr. HARWOOD.

Lucinda (Sister of Sir Roderick, and not quite so fond of Romance) .... Mrs. DAVIDGE.

Miss Jenny Transit, a young Lady who exemplifies the mutability of human affairs ..... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE.

CHARACTERS ATTEMPTED.

Margaret Macmucklecanny, a learned Lassie from the Highlands..... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!

Miss Cornelia Clementina Clappergo, a voluminous, and voluble Literary Spinster .... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!!

Lady Dorothea Dashly a Lady of the Ton, with a Song, accompanied by herself on the Harp..... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!!!

Mrs. Deborah Griskin, a Pork Butcher's widow, with more airs than graces..... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!!!!

Mademoiselle Antoinette Marosquieu, a French figurante, with a Pas Seul..... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!!!!!

Bridget Buckthorn, a Rustic Beauty, with a red cloak .... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!!!!!!

Ensign Thaddeus O'Transit, of the Kilkenny flamers..... Mrs. W. BARRYMORE!!!!!!!

Time, an hour—Place, London—Scene, a Room in the Clarendon Hotel.

WINNING A HUSBAND;

OR,

SEVEN'S THE MAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room, or Lobby, in a Hotel, in London.—The Stage is enclosed—on each side are three Doors, leading to separate Apartments, and one in the centre leading to Lucinda's chamber.—They are numbered from 1 to 7—Lucinda's being the 7th.—A harp—music-book, &c.*

LUCINDA *discovered seated at a work-table.—* DAVY *waiting.*

Luc. WELL, David, have you procured the articles I sent you for?

Dav. Ees, Madam Lucinda.

Luc. Don't Lucinda me; you know, David, your old master, my uncle, always called me Lucy.

Dav. Ees, madam; but my new master, your brother, says, I mun make you a *cinder,* or he'll beat me as black as a coal.

Luc. Ah! bless the man, nothing will go down with him unless it has a romantic name.

Dav. Noa, Madam; one would think he were a clergyman instead of a knight-baronite, he be so nation fond of christening folks; ay, and things too, Madam. Do you know, he calls his boots, buskins; his single-breasted coat, a doublet; and his Cossack trowsers, trunk-hose, he! he! he.

Luc. In short, David, no matter to him whether

it be antique or modern; so its high-sounding it's enough for him.

Dav. Ees, Ma'am, that's the reason he calls the top rooms in the old Mansion-house, the *supereminences*; the chambers, the *dormousitories*; the dining-parlour, the *refractory*; and the little green-house, at the back, the *conserve of rository*.

Luc. Well, David, you remember my old school-fellow, Miss Jenny Transit, whom I expect from the country immediately?

Dav. Ees, Ma'am, I remember her: she left me a keep-sake last time she were at the Mansion-house; and, saving your presence, I think it's very likely, I owe you—

Luc. Oh, dear, not in the least, David.

Dav. I axes pardon, Ma'am; but really I think you help'd her to soap the edge of the stairs; by which means I got a cut of the shin, and set your uncle's punch a swimming in the wrong place: however, I bears no malice, you were both very kind to me, and I think sorry, for your crueltyation.—I shall never forget how you applied the paper and brandy; the former of which went into my pocket, and the latter down my throat.—(*Aside.*)

Luc. Well, David, we intend to play my brother a sort of a hoax to-day, and endeavour, if possible, to cure his romantic propensities; now we may want a little of your assistance, David, can we trust you?

Dav. Certainly, Ma'am. Mrs. Doublechalk does not mind trusting me a pint or two; so I think you mun take my word on this *pint*, and by the honour of a caviller, as master says.—[*Double knock.*]—Odds bobs, Ma'am, somebody's coming up stairs. As I do live, it be Miss Jenny; her cheeks are as rosy as the cheeks of *a roarer*; and her eyes sparkle like bright *fibbers*, as my master would say.

Enter JENNY TRANSIT, *in a Travelling-dress.*

Jen. Ah! my dearest Lucy!

Luc. Jenny! my dear! welcome to London.

Jen. Lucy! my love! welcome to a far more friendly place—my bosom!—(*Embrace.*)

Dav. I suppose she'll be taking me next to her friendly place.—Miss Jenny—Miss ——

Jen. What! my old friend, David.—How d'ye do, David?—very well, are you?—how's your shin, David?—quite well?—that's right.—You see, David, I have not forgotten my old tricks.

Dav. Noa, Miss Jenny, nor I neither.

Luc. How did you travel?

Jen. Oh, in very excellent company.—A fat dowager, a country bride, a spruce old maid, a half-pay officer, and a carcase-butcher, of Leadenhall-market; all six of us crammed into a drawling vehicle they call a *fly;* but, if it is rightly named, it must be a *fly in treacle,* for I verily believe it did not exceed four miles an hour during the whole of our journey.

Luc. Did you bring no luggage?

Jen. Oh, yes; I put up a few things according to your command. I left them below with the hostess.

Luc. David, be so good as to place Miss Transit's trunk in my room, and be ready when I ring.

Dav. Ees, Ma'am, Ize take care; there's a couple of *odd ones* that make as pretty a *pair* as ever were seen. Lots of mischief, I dare say. Oh, bless 'em, they're two merry souls, though if master were here, I dare say he'd call 'em heavenly bodies. [*Exit.*

Jen. Well, my dear Lucy, how's this quizzical knight-errant of ours; as moody and perverse as ever?—They may well say, that money is the root of all evil.—When he was a plain farmer's son, and

was content to look after his flocks, and fields, and scold his plough-boys, and carry his own corn to market; then, oh the halcyon days! he viewed me with a compassionate eye, as the future director of his dairy—collector of his eggs—inspector of his household affairs—and occupier (enviable post) of his great grandmother's arm-chair.—But, now, alas! how changed the scene.

Luc. Oh, never grieve for trifles.—Its true, the death of my uncle, leaving him a large estate, plenty of money, and the title of Sir, has turned his head a little; but then, my dear Jenny, his heart is still in the right place. He has been now these two years on the Continent; has seen much that he never suspected, and heard a great deal he did not understand; he therefore thinks all his old fashions, habits, and connexions, because they are unlike what he has recently mixed with, utterly unbearable, improper, and disagreeable.

Jen. And so, having forgotten the vows and promises made to your humble servant, he claps an advertisement into the papers, in hopes of forming a more amiable connexion.

Luc. Yes, here it is; have you read it?

Jen. No: let me see.—(*Reads*).—"To the Fe-"male Sex. A lady of good family, unexception-"able morals, respectable connexions, and amiable "temper; whose education and accomplishments "are of a liberal description, and qualify her to "adorn a superior situation in society, may hear "of an engagement for life with a young man of "character and title, by application (post-paid) to "Q. X. Clarendon Hotel. The Advertizer's mo-"tive for the present address is, to form a matrimo-"nial alliance with a lady superior to the ordinary "run of her sex. No property is, therefore, ex-"pected or desired; and the greatest secresy and

"delicacy may be relied on."—Ha! ha! ha!—Upon my word he is far from being scrupulous. If he can meet with good family—good morals—amiable temper—genteel connexions—superior understanding, and refined accomplishments—it is all he requires—very moderate, indeed.

Luc. Well, my dear Jenny, I have answered the advertisement in various hands, and have received his replies to them; and the object of your visit to London is to pay your respects to him in the various characters in which I have addressed him. Here are his letters; to-day is appointed for him to see them all, and if any strangers arrive, David will manage them to suit our purpose.

Jen. Then, my good Sir Roger, have at you.

Luc. Oh, for goodness sake, mind you don't accost him by that title; he is no longer Sir Roger, but has elegantized it into Sir Roderick; has re-christened me Lucinda; calls his horse Bucephalus; his greyhounds, Acteon and Diana; and, in short, has new-named the whole of his family, except our friend David, who, out of respect to science and philosophy, he still continues to call Davy.

Jen. Well, I will endeavour to recollect his new nomenclature, and attack him with all my forces.

Luc. Why, my dear girl, if there be a woman in the world, equal to the task you have undertaken, Jenny Transit is she. The education you have received, in the idea of making you a governess, and the variety of scenes in which you have figured, will at least qualify you to—

Jen. To undertake the government of your simple—I beg pardon—your romantic brother.—I'll at least not loose him for want of an effort, for 'tis far worse to lead apes below than to manage a monkey here. Odso, I hear him coming.

Luc. Away to my room; away, I'll follow you instantly,

Jen. Now then, Don Roderick, I've tried sincerity and constancy, in vain. Let us see what changes and deception can effect.—[*Exit into Lucinda's chamber.*

SIR RODERICK (*without*).

Sir R. Davy, I say, where, in the name of philosophy, are you loitering?—Why, Davy, I say—

Enter SIR R.

Curse the fellow, he's as difficult to find as the philosopher's stone or the perpetual motion, and one needs the forbearance of patience on a monument to endure his procrastination and disobedience. Lucinda, my dear, have you sent him abroad on any embassy? I know he's your Charge d'Affaires.

Luc. No, my dear brother, he was here this minute; I'll ring the bell—(*rings bell*).

Sir R. Aye, do ring the alarm-bell, and bid the lazy vassal approach his liege lord.

Enter DAVY.

So, sirrah, you are not to be found when wanted: in ambuscade, I suppose.

Dav. Noa, Sir, I were in the pantry.

Sir R. The buttery, you varlet.

Dav. Noa, sir, it were the cheesery; I were taking a snack of bread and cheese; I did but stop to wet my whistle with a drop of—

Sir R. Rare Falernian.

Dav. Noa, sir, it were rare Barclay and Perkins.

Sir R. Well, sir, now that you have stocked that depot of good things, your hungry stomach, have the goodness to relieve me of my surcoat—(*takes off great coat*)—my beaver—(*takes off hat*)—my gauntlets—(*takes off gloves*)—and my baton—

(*gives walking cane*)—deposit them in my robery, in your quality of Page; then establish yourself at the outer portal, in your capacity of Warder, and, when the fair Damsels, whom I expect, arrive, in your office of Marshall, usher them into the presence.

Dav. Ees, sir; and I suppose if I don't be graceful when I hand the pretty creatures up, he'll take good care to foot me down. [*Exit.*

Sir R. Well, my dear Lucinda, "this is the awful day, big with the fate of Cato, and of Rome."—Here I shall *bivouac* amongst a host of beauty.—Here I shall be encompassed in an arcana of loveliness.—Here I shall revel in a concatenation of intellectual energy, and super-eminent accomplishments. This will be my Garden of Eden—my Mahomedan Paradise—my Salon d'Amour.

Luc. La, brother, I wish you'd leave off this unintelligible jargon, gathered from magazines, novels, old plays, and—

Sir R. Sister, forbear.—Lovely Lucinda, be taciturn; it is the fashion, now a-days, for us of the ton, to use a language perfectly different from those of the canaille, and shall I be blamed for aspiring to a style of diction superior to the slang of fashionable life—shall I be rated for using the language of poetry and fable—a language rendered sacred and venerable by the dust of ages. Forbid it Chaucer, Cervantes, and Corneille—forbid it Shakspeare, Dante, and Lope de Vega; and oh, ye modern antiques—ye patriarchs in childhood, forbid it De Genlis, Horace Walpole, and Mrs. Radcliffe. "Forbid it heaven, and forbid it man."

Luc. Well, really brother, this travelling and leisure has quite spoilt you. When we were at the farm-house, in my poor father's life-time, you were something like a rational being; then we heard the

old Curate preach twice every Sunday; then a wake or a fair were the greatest adventures of our lives, and a game at blindman's-buff with Jenny Transit.—

Sir R. Oh, mention her not—if you love me, touch not that tender string.

Luc. Oh, then you confess there is a little tenderness still lurking near your heart.

Sir R. Ah, *oui, une petite tendresse.* The fact is, the damsel is pretty and cheerful, and I dare say 'ere this has become a fine buxom woman; but do you think a fine buxom woman will do for Sir Roderick? No, sister Lucinda, we must graft a more courtly scion on the family genealogy—some sprig of nobility—some sentimental, all-accomplished Rosamond must allure me to her Woodstock bower.—This advertisement has afforded me the clue, and I go to unravel it.

Luc. Take care that Queen Eleanor does not step in with the poisoned cup.

Sir R. Why, the very name is a sufficient bar to our union. Think of a Jenny, absolutely a spinning-Jenny—quite modern and vulgar—not a single poet has used the name except, indeed, the character of Jenny Diver, in the Beggar's Opera. Jenny, Jen.—Pheugh! still, as I say, there *is* a little *tendresse* in my bosom, and therefore, my dear Lucinda, do not exercise the office of City Remembrancer, but allow me to blot out the portrait, whose original I can never forget. Forget thee—"Alas! poor Ghost! while memory"— [*Double knock.*

Enter DAVID.

Dav. X. Y. Z. is below, sir.

Sir R. Shew her hither. [*Exit* DAVY.

Now, my dear sister, get to your apartment, and when I have collected as many as will fill the rooms—let me see—seven—'tis a happy omen—there are

seven colours, seven notes, seven stars, and here I shall have seven damsels, I trust as vivid, as harmonious, and as radiant as them all. Yes, *Seven's the main*—away, till I send for thee, then to thy discretion will I submit my amorous phalanx, and placing thee on the judgment seat, bow obedient to thy fiat.

Luc. Farewell! Success attend our enterprize.

[*Exit* LUCINDA.

Enter DAVY.

Dav. Walk up, ma'am. Allow me to interduce Signora X. Y. Z. [*Exit.* DAVY.

Enter JENNY, *dressed as a Scotch Lassie.*

Jenny. I believe I hae the pleasure to address Q. X.

Sir R. Yes, why—no, Madam, not exactly the Advertizer, but a near relation, and confidential friend; by heavens, a perfect beauty of the mountain-breed—some lady Morna—some descendant of Fingal—some Malvina, come in search of her Oscar.

Jen. Ye'll think me bold to risk this meeting, Sir, but the secresy and delicacy promised in the newspaper, has inspired me wi' confidence.

Sir R. What an interesting brogue she has, she has certainly sat for her portrait to the author of "Tales of my Landlord." Well, my dear lady, allow me to make the enquiries which the duties of my agency impose. My friend is anxious to realize the pleasures which are only to be found in a married state, and his first and most earnest desire is, for an accomplished partner.

Jen. He must ken, Sir, that Scotland is the schule from whence he must select yun. "Scenis decora alta futuris"; as Virgil says, every body, the poor and the rich, little and muckle, receive the blessings o' a liberal education in that happy coun-

try. Learning is indiginous to the soil; like the National Thistle, it flourishes on the bleak mountain top as well as in the cultivated pleasure ground.

Sir R. How poetical! How sentimental! You are a bright sample, Madam, of the national produce; I suppose you understand the fashionable languages, French and Italian?

Jen. French and Italian! Forbid it Homer and Aristotle! No, Sir, the Greek and Roman languages are familiar to me, "sit mihi fas audita loqui."

Sir R. This will never do; egad, she'll school me.

Jen. And the ancient Gaelic, Sir; the language o' Ossian.

Sir R. Of Ossian!—Oh, delightful!—I shall have a new version with family annotations!—then you dance?

Jen. Dance! Where is the country produces sic dancers as the Land o' Cakes; the Reel, the Strathspey, and the Highland fling, Sir.

Sir R. Delicious accomplishments? and then you have a taste for music?

Jen. Yes, Sir; we have a muckle taste for that delightful science; what can equal the delicious harmony o' the bagpipe; the melodious pibroch? Sir, I ha' spent considerable time in perfecting mysel on that truly ancient and sonorous instrument, and by your leave will tak an opportunity o' saluting you wi' a serenade.

Sir R. You are very kind, but really the instrument is rather too national for my ears.

Jen. Too national, Sir; "Libertas, et natali solum," as the Roman Poet has it. "Πατρωα γαια," as Demosthenes has written; nothing can be too national, Sir; the love of country is the "primum mobile" of every honest heart, and the heart of Margaret Macmucklecanny beats as fervently for her country, as it hopes to do for your friend, Sir.

Sir R. Mackmucklecanny! Oh zounds, this wont do; Madam, I dare say my friend will duly appreciate your patriotism—have the goodness to step into this room, I expect him immediately, and will state your pretensions.

Jen. Sir, I rely on your fidelity and his delicacy; for know, Sir, the bluid that rins in these veins, has descended thro' a line o' ancestors, equally honorable, learned and patriotic, and as the national motto rins "nemo *me* impune lacessit." [*Exit. into No.* 1.

Sir R. Here's a strange admixture!—Latin and love—sentiment and Aristotle—sympathy and a bagpipe—Demosthenes and a Scotch jig—Ossian and Margery Macmucklecanny. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! this never will do, to be sure she is interesting, but then the Greek and Latin will totally upset me. Oh, that I had had a classic education, for tho' exploded by the present fashionable system, I am convinced of the benefit derived from College study, from an abode in the "antique halls and silent groves, where erst the sons of genius trod," but its too late, and so Miss Margery, yes, absolute Madge—Meg—Peggy—Peg!—Oh save me, save me from contamination. No, Miss Margery Macmucklecanny, altho' I acknowledge your talents, my own old-fashioned rustic Jenny will have the preference to you.—[*Double knock.*

Enter DAVY.

Dav. A Lady below, who says she sign'd herself C. C. C. sends you this card; ecod, they say C. stands for a hundred, and by her appearance its very right. She'd make an excellent aunt to a large family, or mistress of a parish workhouse.

Sir R. Introduce her, Davy.

Dav. Ees, Sir.—Please to walk up ma'am.

[*Exit Davy.*

Sir R. Miss Clementina Cornelia Clappergo. Here's softness and sentiment, youth and loveliness; to be sure the surname is none of the prettiest, but then we shall change that, so it matters but little; Cornelia! Clementina! 'tis the music of love, 'tis "the concord of sweet sounds," and then the device so elegant. I remember the letter sign'd C. C. C. was one of the most enchanting billets in the whole packet; wove paper, gilt edges, glittering sand on the letters; seal, a cupid with his wings cut; motto, "Jamais fuir." Oh, this is the long look'd-for—

Dav. (*Without.*)—Please to walk in.

Enter JENNY, *dressed as an Old Maid, with hoop, &c.*

*Jen.** Good morning, Sir; excuse the embarrassment which overwhelms me. The novelty of my situation, and the modesty of my tender sex, overpower me with sensations that call for your tenderest indulgence. I trust the sincerity of your professions need not be doubted, and that you are imbued with an honorable sympathy towards me, which will excuse the frankness and candour of my demeanour, and exonerating me from censure, place these little aberrations from strict decorum, to the account of my fidelity and devotedness to your service.

Sir R. Madam, I really.—

Jen. Sir, I beg you will not trouble yourself to reiterate the professions, so abundantly scattered over that part of our charming correspondence, which has emanated from your elegant pen. I trust, Sir, the reply which you have, by your soft and gentlemanly insinuations, drawn from me, has not been found unworthy of your attention—to write a good letter, is a desideratum seldom acquired in the present day; and as the Monthly Review says of my last

* This character should be spoken with a lisp.

Novel, "The Castle of St. Omer's, or the Mysteries of Faithlessness." The epistolary style is carried to its acmé, in that production.

Sir R. Madam, I must beg leave—

Jen. Sir, you can take leave—I beg you'll be under no restraint—the connexion we are about to commence is of a nature to banish all ceremoniousness—a delightful reciprocity of feeling, and liberality of conduct, are the only guides to happiness in that blessed intercourse, as I say in my 76th sonnet—

"When two fond hearts are bound by love,
Content should twist the packthread;
Else, if in separate paths they rove,
'Tis ten to one they crack thread."

Sir R. My dear Madam, excuse me a moment—this is past endurance—I must leave her.

Jen. Sir, you are at liberty to transact any business you please—I am but the creature of your clemency—at present I have no legal control—but when the Gordian knot is tied, "when Hymen, with his sacred torch, lights up the lambent flame of connubial felicity"—when, as my 180th Amatory Song says—

"When Cupid rivets his soft chain,
—'Tis useless for us to complain."

Sir R. Pray, Madam, excuse my leaving you—here, Davy, Davy, I say.

Enter DAVY.

Try to get rid of this, Miss Clappergo—(what a suitable name *(aside)*; or if she will not go, deposit her in No. 2, and let me know when the coast is clear.

Jen. Surely you will not slight me thus.

Sir R. Madam, I swear to you by the silver moon of Diana.

Jen. The moon—I have an ode to her in my 16th volume of fugitive pieces, beginning thus:

"See in the sky, the crescent of the night,
Solemnly shines in sad resplendancy;
Shedding its soothing sweet soft silver light,
O'er the strait spreading surface of the silent smooth salt sea."

Sir R. Madam, I must away—adieu, most adorable Miss Clappergo.— [*Exit.*

Jen. Adieu, most irritable Sir Roger—ha! ha! ha!

Dav. He! he! he!—Ecod, Miss Jenny, that were a tickler.

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Bravo! bravo!—my dear Jenny Transit—the work goes on bravely—he's almost sick.

Jen. 'Gad, he shall be sick and sorry too, before I've done with him—but come, my dear, help me to effect the metamorphose of a fine lady of the last age, to one of the present.

Luc. Most willingly, my dear. I vow its absolute scandal to the sex to disguise a young woman in this way; but, however, the evil is all outside, and can easily be shifted. What would many a wrinkled spinster give if she could resume her youth and beauty as speedily—

Jen. Hark!—he's returning—which is my room, David?

Dav. Walk into No. 2, ma'am.

Jen. Away, my dear Lucy—there's no time to be lost: 'tis true the enemy has been beaten from the field, but he may rally again, and you know there is as much praise due to the general who follows up his conquest, as to him who atchieves the victory.—

[*Exeunt* JENNY *into No.* 2, *and* LUCINDA *into No.* 7.

Dav. He! he! he! ecod she does just as she likes. Old or young, merry or sad—master may talk

as he likes about accomplishments, and stuff—but I fancy Miss Jenny will accomplish more than he gives her credit for.

Sir R. (without) Davy! Davy!

Dav. (goes to the door.) You may come out of your hiding place, Sir Roderick—she's caged.

Enter SIR RODERICK.

Sir R. You have got rid of that terrible gabbler, Davy?—how did she *go off*, Davy?

Dav. Oh! just as she had *gone on*, sir, while you were here; gabble, gabble, just like ducks in a pond—Lord, sir, she'd be a nation fine mistress for your old family mansion, and if your honour should marry her, you need not be at the expence of painting her picture—there be plenty such as she, among your maiden aunts, and great grandmothers, in the long gallery, sir—

Sir R. Away, you impudent varlet—nor treat my female ancestry with such disrespect—away!

Dav. Oh, very well, sir: your good old uncle would have thank'd me for an idea that would have saved him a penny—but this be a prodigal age.

[*Exit* DAVY.

Sir R. No muttering, sir—was ever such an eternal talker, and to so little purpose—one would think I dealt among the muses—my first application, was a learned sprig—my second, a full blown literary bramble—but 'tis scandalizing the "tuneful nine," to carry the allusion any further. If these are the samples, I fear my time, and my metal, have been squandered in vain.

Enter DAVY.

Dav. Oh, sir, such a beautiful creature coming up, sir.

Sir R. Beautiful is she—what's her name?

Dav. She would not tell, sir.

Sir R. Is she fair or a brunette?

Dav. I did not see, sir.

Sir R. Is she young or old?

Dav. I don't know, sir.

Sir R. Then, how in the name of Venus, Juno, and Minerva, can you call her a beauty?

Dav. Why, sir, they do say, fine birds have fine feathers, and if that be true, she mun be a downright beauty—here she be, sir.

Enter JENNY, *dressed in the most fashionable style, and veiled.*

Oh, the pretty chicken. [*Exit* DAVY.

Sir R. Madam, permit me to hand you a chair. May I know to whom I have the honour of addressing myself?

Jen. You are, I presume, Mr. Q. X.

Sir R. The same.

Jen. As I have the pleasure to address the principal in this affair, I make no scruple in disclosing my name.—My card, sir.

Sir R. Lady Dorothea Dashly.—Madam, you do me much honour.—The weather is warm, will you allow me to disencumber you of this superfluous covering?—(*Offering to take her veil*).

Jen. Sir, I should be most happy to be relieved, but the rules of decorum scarcely permit it.—Our acquaintance is but young, Mr. Q. X. and, as yet, I am hardly mistress of your views.

Sir R. They are rather too limited at present, Madam *(pointing to the veil)*; but I trust my entreaty, and your indulgence, may, ere long, extend the prospect, and make us better acquainted.

Jen. There are but few things necessary, sir.—I am, as you perceive, an Earl's daughter, and, like many others of that rank in society, it is all I have

to boast of.—I am young—how favoured, you are yet to learn.—I have been well educated, and fancy I could be rather agreeable where my humour was studied, and very fond of him who would strive to please me.

Sir R. How modest, and yet how explicit; how elegant, and yet what humility.

> " Grace is in all her steps—heaven in her eye,
> " In every action dignity and love."

Dear lady, you will easily imagine that I have not taken this step, without the hope of success; but I assure you, however sanguine my expectations have been, they are realized—yea, surpassed by the suavity of your deportment, and the condescension of your demeanour.—Suffer me to remove the veil.

Jen. No, pardon me: as yet all is fair enough, but should I reveal the only secret I have in my power—

Sir R. The conquest would be complete, and I should be your's for ever.

Jen. No, no, my dear Mr. Q. X. the flame that is easiest kindled soonest burns out.—I have a little ballad on the subject: I see you have a harp here, are you a musical man?

Sir R. No performer, but an enthusiast in my admiration of the art; the instrument is my sister's.

Jen. Well, then, if you will not think me too bold, and will promise to be lenient in your criticism, I will endeavour to give you the trifle without further ceremony, in the best way I am able.

[*Sits down to the harp.*

Sir R. you are all obliging—Venus! what a hand and arm, how delicately they set off the brilliants that encircle them.—I attend your ladyship.

Song.—JENNY.

Ye lovers attend to my song—
Attend, ye whose sensitive hearts
By passion are hurried along,
Unheeding the pangs she imparts.—
Arrest her swift progress, I pray,
'Twill save ye much sorrow and tears;
For the love that is born of a day
Is too feeble to linger through years.

The flame that burns brightest, soon dies—
The torrent will drain its resource,—
The gaudiest hue soonest flies,—
The whirlwind exhausts all its force.—
Then, oh, let your bark idly stray,
Where the calm in love's ocean appears;
For the love that is born of a day
Is too feeble to linger through years.

Sir R. Bravo, bravo, my dear lady D. sure tis no mortal strain, but the "soft music of the tuneful spheres"—my soul is wrapt in extacy and love—I am subdued.

Jen. Well, my good Mr. Q. X. we seem to have a better understanding of each other than might have been expected from so short an acquaintance.—You appear satisfied, and I cannot be otherwise.

Sir R. Your ladyship is flattering. Grant me but the favour of one glance from those beaming eyes—

Jen. It must not be; ere I can make a final surrender it is necessary to capitulate.—Now, pray my dear conqueror, state your terms?

Sir R. Terms! there will be no term to our happiness, I trust.

Jen. That looks rather evasive; however, as you seem reluctant to mention yours, listen to mine; universal dominion—a handsome jointure—a splendid equipage, and the liberty of visiting—gallanting—scandalizing—gaming and squandering, whatsoever, howsoever, whensoever, and wheresoever I please!—These are the privileges due to my birth, and to the wife of Sir Roderick Strangeways; you see I know my man; nay, no question or expostulation, I'll grant you a few minutes for consideration; allow me to retire into this chamber, when your mind is fixed, you may shew your face; and then, if you accede to my wishes, I'll shew mine. Adieu!

[*Exit into No. 3.*

Sir R. Here's an end of my period of celibacy; to be sure the terms are rather hard—gaming and gallanting—oh, no; by the beard of Mahomet, I can't allow those two articles; I must try to dissuade her from them.—Oh, Lady Dorothea! dearest Dorothy! Dorothy!—Why I vow it is nothing more nor less; egad, whenever I dine at home, I shall think myself at Dolly's Chophouse; it is a wretched taste, certainly; but, however, the odium is not hers; no; her sponsors must answer for that, along with the rest of their responsibility, and then Dorothea is not so much amiss. Lady Dorothea, if I can but expunge the obnoxious articles, our treaty is complete. —(*Loud knocking.*)

Jen. (*without*).—I tell you, Skip Jack, I will go up.

Dav. (*without*).—I tell you, Ma'am, I must not admit you.

Enter DAVY *and* JENNY, *as a fat and vulgar City fine Lady.*

Jen. Stand aside, you warlet; vhat, vould you come for to go for to wex a voman of my respectability; you're a wile willin.

Sir R. What does this mean, Davy?

Dav. Mean, Sir; I doesn't know what it means; this Lady declared she would come up whether or no; and when I said it were an unpurlite *act*, she threatened to interduce her *claws* if I didn't stand aside.

Jen. Odd, rabbit it, Sir; send that hare imperent warlet out o' the room; I vishes to say a vord or two to you.

Sir R. Davy, leave the room.

Dav. Ees, Sir; ecod, she be at un again.

[*Exit* DAVY.

Sir R. Now, Madam, at your service.

Jen. Vell, Sir, you must know as how my name is Deborah Griskin; I am the relicks of poor old Gregory Griskin, the pork butcher, in Vitechapel. Ize young, and strong, and hearty, the Lord be praised for it. I has no cumberances, neither chick nor child; and I comes for a hancer to that hare letter; the billy dux vhat I sent you by the penny post, concarning love and matrimony, and all that hare.

Sir R. Zounds and fury, here's a transition! why, Madam, as to the answer, I have not quite made up my mind.

Jen. Oh, Muster Q. X. don't be partickler; cause vhy, I is nut; my poor dear Griskin, that's dead and gone, used to wow as how, that Deb, as he called me, vas von of the visest and most wirtuousest vomen about our neighbourhood.

Sir R. My good woman you have certainly made some mistake, you do not at all correspond with the description contained in the advertisement.

Jen. Why your adwer*tize*ment vas for a vife, vasn't it—vell, an't I capable? you vanted a voman of family, vell, my father had a wery large von, sixteen on us, boys and gals—vell, you talked summut about

accomplishments—vell, I is reckoned to have a very capital eddication, I vent twice thro' the spellinbook and vorked a sampleter at Mrs. Tickletail's establishment for young ladies in Petticoat-lane—and then I had a quarter's Dancing of Muster Hopkins, in the City—and for driving a bargain and filling the skin of a sassage there's not my feller in Lunnun, tho' I says it vot should'nt.

Sir R. Zounds, woman, I say you won't suit, must I be tormented in this manner?—

Jen. Oh, bless you, I does'nt mind all that hare, Ize mortal glad, vot you shows your temper afore-hand,I likes you the better—but I sees you are rather a colt, and to shew you I is not come for to take you hin, look here—see I've got property—yes, two-hundred pound besides stock in trade—and if I finds you hanser my hexpectation, vhy I'll make it hall your hown the morning harter ve is spliced—

Sir R. Damn the Devil and all his imps, I say, whether in petticoats or otherwise—here, Davy—Davy—

Enter DAVY.

Dav. What, another customer for I, sir?

Sir R. Yes, Davy, in the name of patience and decency dispose of her somehow or other.

Jen. Vhy, you von't leave me, vill you?

Sir R. Davy take care of this lady till my return—good bye, Mrs. Griskin, confusion. [*Exit.*

Jen. Good bye, my sarvice to you—ha! ha! ha!

Dav. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Excellent, my dear Jenny, what routed again?—you deserve to be a field-marshal.

Jen. No, merely of the artillery company, this is one of my great guns, my last attempt was in the

capacity of a sapper and miner, but I must away,—be firm, heart, and a few more sallies will complete the victory. [*Exit into No.* 4.

Luc. Well, David, if our plot succeeds you shall not go unrewarded.

Dav. Oh Lord, Miss Lucinda, don't mention it.—I is a *champing* as master says, and fights without fee or reward.

Luc. Thou art a valiant body containing a generous soul, and we will not forget thee.

[*Exit Lucinda into No.* 7.

Dav. So, they are gone and now for master. Hullo! Sir!—I've put the little fat un into No. 4.

Enter SIR RODERICK.

Sir R. Into No. 4, why didn't you put her into the street?—ods blood! she is only fit for the Queen consort of Wat Tyler or Jeffrey Dunstan.

Dav. Why do you know, Sir, when I offered to *shew her down*, she swore she'd *show me up*; then I ax'd her if she'd allow me to *usher* her into No. 4, and says she, "I am *master* of you and your betters:" then, says I, let me *open* the door, and she told me to *shut* my taty-trap.—Oh, what a rum un she be.

[*Double knock.*

Sir R. Some one else approaches.—See who it is, Davy.

Dav. Ees, sir, I wool. [*Exit Davy.*

Sir R. I get weary of this examination, its as bad as old Falstaff and his recruits.

Re-Enter DAVY.

Well, Davy, who have we now?

Dav. Why, a French woman, Madmousle Marrowspoon, I think she calls herself; she says she wants a *genteel home*, and talked something about *a Moor*, but whether she meant a Blackey-moor, I can't say.

I'll call her up, shall I, sir? Walk up, Miss Marrowspoon, walk up.

Enter JENNY, *as a French Figurante, veiled.*

This be Madmousle Marrowspoon!

Jen. Ah! vous-avez tort—de la marosquieu—de la, voyez vous—de la à votre service.

Dav. Oh, very well, dealer in marrowspoons at your service—there she goes again. [*Exit* DAVY.

Jen. Ah Monsieur je vous demande pardon—I am sorry to keep you von little *demi-heure,* but de *coché m'a detenu* by de break of his vheel.—*J'espere que vous n'êtes pas engagé,* me hope de oder ladies, *mes rivaux,* no take away your heart from me—Antoinette, *votre pauvre* Antoinette.

Sir R. Oh non ma chere—she looks interesting, I wonder what sort of physiognomy she boasts.

Jen. Ah, Monsieur, vous-avez raison—you no see de visage—*eh bien—dites-moi*—tell me if you have de love for me and den me shew you.

Sir R. Ah, my dear Mademoiselle—look in my eyes and read the torments of my heart.

Jen. Eh bien, Monsieur—allons donc—me make de *conquete* and me draw aside de curtain—*eh bien voilà!* [*She dances, takes off the Veil, and exit into No.* 5.

Sir R. "So the bright sylph that sports among the summer flowers—buoyant and gay—flutters its airy wings, and then is seen no more."—What grace!—what elegance!—what dignity!—what ease!—what expression!—and then the name—Antoinette!—here's a fixer!---a perfect grappling-hook that sinks deep within my breast, and bids me own her lord of the rich territory.---In her, the loves and graces combine.---She is the paragon of woman-

kind!---then what a delicious broken English---how sweetly simpering---oh, 'tis plain I'm overpowered ---Cupid has often wounded me before, but till now the barb has never taken hold of my heart---I feel it rankling here---deep as though he had borrowed an ancient cross-bow to effect his purpose---heigho!--- who would have thought that a few turns and capers could have shaken out the recollections of Lady Dorothea---the charming Lady Dorothy---Dorothy! Antoinette!---" What is there in a name?—pronounce them together, Dorothea sounds as well as Antoinette; conjure with them, Dorothy will raise a ghost as soon as Antoinette," Oh! no, no— the simile is bad, they do not sound equally well, and as for the conjuration, egad here's pretty good proof what spells and incantations proceed from the dear Frenchwoman. [*Loud single knock.*

Enter DAVY.

Dav. Here be another on 'em, sir.

Sir R. "Another and another, and another.—I'll see no more."

Dav. Ay, but she says you must see her, she be come a great many miles, and it were a shame and a pity to disappoint such a pretty creature.

Sir R. Pretty is she? Are you sure?

Dav. Ees, sir, I ha' seed her—she had no curtain over her face.—Oh, such a delicate cowslip.

Sir R. Well, shew her up.

Dav. Ees, I wool—walk up, my little cowslip.

Enter JENNY, *dressed as a Country Girl, with bundle and pattens.*

Jen. His Honour will see me, then.—Oh how happy I am. [*Exit Davy.*

Sir R. By heavens, she is beautiful!—See how the roses and lilies are struggling for the supremacy in

her damask cheek!—See now the gushing cherry emulates her pouting lip, Flora and Pomona have lavished all their sweets upon this emblem of rural innocence—pray, my dear, what's your name?

Jen. Buckthorne, Sir.

Sir R. How pastoral! The ancient Ruth, the lovely Lavinia? the Shepherdess of the Alps, all must yield to this but your Christian name, my dear.

Jen. Bridget, sir.

Sir . Oh, the devil! there's a damper.—Bridget, Bridget, I shall never get over that, oh, no, no. It operates like a pail of cold water on a fever-patient—it cools and exhausts at the same time.—So, my dear, what's your business?

Jen. I've no business, your honour.

Sir R. What brought you to town, my dear?

Jen. The fly-waggon, your honour.

Sir R. Exquisite simplicity.—"Nature, when unadorned, is adorned the most."—Innocence and ingenuousness are the truest requisites for connubial felicity, and in these particulars she is all accomplished.

Jen. Yes, sir, that were what brother Ralph said when he read your thingumbob in the paper.—You are accomplished, Bridget, says he, and as faythers has such a family to keep, and so many on us unable to assist him—I thinks you had better go to Lunnun and try your fortune—and so I comed, your honour.

Sir R. The arcadian age revived!

Jen. Be you the young gentleman who wants to make ma - ma - materimony alliance, I think brother Ralph calls it?

Sir R. Yes, sweetest primrose.

Jen. Oh, then, brother Ralph said I were to tell you all I can do.—In the first place, I reads, writes, hems, sews, and spins—then Ize a tolerable washer and ironer—I can make butter and cheese, and

puddings, and pies — brew, bake, pickle, preserve—

Sir R. Heaven preserve me! what a pickle I am in.

Jen. Then, sir, in the second place, I can comb wool—knit stockings—patch old breeches and jerkins—say the church catechism—feed pigs—fatten poultry—milk cows, and make a rare syllabub.

Sir R. Oh, that I were sipping a syllabub of your manufacture!—And, my little Phillis, is this all you can do?

Jen. Yes, sir; but I am very willing to learn, and will try to make myself useful in every compacity.

Sir R. Delectable good nature.—I shall endeavour to put your abilities to the proof, my dear.

Jan. Thank ye, sir.

Sir R. One kiss, you little charmer, as an earnest.

Jen. La, sir—well, sir, one—but no more at present, from your humble servant, Bridget Buckthorne.

Sir R. (*Kisses her*).—Nectar, by Jove—Jove! he's a poor paltry fellow, and never had such a Hebe as this.

Jen. I vow, sir, you buss one like a true gentleman.

Sir R. Step into this room, my charming little Buckthorne, and you shall find me both gentle and true.

Jen. But be you sure that you be'nt going to do any thing naughty though—brother Ralph told I to mind what I were about.

Sir R. Oh, never fear—step in my dear—and trust to my honour.

Jen. Oh, but brother said I must take care of my own honour, and not trouble myself about other people's.

Sir R. I will hold it sacred with my life—good bye.

Jen. Good bye, Sir. [*Exit* JENNY, *into No.* 6.

Sir R. My heart is precisely in the situation of a country disturbed by civil war, where the opinion of that party predominates which is last victorious—on one side is the fortress of Lady Dorothea—on the other, the entrenched camp of the enchanting Antoinette.—While here, precisely in the centre, the forces of victorious Bridget are biouvacked, and ready to renew the engagement. Ecod, I'm like an alderman at a city-feast, where the profusion is great, and one knows not at which end to begin.—City feast, egad, a good thought; her Ladyship will make an excellent standing pye, and the little country blossom may serve for a side dish—a sort of a lunch to take off the keen edge of one's appetite—but then, what's to become of the French fricasee? O, I am bewildered in a chaos of excellence. Yonder, I see Lucinda; come sister, I am surfeited. Enter upon your judicial capacity, and set the question for ever at rest.

Enter LUCINDA, *from No.* 7.

Luc. What! wont you examine a few more?

Sir R. Heaven forbid; the good fill me with anxiety, the evil with disgust; I've had enough, and to your arbitration I must submit at last. Know then, that here I have a bonny Lassie from the Highlands, interesting, but pedantic—here, a poetical old maid—here, an elegant Earl's daughter—here, a shrew'd butcher's Widow—here, a graceful French Terpischore—and here, an innocent sister of a country bumpkin.

Luc. Variety enough; you can't surely be at a loss.

Sir R. Yes, but I am; the difficulty is, to make the election.

Luc. I can put you in a ready way to obtain them all.

Sir R. Why! Lucinda, my dear! what has become of your country modesty?

Luc. Its true; I can make you master of all the interest, poetry, elegance, shrewdness, grace, and innocence, which at present bewilder you; nay, I vow it, and all united in the single person of—

Sir R. Of whom—Eloisa? Petrarch's Laura? The Maid of Orleans? or, the Beauty of Buttermere?

Luc. Of my dear Jenny Transit.

Sir R. Pshaw! the very name chills me, it runs thro' my heart like a stab from her father's rusty old broad sword.—(*Loud double knock*).

Jen. (*Without*).—Arrah now, be aisy; I must see the gentleman, so spare yourself the trouble of denying him.

Enter JENNY, *as an Ensign.*

Jen. So, Sir; I presume you are the illegant Q. X.? By my soul, you are well titled, for you're as cross as the one, and as awkward as the other. Nay, Sir, don't splutter; I'm told you have my sister in close custody here, and I have brought this little writ of habeas corpus to set her at liberty—(*shews a pistol*).

Sir R. Sir, you are mistaken, there is not a person of your country in the house.

Jen. Zounds, Sir, there's no necessity for that; my sister is an English, and I am an Irishman; no matter for that, she is my sister, and by my soul we should have been twins if she had'nt made a slight mistake and popt into the world just nine months before me.

Sir R. Pray, Sir, may I know whom I have the honour to receive in my apartments?

Jen. By my faith, sir, you have the honour to receive an honourable fellow, Ensign Thaddeus O'Transit, of the Kilkenny Flamers, son of Colonel Transit, and brother to a sweet little lass as ever brushed the dew from a shamrock—Jenny Transit, whom I have traced to this house, and whom I intend to set at liberty, by locking her up fast in these arms.

Sir R. Thaddeus O' Transit! — Lucinda, my dear, what does this mean? O' Transit! it must be an imposture!

Jen. Impostor!—if you utter the word again, by the left hand corner of St. Patrick's right eye, I'll impose upon you in a way that may prove far from agreeable.—Sir, the wife of a military man cannot bring forth children when and wherever she likes.—I was born while my father was on duty in Dublin, and I choose to add the O' to my name to preserve a family distinction—the boys of old Ireland deserve that honourable continuation at the beginning of their paternal names; for abroad or at home, in love or in war, they are sure to make their opponents cry O, before they are done with them; and that will be your fate, honey, if you don't immediately restore my dear Jenny.—Zounds, sir, you must be a perfect Turkish Bashaw, for your host informed me you had six or seven Ladies with you; surely you can spare one.

Sir R. I pledge you my honour she is not here.

Jen. Botheration, sir, I'm not a pawnbroker, and if I were, such a dirty article as you offer me is not worth making out a duplicate for.—No, sir, I've nothing to do with the three balls—two will be sufficient to give one of us a *quietus*—so take this little gentleman, *(presenting a pistol)* and put away that little lady—go to your post at the other end of the

room, and I'll do my best to make you as dead as a post for the rest of your life.

Luc. For heaven's sake, sir, put up your pistols.

Jen. Oh, you prefer to stay and see fair-play; well, my dear, don't be alarmed, I'll kill him as quietly and elegantly as a gentleman would wish to die.

Luc. (Taking his arm.) Nay, my dear Mr. Thady—I intreat you to hear a little reason.

Jen. A little reason, well, my little reason, I'll hear whatever you have to say—though I think you are quite big enough for a prune—and since, my dear, you put yourself under my protection, I'll do my best to save you from this modern Blue Beard—come along with me, honey, and for you, sir, allow me to say, since you have made free with my sister, I shall take your's into keeping—she'll make a very pretty hostage—Come along, my little reason—shew me to your chamber—the girls often tell me, I am as sweet as an almond, and you know almonds and raisins are best together—so a fig for you, old Blue Beard.

[*Exeunt* LUCINDA *and* JENNY *into No.* 7, *and lock the door.*

Sir R. Here's a pretty business—to be insulted in my own apartments—to be bullied by a confounded Irish brazen face—to have my sister forced away before my eyes—locked up in a chamber with a fellow whose national characteristics are amorousness and impudence—it is too bad—its past endurance—and all this for the odious Jenny—I must take some steps to recover her—here, Davy, sound an alarm—bring hither your kitchen poker, it will serve for a battering ram.

Davy. (Without.) Ees, Sir.

Sir R. If ever it should be my lot to see this odious Jenny more—I will shew her with what contempt my insulted pride can treat her. Why, Davy, I

say, I glow with impatience—I pant—I fume—I rage—I burn.

Enter DAVY *with a red hot poker and burns him.*

Dav. I expected you would, Sir.

Sir R. Zounds and the devil—instantly break open yon door, a vile seducer has conveyed my sister there, and refuses me admittance.

Dav. Ah, them sort o' folk don't want a third person; however, we'll soon bring their wicked deeds to light, and so here goes. Come forth, thou vile seducerer.

[*Breaks open the door and discovers* JENNY *in a morning dress, and* LUCINDA *seated on a sofa.*

Sir R. What do I see!—Where is he?—Who is this?

Jen. No vile seducer, but your obedient servant.

Luc. Jenny Transit, at your service. Come, brother, I told you I could put you in a way to obtain all the qualifications you have admired to-day. And now, I trust, I have put their possessor in a way to obtain—you—

Sir R. I am bewildered—enchanted—spell bound—it is she—I see thro' it all—she has put on these disguises to prove to me how superior her talents and accomplishments are to what I have given her credit for.

Luc. And how unworthy you are to be the Lord of them.

Jen. Come, my old friend Roger, now Sir Roderick—I have not forgotten our old attachment, and I trust, ere this, I have refreshed your memory.

Sir R. Refreshed—my dear girl, it never faded—I always thought you the sweetest of human beings, one only circumstance excepted.

Luc. In fact, my dear, he quarrelled with your godfathers.

Jen. Why, to say truth, they evinced but little taste when they christened me.

Sir R. Damned little, Jenny, Jane, pheugh—why my dear, it never occurs in history or fable, except indeed in the single instance of Lady Jane Gray.

Jen. Well Sir Roderick, if I live long enough—'tis more than probable I shall be Jane *grey*.

Luc. Come, brother—take the gifts of fortune when they present themselves or—

Dav. Have you any further use for the poker, sir?

Sir R. But what will my coterie of smilers say?

Jen. Never fear, they are my feudal vassals and must obey—and you shall find they will too. Yes, yes, they shall exemplify the words of the Poet, " they who live to please, must please to live."

Dav. Well, she ha' won him fairly, that's sartin—*Seven's the main* they say, and ecod to my thinking she ha' acted her seven parts main-well.

Sir R. The odds have been against me and I've lost the game.

Jen. I am glad to find you submit; and now if the gallant cavaliers will forbear to quiz us, and the fair ladies withhold their scandal, we may, perhaps, repeat our game and shew them the art of *winning a husband.*

FINALE.

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GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

My apology for dedicating this humble attempt, to the most eminent Dramatic Writer of the age, is, that it enables me publicly to acknowledge the many acts of private friendship you have from time to time conferred upon me; and the assistance which, in the course of my Profession, I have so frequently derived from your masterly pen.

To your improving hand, which has the magic power of producing verdure from an unfertile soil, I attribute, in a great degree, the very flattering reception with which the *Green Man* has been honoured by the Public.—Accept, my dear Sir, my warmest Thanks,

And believe me,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

I CANNOT send this trifle to the press, without expressing my sense of the fraternal zeal evinced by my Brethren, whose names appear in the Dramatis Personæ; to whom, and to Mr. WINSTON (the Stage Manager), I beg to return my most grateful acknowledgments of obligation. Mr. TERRY is particularly entitled to my notice, for his excellent and *unique* performance of the principal character; but I forbear *my* praise, which would be superfluous, when followed by the Extract from the Critique in the *Times* newspaper, which, in justice to Mr TERRY, I here insert.

" The dramatic interest which arises out of the awe " and mystery excited by the *Green Man*, is of a very pure " and effective nature. It is obvious, that to represent a " character of this description, whose essence is an ascen- " dancy, without knowing wherefore, over all with whom " he comes in contact, whose actions and motives are all " inscrutable, requires great and peculiar talents in the " Actor. These were supplied in an eminent degree by " Mr. TERRY, whose performance of the *Green Man*, " will establish itself, on our Stage, as a masterpiece of " its kind. We have seldom seen so much reality thrown " about a character, as on this occasion; it was distinctly " felt by the audience, and was answered often by loud " applause, but more frequently by the profound silence " of rivetted attention—a form of approbation of a still " higher species."

R. J.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Rowcroft, ... Mr. Foote.
Sir George Squander, ... Mr. Barnard.
Mr. Crackley, ... Mr. Jones.
Major Dumpling, ... Mr. Tokeley.
Captain Bibber, ... Mr. Connor.
Mr. Green, ... Mr. Terry.
Fungus, ... Mr. Russell.
Closefist, ... Mr. Watkinson.
Pinfold, ... Mr. Burton.
Festoon, ... Mr. Minton.

Lady Squander, ... Mrs. Glover.
Bertha, ... Miss E. Blanchard.
Tucket, ... Mrs. Gibbs.

THE

GREEN MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Lawn before SIR GEORGE SQUANDER's *House, with steps, leading from the Grand Entrance on the right—on the left, a Pavilion.*

Enter FUNGUS, *followed by* FESTOON.

Fung. Very well, Gentlemen—wonderfully well, upon my word—thanks to your handy-work, our Ball will make a devil of a splash in the country, and my master, Sir George Squander, will be *very much indebted to you.* You will have his best thanks—but curse me if you get any other payment *(Aside)*—Mr. Festoon, your chandeliers are quite bewitching, your draperies quite engaging, and your hangings absolutely most tastefully interesting.

Fest. Oh, Mr. Fungus—you and your master are very polite; but I am afraid Sir George has forgot my little account. This job will make no small addition to it—I don't wish to be troublesome—but—

Fung. Pray don't mention it—it will be just as easy for him to pay them both together.

Fest. Why that's all very true; but I hear this is the only estate Sir George has, and that his income is very small.

Fung. Mr. Festoon, did you by any chance ever happen to hear of my Lord Rowcroft?

Fest. Oh, yes—he lives in this neighbourhood, and is very proud, very rich, and a ready-money customer.

Fung. Well then, this great Lord is our uncle: he has no children, and *we* shall inherit his title, his pride, his estate, and his ready-money.

Fest. Why yes, that's all very well; but they say his Lordship is so much displeased with his nephew, for marrying the daughter of a poor country surgeon, that he has disinherited him.

Fung. Disinherited! Why, where the devil did you stumble upon that word? There is a little misunderstanding between us—but we expect our uncle's forgiveness every hour: that point settled, we shall soon pop him into his coffin, jump into his estate, and your bills will be paid—so away with you, finish your job, and fancy your money already in your pocket.—*(Pushes him out).*—Bravo! a superb entertainment, and not a shilling to pay for it. Creditors with long faces, Bailiffs with long legs; and Attorneys with long bills. In another week my master will no longer have a house to put his nose in, and I shall coolly put my Lord Rowcroft's 300*l.* in my pocket.

TUCKET, *from the Pavilion.*

Tucket. Mr. Fungus!

Fung. Ah, Mrs. Tucket, what the devil are you doing there?

Tucket. Keeping sentinel. My Lady expects her father, and her sister Bertha, and I am to give the signal of their arrival.

Fung. I am upon duty too, waiting for a certain money-lender, the Christian Mr. Closefist, who is a Jew in principle, if ever there was one: he is to come secretly through that door, for we don't wish to trouble my Lady with money-matters.

Tucket. Mr. Fungus, I'm not at all pleased with the prospect before me.

Fung. (surveying himself) Indeed, Mrs. Tucket! Well, as I am the prospect, I'm rather surpriz'd at that.

Tucket. I shall give my Lady Squander warning to-morrow.

Fung. And I shall remain.

Tucket. We shall disgrace ourselves by staying in this family any longer.

Fung. What! disgrace ourselves by making our fortunes!

Tucket. Nonsense! Our wages are not paid. But by-the-bye, I have a letter for you.

Fung. Why did you not give it me before?—Good—it's the very letter I expected.

Tucket. Oh, a letter of *great consequence*, I dare say.

Fung. Great indeed! This letter is from our master's uncle, Lord Rowcroft.

Tucket. What! are you in correspondence with our enemy?

Fung. It contains a secret which you shall know—Hush! Somebody coming—Sir George Squander and my Lady.

Enter SIR GEORGE *and* LADY SQUANDER.

Lady. S. Well, Sir George, you are really very gallant; the scarf you have brought me is so beautiful, so fashionable, but then so expensive, that you must expect to be scolded.

Sir G. Not to-day, my dear Harriet.

Lady S. Well, then, I'll scold you to-morrow, for, my dear George, you must see the necessity of curtailing our expences, of living with economy, and above all, of paying our debts.

Sir G. Paying our debts!—Oh, that's my uncle's business.

Lady S. What, then you still flatter yourself he will forgive you?

Sir G. I have no doubt of it. He has been making a thousand enquiries in the village, and appeared particularly anxious about me.

Fung. (Aside) Yes, he's more anxious about you than you imagine.

Lady S. Sir George, you wish to put me in good humour for the Ball to-night.

TUCKET, *from the Terrace.*

Tucket. Madam! Madam! A carriage has just stopp'd at the end of the avenue, and a young lady is getting out.

Lady S. It is my sister Bertha.

Tucket. There is an old gentleman with her.

Lady S. My father, I suppose.

Tucket. (*Aside*) Her father! I never saw such a gig in my life!—The old gentleman is dressed all in green.

Sir G. (With alarm) In green!

Tucket. A green coat, green waistcoat, green inexpress— in short, he's green all over, like a grasshopper.

Sir G. 'Tis he! The Green Man—that incomprehensible being is my torment. I wish the Green Man were at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Lady S. How! He with my sister—if any misfortune has happen'd to my father—

Sir G. Impossible—or your sister would not have left him.

Lady S. I am very much alarm'd—my dear Sir George, let us fly to meet them.

Sir G. (With hesitation) I— I'll follow you —but—my dear Harriet, let me entreat you not to allow this stranger any opportunity of inspecting my estate, questioning my people, or visiting my house. [*Exit* Lady S.

Fung. (Comes forward) I beg pardon, Sir, but as my assistance may be required, may I ask who this strange Gentleman is, whose arrival gives you so much alarm?

Sir G. He is a perfect original—his air is modest, yet commanding—in the same breath he will say the most agreeable, and the most unpleasant things—He is so great an enemy to every kind of deceit, that no human power can prevent him from saying what he thinks—neither age, sex, nor rank, are any protection against what he calls his *plain facts.* If you are displeased, he takes no notice; if you are seriously angry, he laughs; and if you persist, he turns his back—nobody knows who he is, and he knows every body.

Fung. An inquisitor, I suppose.

Sir G. At one time he leads you to suppose his fortune is but moderate—at another, he speaks as if he possessed millions! In short, he will be gloomy and gay, cholerick and compassionate, bashful and insolent, insidious and insinuating, in the same day.

Fung. And if I may be so bold, Sir, where did you pick up this precious acquaintance?

Sir G. At Mr. Wilton's, on the day of my marriage. Under the pretence of a broken carriage, he demanded our hospitality—he must have seen, that on such an occasion, he was intruding—but no—my gentleman ordered his

trunks into the house, invited himself to supper, and seem'd so much at his ease, that he might have passed for an invited relation.

Fung. Curse his impudence!

Sir G. He was to set off the next morning; but we remained a whole fortnight at Mr. Wilton's, and left him installed there, and as much at home, as if he had been in his own house.

Fung. Free and easy!

Sir G. We could not discover his name, but as either from madness or design, he is always dress'd in green, we gave him the name of the *Green Man.*

Fung. Bravo! Mr. Green Man.—Oh, he is some madman escaped from his keeper.

Sir G. But, Fungus, Mr. Closefist has not made his appearance yet. I must have that 500*l.* I have some accounts to settle to-morrow, and to-night we may have *high* play.

(CLOSEFIST *coughs without*).

Fung. All's right, Sir! Do you hear that short dry cough—it's the forerunner of the sweet sound of his guineas.

Enter CLOSEFIST.

Sir G. Just in time, my good friend.

Closefist. Heugh! Heugh!—Sir George, your house is only half a mile from the town, it's true, and yet that's a long walk for a poor weak old man like me.

Fung. Why didn't you take a chaise then?

Closefist. A what! a chaise?

Fung. We would have paid for it.

Closefist. Oh, if I had known that indeed.

Fung. You should never venture to walk with

so large a sum as five hundred pounds about you —Come, out with the cash!

Closefist. Out with the cash!—Heugh! heugh! Aye—but I must first get the cash.

Sir G. And haven't you got it then?—'Sdeath, man, I have a very pressing occasion for it.

Closefist. Yes, I don't doubt it, Sir George; but I have already advanc'd you a large sum: and when people disappoint me in their payments, I am sometimes forc'd to take measures, which wound my delicacy and my sensibility.

Fung. Oh, curse your sensibility; and as to your delicacy, you'll prove that, by sending your bailiffs, I suppose.

Sir G. Curse the fellow, I shall never keep my temper with him.

Fung. Leave him to me, Sir. Stand aside, and I'll make a convert of him.—(Fungus *to* Closefist) You remember the conversation we had about Lord Rowcroft—Do you know his Lordship's hand-writing?

Closefist. To be sure I do. I have done a great deal of business with him—and—

Fung. Why, then, just pop your peepers over that letter.

Sir G. How mortifying, to be obliged to have recourse to such fellows. *(Retires).*

Closefist. (Reads). "Try every means in "your power, my dear Fungus, to make our "plan succeed; for on that condition only, will "I pay my nephew's debts, leave him all my pro- "perty, and again bestow on him my tenderness "and affection."

Fung. Aye, never mind his tender affection—but—*I'll pay his debts*—What do you think of that?

Closefist. I like that.—*(Reading)* "On that

" condition *only* will I—" I don't like that only —But what is the condition?

Fung. Why, Sir George married without his uncle, Lord Rowcroft's, consent—The uncle is first to separate the parties, and at last to dissolve the marriage—This scheme brought about, Sir George will only change his wife for a large fortune.

Closefist. And a monstrous good exchange too.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Oh, you be there, Sir, be you? Here be another bundle of bills for you to look over.

Fung. For shame, Mr. Pinfold—you ought to know better—is this a time—

Sir G. Deuce take the bills—these people teaze me to death! I positively must engage a steward, or I shall be ruined!

Pinfold. Now I do think you be going to ruin quite fast enough as it be. (*Aside*, and *Exit*).

Closefist. A steward! Did you say you'd take a steward, Sir George?

Sir G. Yes. I have had one strongly recommended, and I hope to engage him to-morrow.

Closefist. A steward! Oh, then he'll be dish'd directly—then comes the uncle to pay his debts, on the condition of a separation—and then—Oh, now we are all in the right box.—Well, Mr. Fungus, I believe I can contrive to advance—

Fung. My dear fellow!

Closefist. Ah! You have found out my weak side—Well, to-morrow you shall have the money.

Fung. My sweet fellow! (*Embracing him*).

Sir G. My good friend, you have given me new life.

Closefist. Ah! I am a weak old man—you do

what you like with me. The money I shall bring you was intended for the son of a great banker; who, to make matters tally, is always accepting, while his father is discounting.—Ha! ha! ha!

Fung. Then very early to-morrow morning—

Closefist. I shall take a coach.

Fung. Two, if you like.

Closefist. One will be enough. I shall be with you in due time, Sir George—Engage a a steward! Oh, it's all right—the business is done. [*Exit.*

Sir G. I hope Closefist won't meet that vexatious Green Man in his way. He would ask him a thousand questions, and, perhaps, worm out this money transaction. But how dare he interfere in my affairs? How dare he lecture me as he has already? And why should I dread him? It can only be because extravagance and folly are always ashamed to encounter the glance of virtue and integrity. [*Exit.*

FUNGUS *and* TUCKET.

Tucket. Are you alone, at last? I'm dying to know the secret.—What letter is this you have received from Lord Rowcroft?

Fung. Listen: His Lordship not being able to prevent the marriage, or rather madness of his nephew, forbid him his presence. I was then in his Lordship's service, who, knowing my extraordinary talents, retained me on his side; and, for a fee of 300*l.* I am to assist his nephew's taste for extravagance, and endeavour to complete his ruin.

Tucket. He could not be in better hands.

Fung. You flatter me. When the nephew is ruined, the uncle will make his appearance, pro-

pose a deed of separation, and, by the help of two signatures, and his Lordship's credit and money, my master, Sir George, will soon be free.

Tucket. I know a great many happy couples who would be glad to free themselves the same way.

Fung. That's not all. Mark.—*(Reading the Letter)* "You fear Sir George may be induced "to sell his small estate—but, by the aid of some "of his bonds, (secretly purchased), when I "please, he shall no longer have an estate to "sell."—But this does not concern you.—"As "we are going on so well, it is not necessary "for Closefist to advance the 500*l.*"

Tucket. His Lordship is right there—for if he got the 500*l.* he wouldn't smash quite so soon.

Fung. True; but it's quite the fashion now-a-days to take care of number one. Sir George owes me a pretty smart sum—we must have this 500*l.* Then I shall be paid by Sir George, touch his Lordship's 300*l.*, and take care to make my escape before the general blow up.

Tucket. Ah, that alters the case.

Fung. "It is much to be desired,"—Now this *does* concern you—"It is much to be desired, "that the wife should be led to giddiness and "indiscretion; and then the plan of effecting a "divorce, after the separation, would go on "smoothly."

Tucket. Upon my word, our uncle has a great deal of ingenuity.

Fung. Now, Tucket, I depend upon you to bring this matter about—You shewed your talents in this way when you lived with the Hon. Mrs. Loveall.

Tucket. Oh, don't mention that shocking affair: it was so badly managed—and the husband

made such a fuss about it—but was that my fault?

Fung. By no means; for, thanks to your skill, the lady became one of those charming women who prefer their lap-dogs to their children, their equipage to their husbands, and their diamonds to their reputation.

Tucket. Yes; but our lady would give us a great deal more trouble.—Mrs. Loveall had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school; and the business was half done to one's hands.

Fung. Sir George's particular friend, Mr. Crackley, is expected here this evening—he is certainly in love with *one* of our ladies, and may forward our scheme—Lord Rowcroft is generous, and you will be well rewarded.

Tucket. He is our only resource—there is no other relation.

Fung. None—we once had a Maternal Uncle, a Mr. Benmore—formerly in the friendship and confidence of Lord Rowcroft's father; but he disappeared above twenty years ago, (died no doubt), about the time his Lordship's father expired.

Tucket. And they say the present Lord Rewcroft exercised his talents pretty profitably on that occasion.

Fung. Yes—by contriving to get his brother disinherited—Sir George's father contested the Will, but lost his cause, and died of a broken heart. Our master, Sir George, then a child, was left a very slender provision, but fortune favoured him—his Lordship's only son went post for the other world—the nephew, Sir George, was taken to supply his place, and would have been heir to his titles and estate, if he had not made

this foolish match. But mum—our Lady and her sister.

Enter LADY SQUANDER *and* BERTHA.

Bertha. What! not here: where can he have hid himself!

Lady S. Have you seen any stranger?

Fung. No, my Lady.

Bertha. That Mr. Green is such a strange man! In the middle of the avenue he stopp'd one of the labourers, entered into conversation with him, and wouldn't stir a step—I was so impatient to meet you, that I did not wait for him; and I dare say he will amuse himself by looking over Sir George's grounds, and examining the plantations.

Fung. A few minutes after your Ladyship left us, Sir George hastened, I believe, to rejoin your Ladyship.

Bertha. Then I dare say he has met our whimsical friend.

Fung. Has your Ladyship any commands for me?

Lady S. Only see if the Ball-room is finished —and do you, Tucket, wait for me in my dressing-room. [*Exeunt* Tucket *and* Fungus.

Bertha. Why, my dear Harriet, you must lead a delightful life here—how happy you must be!

Lady S. (Sighing) Oh! yes, very happy! But my father—you are certain, it is only a slight fit of the gout which prevented his coming.

Bertha. Nothing more. But I have a thousand things to tell you—my mother has locked up all the novels Sir George left us—she says

your marriage has already made one romance in the family, and that is quite enough.—But I could tell her, that I, her daughter Bertha, have began one for myself, which is drawing towards the catastrophe.

Lady S. I hope it will be fortunate, with all my heart, Bertha. But what of Mr. Green?

Bertha. Since you left us he has not said a word about his journey, and his carriage, which broke down near our house, is not even ordered to be repaired.

Lady S. It is very strange he should take so much interest in our family! And what can induce him to stay so long?

Bertha. Why, he says—my father's an excellent man—and that "my mother's an excellent "housekeeper—and that I am an excellent—no— "that I am a little fool. He says—you are the "best wife in the world! that Sir George has "some good points about him, but that he is too "proud, and his taste for splendour will be his "ruin—that's the plain fact."

Lady S. Where can he learn all this?

Bertha. Oh, the man's a witch, I believe—why he knows every thing. It was only last Sunday, that my swain declared his passion, and on Monday, this conjurer repeated every word he said to me!—Now, will you tell me why he gave me this necklace, with a request that I should wear it to-day—his gift won't ruin him; these are not brilliants, and much too large to be real diamonds.

Enter GREEN.

Green. (*As entering*) Oh, I have seen quite enough! Here's management! Here's—Lady

Squander—Allow me to pay my respects to your Ladyship.

Lady S. You are most welcome, Sir. But at my father's you always call'd me your dear Harriet. *(Offering her hand).*

Green Well, I like that—I am happy, dear Harriet, that you give me an instance of good sense, so rarely to be found in either man or woman. You have obtained a title without increasing your vanity.

Bertha. Come, Mr. Green, no ceremony here; in my sister's house you may be as much at home, as at my father's.

Green (*To* Lady S.) You are worthy of such a father, and believe me, no one is more interested in your welfare than myself.

Enter TUCKET.

Tucket. Every thing is ready for your Ladyship to dress. Oh, Oh—there's the Green Man!

Lady S. We have time enough, there's no hurry. Wait for me in my dressing-room.

Green. So—a lady's maid, I suppose.

Lady S. Yes.

Bertha. But, sister, I understand your Ball will be magnificent—I am afraid my plain dress, and straw hat, will disgrace your Ladyship.

Lady S. We can supply you.

Tucket. Besides, Miss Bertha has got a very handsome necklace, and a *valuable* one no doubt —and that would be sufficient to—

Green. When her Ladyship has given her orders, pert Mrs. Tucket should hold her tongue, and go about her business.

Tucket. Pert indeed! So, Sir, you know my name, I perceive.

Green. Yes, and your character too.—Pray how did you leave your *worthy* mistress, the *Honourable* Mrs. Loveall?

Tucket. Sir, I— You—I don't understand you, Sir.

Green. Oh yes, you do.

Tucket. Has your Ladyship any more commands?

Lady S. I shall let you know.

Tucket. Very well, my Lady. Where could that plaguy man have learnt my secrets? (*Aside —going*).

Green. Mrs. Tucket, my Compliments to the *Honourable* Mrs. Loveall.

Tucket. Brute! [*Exit* Tucket.

Bertha. The poor girl seems quite confounded!

Lady S. Who is that Mrs. Loveall—whose name I—

Green. You shall know in due time—but place no dependance on that woman—her counsels are dangerous.

Lady S. I never liked her, and have often told Sir George that, with our limited income, I did not wish to be troubled with a lady's maid.

Green. You will not have the trouble of discharging her, she will soon take herself off.

Bertha. There, sister! I told you he was a conjurer: you see he knows a great deal better than you do what's going forward in your house.

Enter Sir George.

Sir G. My dear Sir, I am delighted to see you—I have been seeking you, and am quite distress'd that I was not fortunate enough to meet you sooner.

Green. Pray don't be too much delighted and

distress'd; Sir George—I believe I ought to beg pardon for coming uninvited—Eh!

Sir G. You must have been *convinced* that the pleasure of your company—

Green. Oh damn it, you're too polite by half—and that *convinces* me I'm not welcome.

Sir G. Oh, Sir! you are pleas'd to be merry.

Green. No, Sir George, I am perfectly serious—you know me, and you dread my censure; but don't be alarmed—so far from reproaching, I am going to commend you.

Sir G. To commend me?

Lady S. Well, since you are on such good terms, there can be no danger in leaving you together. Have I your permission, Sir?

Green. By all means—your Ladyship expects company, and can have no time for friends.

[*Exit* Lady Squander.

Bertha. (*To* Lady S.) I'll follow you. Now, my dear Sir, remember your promise, to make yourself agreeable to-day. [*Exit.*

Green. Go along, you coaxing baggage! Now, Sir George, that I am no longer constrained by the presence of your wife, accept my sincere congratulations. I am quite enchanted! You have shewn a delicacy—

Sir G. A delicacy!

Green. Yes, you told Mr. Wilton, when you married his daughter, that your uncle would disinherit you, and that then your fortune would be reduced to this little estate here.

Sir G. But where was the delicacy in this, Sir?

Green. Oh, mighty great. You were afraid old Wilton would think you too rich a man for his daughter; for from the dashing style in which you now live, you certainly concealed from him

the large amount of your income—that's the plain fact.

Sir G. I really, Sir, don't know what you mean by this pleasantry—the plain fact is, that I told Mr. Wilton the plain truth—that this estate is my only property.

Green. Then be so obliging as to let me into your secret. Just inform me how people of 500 a year, contrive to keep up the appearance of 5000? Many, I'm told, do it; but how the devil they honestly manage it, hang me, if I can conceive.

Sir G. I have very good friends.

Green. Friends who lend money! Preserve them carefully—they are seldom met with now-a-days.

Sir G. By those who are not worthy of friendship.

Green. Hum!—Now I *think* myself worthy of friendship—I am *sure* I am *your* friend—and yet curse me if I'd lend you a shilling and—that's the plain fact.

Sir G. I have not ask'd you, Sir.

Green. No, you're too proud! But harkye, Sir—the best way to do without the assistance of others, is to depend upon our own exertions. So you had better follow my advice.

Sir G. And plough my own fields.

Green. Yes, Sir; plough your own fields—for I have so good an opinion of your wife, that I am sure she would like you better in a fustian jacket, bought with ready money, than in a splendid and fashionable dress obtained upon credit.

Sir G. And pray, Sir, how do you know I buy upon credit?

Green. Why, it is possible; for tradesmen, now-a-days, are easily imposed upon.

Sir G. Imposed upon! Sir, you forget to whom you are speaking.

Green. I am speaking to Sir George Squander; who prefers the idle, useless life of a fine gentleman, to that of an industrious and independent farmer.

Sir G. A farmer! Sir, I must not disgrace my family. I have a name, a title to support; and my estate, though small, is productive, and will bring me—

Green. Double your income, if it were properly cultivated.

Sir G. And then my house—

Green. Is mighty showy, and splendidly uninhabitable! The lower rooms are all velvet, alabaster, or molu, and looking-glass—the first floor is not even papered—the second has neither sashes nor doors—and the rain pelts into the garrets!

Sir G. But I expect an Architect, and workmen—

Green. An Architect! You have an Attorney already, and you'll soon want a Mad Doctor!

(CRACKLEY *sings without*).

Jamais mon Père ne m'apprit,
Comme il faut avoir de l'esprit.

Sir G. Ah! my friend Crackley!

Enter CRACKLEY, *in the French Costume.*

Crack. Eh! le voila! Comment vous portez vous, mon cher ami?

Sir G. If you will allow me to answer you in plain English, I will say—

Crack. Eh—c'est egal. Parlez—Parlez!

Sir G. Well then, I—

Crack. Point de ceremonie—

Sir G. Why, damn it, you seem to have left your's in Paris!—But, if you will condescend to listen, you will hear that I am heartily glad to see you.

Crack. Vous me faites beaucoup d'honneur—et Madame—

Sir G. Curse your French jabber—what do you mean?

Crack. Beg pardon, my dear boy; but I have been so much in the habit of speaking French lately, that hang me, if I hav'n't almost forgot my native tongue.

Green. And I question very much, if you ever knew it. *(Aside).*

Crack. Well, but, George, Madame, comment se porte elle? Pshaw! How does her divine Ladyship carry herself—I mean, how is she?

Sir G. Why, her divine Ladyship carries herself very well; and you will soon see her.

Crack. I am absolutely dying to throw myself at her angelic feet. Don't be jealous, George—we are never jealous in France. Now, pray give me credit for coming so soon; for, you know, I seldom make my appearance till after the first course—but we are come early to-day—I say *we*, for I did not come alone—I have brought two devilish queer fellows with me: Major Dumpling and Captain Bibber.

Sir G. Dumpling!—Bibber!—I don't recollect—

Crack. Ces deux hommes, donc tu fis la connoissance—D—n it—The gentlemen we met at the ball given by the great wife of the little banker, the day before her husband stopp'd payment.

Sir G. Oh, I remember.

Crack. They are quite an acquisition! In London, they would be quite the rage—for you never hear of a grand rout, without a lion—either a Turk, a new Singer, a Cossack, or a Conjurer. Every fashionable party has its lion!

Green. Aye, and its bears too, to say nothing of its monkeys.

Crack. Monsieur! (*to* Green) Very odd creature—he looks like a green parrot in a night-cap! Ha! ha! ha! *Your* lion, I suppose—but he will be eclipsed, for mine are originals, and are now investigating and giving orders—they are very obliging. But, Baronet, do you know your Ball has made quite a sensation amongst us?—I expect a fruition of delightsomeness—Car je me sens en verve!—Ha! ha!—

Green. This French gentleman, like most French gentlemen, seems to relish our English entertainments.

Crack. French gentleman!—What the devil, does he—Ha! ha! ha! Very vivacious, upon my veracity—Ha! ha! ha! being dress'd in the Paris costume, he takes me for a Frenchman.

Sir G. I don't wonder at his mistake—Ha! ha!

Crack. Excellent! Le tour est impayable—That is, it's a devilish good joke—A Frenchman!—Ha! ha! ha!

Green. Well, but is there any thing to laugh at?

Crack. Yes, upon my soul, there's a great deal to laugh at.—Look at me again—Ha! ha!

Green. Well, now I do look at you again, there *is* a great deal to laugh at.

Crack. My dear Sir, where has he hid himself?—Why, my dress and conversation are quite the fashion.

Green. The fashion!

Crack. Yes, my *verdant* friend—for, in spite of my hat, my head, and my nonchalance, Je suis en veritè, your own worthy countryman!

Green. Astonishing! Then I conclude it's the height of vulgarity, now-a-days, to dress and talk like a native of one's own country.

Crack. Eh! I hope, Sir, you don't mean to proscribe every thing that isn't English! No, no —you must go to Paris, to eat ragouts in perfection, drink wine in perfection, and see dancing in perfection!

Green. Sir, we have no objection to good French dishes, good French wine, or *modest* French dancing—but, since we have had the good fortune to be born under a British sky, let our clothes be of British manufacture; and let us endeavour to look and act like Englishmen.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Sir George, here be the devil to pay below—There be one of your fine company i'th kitchen, and t'other i'th cellar—One be tasting the soup, and t'other be tasting the wine—One be damning the cook, and t'other be blowing up the butler.

Crack. Ah—these are our lions!

Pinfold. Why, they be roaring away at a woundy rate, to be sure.

Crack. Oh, they have a passionate ardour for the reputation of their friends—Take care how you interrupt them in their important functions.

Sir G. Oh, let them have their humour by all means. Ha! ha! ha! Pinfold, these gentlemen must be obeyed.

Pinfold. If our cook and I, don't pay these

rummaging chaps a trick for this, say my name ben't Pinfold. [*Exit* Pinfold.

Sir G. (Advancing) The Major must be an odd character, truly.

Crack. Oh! the Major is quite a primitive fellow—he'll cook your dinner, and eat it—win your money, and spend it—become the butt of your jests, and join in the laugh himself.—Ha! ha! ha!

Green. Ha! ha! ha! become your butt, and join in the laugh himself.—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir G. Ha! ha! ha!

Crack. (Perceiving he is laughed at) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—D—nation!—Who the devil is that quizzical personage? Where does he come from?

Sir G. I don't know, I'm sure.

Crack. From Greenland, I suppose.

Sir G. An original, who will amuse us—a friend of my Lady's—a very honest, but a very tiresome fellow.

Crack. L'un ne va pas sans l'autre.

(BIBBER *talking without).*

Bibber. How dare you talk to me, you bracket-faced rascal you? I'll have you discharged, you scoundrel.

Enter BIBBER, *tasting a Glass of Wine, and eating a Biscuit.*

Here's pretty treatment!

Crack. Mr. Commissary Bibber—Vous êtes bien venu.

Bibber. Eh!

Crack. Oh, curse it—I mean, you are very welcome. Sir George, Voila. Pugh! Mr. Bibber, Sir George Squander—

Sir G. For Heaven's sake, my good Sir, what has happened?

Bibber. Why, Sir, your left-handed butler wanted to interfere with my acknowledged right of inspecting the wine-cellar, and while I was shewing him how to decant a bottle, the poltroon had the impudence to spill the wine over me, and damage my drapery.

Sir G. Oh, he's a very civil fellow; it must have been accidental.

Bibber. If I had him in my division, he should live upon musty rations and water'd rum for a month.

Enter DUMPLING, *with a Napkin under his chin, tasting a Bowl of Soup, followed by a Servant.*

Dump. Excellent! Exquisite! Another sprinkling of Cayenne, and it will be delicious! Ah! friend Crackley—our materials are but so so—and yet I have season'd a sauce, fit for a General.

Crack. Piquante! I dare say. Sir George, you recollect Major Dumpling.

Dump. Sir George, your most obedient!

Sir G. Gentlemen, I feel much indebted to Mr. Crackley, for affording me this opportunity of being better known to such agreeable, such useful friends.

Dump. Useful! Yes, at our mess they call me Useful Dumpling—for there I mix the salads, dress the lobsters, carve the geese, make the

punch, and pepper the devils!—I'm always in action—

(Gives the Bowl to the Servant, who goes out laughing).

Green. In the kitchen, but never in the field!

Crack. Monsieur Bibber!—On dit, que dans la derniere—Damn it, I'm always forgetting myself—They say, that in the last campaign you kept the best table in the army.

Bibber. Why yes, Sir—for the good of the Service, I flatter myself I did—whatever the distresses of war, I was never without my three courses, and dessert!

Green. So much the worse, Sir! For he must be the greatest fool in the world, to seek dangers abroad, if his fortune would enable him to keep open house at home. And he must be the greatest rascal in the world, to accept an employment, and take advantage of his situation, to supply himself with superfluities, whilst our brave fellows were in want of common comforts—that's the plain fact.

Bibber. Eh! What's that he says? A rascal! I would not bear such language from a General —D—n me, Sir!

Sir G. Oh, never mind him—he's a humourist.

Bibber. Curse his humours! Harkye, Sir! A rascal indeed!—for the honour of the Commissariat—D—n me, Sir, I—a rascal indeed!

*(*Sir George *hurries* Bibber *off).*

Crack. Ha! ha! ha! Too severe, my good Sir.

Dump. Ha! ha! ha!—A knowing fellow

this! Come, I'll have a touch at him myself. Crackley, give me a pinch of snuff.

Crack. A votre service.

Dump. Ah, good! very good! Do you always take rappee?

Crack. No—after breakfast I take maccabau —after dinner rappee—and after supper I indulge in a little of the—

Green. Blackguard, I suppose.

Dump. Ha! ha! ha!

Crack. Diable m'emporte! Monsieur! Sir! Curse me if I'll put up with this—Sir, I—

Sir G. Oh, my good fellow—

Crack. You are very presuming—

Sir G. For my sake—

Crack. Impertinent—

Sir G. I insist—

Crack. D—nation! I'll trample that grassy scoundrel under my feet! [*Exit* Crackley.

Dump. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Crackley! Why, my fine fellow, you are fond of saying sharp things.

Green. Not at all—I'm only fond of stating *plain facts.*

Dump. Rather too plain: for such conduct a gentleman might think himself bound to resent.

Green. Then I'm in no danger from *your* resentment.

Dump. Death and the devil! Sir, I have 2000*l.* a year, and a Commission in the Local—

Green. Which you owe more to your money than your merit—and to judge by your bow-window, you have had more feeding than fighting.

Dump. My looks!—Why, zounds! Don't I look like a Major!

Green. Yes, like a Drum-Major!

Dump. A Drum-Major! Let me come at him. Harkye, Sir.

Green. Well, Sir—

Dump. If ever I catch you on our parade, I'll make you dance to a calf-skin fiddle.

[*Exit* Major Dump.

Sir G. Ha! ha! ha! I suppose my turn will come next. But now, Sir, a truce with your raillery, and prepare to join our festive party. You have been very severe upon those gentlemen, and I ought to congratulate myself, that I am neither a Captain nor a Commissary, but live on my own estate, and—

Green. So much the better for you, as, had you to depend on your hands, or your head, you would soon die of hunger.—That's the plain fact.

Sir G. This is insufferable! Why should I submit? But I'll keep my temper. This unaccountable character seems to have a license to make himself disagreeable—Yet there is something in his manner, which inspires respect as well as fear—and time only can unravel the mystery. [*Exit* Sir George.

Green. So, my information was correct, and Sir George is on the high road to destruction! Truly I have made some valuable acquaintances! His three worthy friends—a jumble of conceit, folly, and knavery! Mrs. Tucket, intriguing to ruin her lady's reputation, and poor old Pinfold, who is too honest for his place. Who else have I to expect? (*Reading his Notes*). Oh! Oh! In the first place, my Lord Rowcroft, the worthy uncle. Good! To-morrow he will be here—he little dreams of what's in store for him. The money-lending Mr. Closefist, with his cash in one pocket and a writ in the other!—and

lastly, Mr. Fungus, the rascally valet, devoted to my Lord Rowcroft.

Enter FUNGUS.

Fung. Oh! this is old Botherum, I suppose, the celebrated word-grubber—I am anxious to—

Green. Ah! is not that the honest valet, Mr. Fungus?

Fung. What is your pleasure, Sir? Have you any agreeable things to say, any plain facts to state, any good advice to give me? No ceremony, I beg. Pray treat me like the rest of the family.

Green. I state my plain facts to those only who understand them, and give my good advice to those only who deserve it.

Fung. I should receive it with the utmost gratitude—but pray make haste, the rooms are lighted up, the company assembled, the Ball just begun, and I wait to conduct you—

Green. Very well—let me see—(*Taking out his Watch*)—It is now ten o'clock—

Fung. Thereabouts.

Green. Why then, my *advice* is, that you should lose no time in cheating your master—for by this hour to-morrow morning you will be kicked out of doors—that's the plain fact!

Fung. Kick'd out of doors!

Green. Shew the way, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Ball-Room.

Enter FUNGUS.

Fung. So the ladies and gentlemen have exercised their activity, and the fiddlers their catgut, and they are all now, like hungry soldiers after a hard fight, gobbling our camp supper—a superb repast, arrang'd by the joint talents of Major Dumpling and Commissary Bibber. That cursed Green Man has kept his eye upon me the whole night: I have asked all the visitors' servants, but can't find out *who*, or *what* he is!

Enter SIR GEORGE, *in haste.*

Sir G. Fungus! where have you hid yourself? —you are always out of the way. Harkye, Sir —the moment day breaks, run to Closefist, and bring him to me without loss of time—we have had high play within, and I have lost three hundred pounds more than I can pay.

Fung. Is that all! Lord, Sir, you quite frightened me—three hundred pounds! It is very unlucky, to be sure—but the company will return here after supper, and perhaps keep up the Ball till day-light. It is now three o'clock, and before they break up, I will lug Closefist here, dead or alive, but in either case, with the five hundred pounds in his pocket.

Sir G. Don't fail, for your life.

Fung. Rely upon my zeal, Sir George.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Od' rabbit it, Sir George—

Sir G. What's the matter now?

Pinfold. They be turning the house out at windows—there be a huge army of servants quarter'd themselves in the kitchen—the coachmen have forc'd the corn-bin, and the footmen have taken the cellar by storm.

Sir G. Well, it is my wish that the horses and servants of my guests should be taken care of. I must return to the company. Fungus, remember—

Fung. Make your mind perfectly easy, Sir George.

Sir G. As for you, Pinfold, don't be so very officious; and recollect, that when I invite company, I wish my establishment to have an appearance of magnificence and liberality.

[*Exit* Sir G.

Fung. There, Sir, you hear it is our wish to be bountiful!

Pinfold. To suffer himself to be robb'd, be main bountiful, to be sure.

Enter TUCKET.

Tucket. Mr. Pinfold, this is unsufferable—didn't I tell you that some of the ladies had brought their ladies' ladies, and that it was expected that I, as my lady's lady, should give them a stylish supper—when lo! and behold! you have not even begun to decorate the table.

Fung. And I have a dozen friends, who would

have reason to think me unpolite if I did not entertain them: and no cloth laid yet! Why, we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country.

Pinfold. That be like enough—and so, Mrs. Tucket may treat the maids, and your Honour the footmen.

Fung. Footmen! Sir, my friends are all gentlemen's gentlemen!

Pinfold. Let 'em be gentlemen, or grooms; ladies' maids, or laundry maids—take your own way, rob your own way, and go to the devil your own way—but, dang me, if I keep your company; and so good bye to you. [*Exit.*

Tucket. Upon my word, that old gentleman is tolerably impatient.

Fung. Oh!—the old boy's doating.

Tucket. It would be doing us a great service, to rid us entirely of himself and his honesty.

Fung. Faith, I think he would exactly suit old Green; and the man would be just as disagreeable as the master.

Tucket. By-the-bye, I have made a discovery about him. What do you think of his being in love—in love with my Lady?

Fung. Ha! ha!—Too ridiculous by half.

Tucket. Why, she's the only one he paid attention to during the Ball; and even at supper, he sidled up close to his dear Harriet, as he calls her.

Fung. Pooh!—he in love!—monstrous!—however, the idea is not bad—and I'll take advantage of it. Sir George is as jealous as the devil; and, if he once suspects him, by ten o'clock tomorrow, the virtuous Mr. Green may be kicked out of doors instead of me.

Tucket. Hush!—Here's our man.

Enter GREEN.

Green. The flatteries and impertinence of the guests, and the self-satisfaction and gullibility of their host, provoke me beyond bearing. 'Sdeath! —How can a man, with one grain of common sense, sacrifice his time and his fortune to such wretches?

Tucket. (*Comes forward*) You have left the supper-room very early, Sir; indeed I don't wonder at it: it could never agree with your gravity and wisdom.

Fung. Pray, Sir, can I be of any service? You told me, that I am to be kick'd out at ten o'clock; and I am dying to shew my gratitude for the friendly intelligence.

Green. Then shew your gratitude by recollecting, that your master's *house*, and the *play-house*, are the only places where scoundrel servants are allow'd to lead the conversation with their betters. Leave the room—begone!

Fung. Oh!—don't be alarmed, Sir—I'm no spoil sport; I'm going—I shall not interrupt your amorous interview.—(*Aside*) You shall pay dearly for this impertinence, old Green.—(*Going*).

Tucket. Oh!—I could beat him *black* and *blue.* [*Exit.*

Green. (*Solus*) My *amorous* interview!—What the devil, have they made a lover of me?—Truly, at my advanced age, that's an honour I have very little title to.—But I see through their stratagem; they would revenge themselves, by making Sir George believe I am in love with his Lady:—my amiable friends, you won't have time

to carry your scheme into execution. *(Sits down).*

Enter BIBBER *and* DUMPLING.

Bibber. Yes, yes, her Ladyship is a charming creature—quite an ornament at the head of a table:—I should like to make a campaign with her—What a pleasant companion for winter quarters!

Dump. And Sir George is a fine fellow—gives plenty to eat, but he wants taste—and has a d—n'd uncivil cook.

Bibber. He don't spare the bottle, however; and keeps his temper while he loses his money.

Dump. Yes, he loses with a good grace; but when will he pay us our two hundred pounds?

Bibber. Oh!—he's as proud as a Spaniard; and you'll find him as punctual as a paymaster.

Dump. I'm afraid though, he's a Spaniard without the Spanish—but hush!—we are not alone!—(*Seeing* Mr. Green).

Bibber. Ah!—Mr. Misanthropy, why you look as down in the mouth as a half-pay officer—

Dump. And as crabbed as if you had been dining with Duke Humphry.

Green. (Still seated) Go on, gentlemen!—

Bibber. Yes, being too sulky and selfish to make friends—

Dump. You are become the enemy of mankind.

Green. Hum!—"the enemy of mankind"—You are, perhaps, not very far from the mark.—I hate false friends—egotists—mischief-makers—and blacklegs; and, except Lady Squander, whose virtues I respect;—the lovely little Bertha, whose ingenuousness I love; and Sir George,

whose errors of the head I pity:—shew me a human being in this house, who is not a disgrace to the species!

Bibber. I can shew you many, Mr. Bluffman, who are disgusted with your rudeness—

Dump. And who may find a way to make you repent your impertinence—

Bibber. And give you such a lesson—

Dump. As may make you more civil for the rest of your life.

Green. Oh! Oh!—What, are you angry?—(*Rises*).

Bibber. Yes, Sir, we are angry.

Green. Hum!—I was born with an irresistible inclination to speak truth to every one, and a decided aversion from shewing respect where none is due.—I'm not surpris'd that, by gentlemen of *your* class, I'm deem'd a very disagreeable fellow.

Dump. And you have, no doubt, been often rewarded for your frankness, and treated in a very disagreeable manner.

Green. Why, Sir, I have serv'd abroad myself formerly, and certainly did not neglect the usual precautions to guard against unpleasant accidents.—I was allowed to be one of the best fencers, and the best shots in Europe.

Dump. The devil you were, Sir!

Green. Yes. I still take the foils, and breathe myself for two hours before breakfast every morning, to keep my hand in; and amuse myself in the afternoon, by placing a flask of champaigne at 25 paces distance, and driving in the cork without breaking the neck of the bottle.

Dump. What a devil of a fellow!—he'd cut a figure in the Local.

Bibber. Indeed!—Pray, Sir, have you often fought?

Green. I never refused a challenge.

Dump. I thought so.

Green. And, gentlemen, if you have any inclination that way—

Dump. Oh, Sir, I see you are not only very whimsical, but very witty; your sarcasms are pointed, and your irony delightful:—But, did you really think we were serious: didn't you see the joke?

Green. The joke!

Dump. Yes, the joke! a little in your own way, eh!—Ha! ha! ha!—I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at our Local mess.

Bibber. Yes, and if ever you go a campaign with me, I'll take care you shall never be on short allowance

Green. Gentlemen, I'm very much oblig'd to you.

Enter CRACKLEY.

Crack. Eh bien!—mes amis, que faites vous donc ici!—What, in the name of all that's ridiculous, are you about here? How could you leave so many bright eyes, and angelic faces, to form such a melancholy trio?—has beauty no charms for you, you miserable-looking devils?

Bibber. Why, you seem to be charmed out of your senses.

Crack. "Tout au contraire, mon ami"—but love and wine have made me merry; and you must allow there are charmers within, that would enable a man of fashion to fill up the dull hours very pleasantly between dusk and dinner time.

Green. And few charmers, I suppose, in your opinion, are worthy of better employment.

Crack. Oh, there are exceptions: a trip to Paris, and a winter in London, would make my little Bertha truly fascinating.

Green. Your Bertha!—Have a care, Sir; she is under my protection.

Dump. Yes, have a care—he's the best fencer in Europe.

Bibber. And can drive a ball through the neck of a bottle, at five-and-twenty paces.

Crack. Then I wish no better protector for my favourite. Hark ye, Sir;—(*to* Green) You think me silly and worthless: I thought you ill-natured and mischievous, but Bertha has convinced *me*, you have more merit than malice; and I hope to convince *you*, I have more vivacity than vice.—For her sake, let us be friends.

Green. I never form friendships with coxcombs.

Crack. Now, upon my soul, I am such a tractable animal, that if the lovely Bertha will only consent to lead, while you drive, I really think I should soon become a reasonable creature.—(*Goes towards the ball-room with* Mr. Green).

Dump. By Phœbus!—It's broad day-light.—The company are upon the move; but must we go without our winnings?

Bibber. Oh!—the devil!—by no means!

Dump. Let us find some scheme, for delaying our departure till we can secure our cash.

[*Exeunt* Bibber *and* Dumpling.

GREEN *and* CRACKLEY *advance.*

Crack. Upon my soul, you are deceived in my character. In London and Paris, I thought it necessary to adopt the style, and follow the

fashions of the day; not because I approved, but because I did not wish to appear singular.

Green. And yet you do appear very singular!

Crack. Yes, in the country; and let me tell you, so must you, every where; but when you have known me a little longer, I flatter myself you will form a better opinion of me—but they are taking leave:—may I now be permitted to hope for your friendship?

Green. That will depend on your future conduct.

Crack. Then I do not despair of success.—Au revoir, mon ami.

Green. Psha!—D—n your French.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter FUNGUS *and* CLOSEFIST.

Fung. Stay here a moment, and I'll bring Sir George.

Closefist. Truly, Mr. Fungus, it's rather hard for a man of my years to be dragg'd out of bed, for money, at day-break!

Fung. It is never too early to make money.

[*Exit.*

GREEN *enters behind.*

Closefist. To stuff me into a chaise, whether I would or no.

GREEN *advances.*

Truly, I must have a great friendship for Sir George, to leave home at this hour.

Green. (*Sees* Closefist) What new face is this?

Closefist. How that strange-looking man eyes me!

(Putting his hands in his Pockets).

Green. Well, friend; what has brought you here so early?

Closefist. Why, Sir, does it concern you to know?

Green. More than you imagine.

Closefist. Keep your distance, Sir,—I don't wish to—eh!—that figure—that dress—that manner—that—he seems quite at home already—I think I know you, Sir!

Green. The devil you do. And pray, who am I?

Closefist. You must be the Steward, whom Sir George said he expected this morning.

Green. Well, now suppose I prove that I know you!—You are an usurer, and your name is Closefist.

Closefist. Ah! you are more cunning than I am,—you know my name, tho' I don't know yours; and since (with that exception) we are so well acquainted, let us endeavour to serve each other.

Green. As how, pray?

Closefist. Why, the young Baronet already owes me a tolerably large sum, and I now bring him 500*l.* more, which I find he is very anxious to receive—now, my dear friend, let us come to an understanding, and when Sir George's debts are in a state of liquidation, we may make a good thing of it.

Green. Then Sir George is about to pay his debts?

Closefist. To be sure he is.—I have been let into

the secret. Mr. Fungus has told me all about it. My Lord Rowcroft—

Green. Oh!—Oh!—My Lord Rowcroft!—

Closefist. Aye, aye—that kind uncle has undertaken to pay for all his nephew's extravagance, both principal and interest.

Green. And upon what condition?

Closefist. Oh!—a mere trifle: he is only to sign an act of separation from his wife.

Green. Of separation from his wife?—So, so; this is the result of his Lordship's secret interviews with that rascal Fungus (*aside*)—Harkye, Mr. Usurer!

Closefist. Usurer!—Money-broker, if you please!

Green. Well, then, Mr. Money-broker—Sir George deceives both you, and himself, in thinking he shall be able to pay you. He's not worth a shilling.

Closefist. Lord-a-mercy on me!

Green. That hang-dog, Fungus, with all his pretended kindness, is only laughing at you; Sir George is disinherited!—I've seen the instrument.

Closefist. You have seen it?

Green. I have seen it. Besides, Sir George would sooner remain your debtor for life, than consent to a separation.

Closefist. He would, eh!—why then I shall beg leave to introduce him to two of my friends, John Doe, and Richard Roe—

Green. What, you are already provided with a writ?

Closefist. Let me alone for that;—and it shall be put in force too.

Green. And are you really determined?

Closefist. This very morning, Sir George, fine gentleman as he is—a Baronet—and nephew to Lord Rowcroft, shall be placed between four walls, at the suit of Jeremiah Closefist, money-lender, but not money-giver.

Green. Listen then, perhaps we may be able to make some arrangement.

Closefist. I'll have my money.

Green. *(Taking out his Pocket-book, and turning over notes)* In that case—

Closefist. *(Eagerly looking at the money)* What, will you!—Why, Sir George, to be sure, has been a little extravagant;—but then he is a very civil gentleman.

Green. You see here—

Closefist. Bank bills to a large amount. The prettiest pictures in the world. They always give me a palpitation at the heart.

Green. Well, these pretty pictures are—not for you—according to Fungus's promise, Lord Rowcroft is to pay you:—Lord Rowcroft intends no such thing;—yet Lord Rowcroft *shall* pay you, and pay you this very day.

Closefist. *Shall* pay me, and this very day?—Why how should you be able to say, that my Lord!—Pooh!—you are talking nonsense.

Green. If my Lord does not pay you to-day, I must take it upon myself, that's all.

Closefist. You!—that's good! but what security?

Green. My word.

Closefist. Your word!—I can't raise money upon that security; and as a forlorn hope, I shall continue my proceedings.

Green. Who desired you to suspend them?

Closefist. *(Turning back)* Eh!—Come—Let us understand each other.

Green. I will become responsible for Sir George's debts, on the following conditions: In the first place, carry back your 500*l.*

Closefist. Aye, you need not trouble yourself about that.

Green. In the second place, make a devil of a clamour, and if you meet Sir George, or his valet, set on them open-mouth'd.

Closefist. Yes, yes, that's just in my way.

Green. In short, within this hour, let the house be seiz'd on one claim, and afterwards do you arrest Sir George on another.

Closefist. Done!—There's my hand; and as I run no risque, I'll take your word. You shall soon hear, of my bailiffs—Sir, I am your servant. If it is ever in my power to oblige you,—command me—command my purse, and Jeremiah Closefist will shew his gratitude, by advancing you money whenever you want it—upon good security—and five and twenty per cent. [*Exit.*

Green. This Usurer will hasten my plans.—So, my worthy Lord, you take advantage of your nephew's distresses.—It is you who are leading him to his ruin: but let me only whisper one word in your ear, and you will soon change your note. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Garden.

Enter BERTHA, *followed by* CRACKLEY.

Bertha. Why, Mr. Crackley, is this your Paris gallantry, to keep trotting after me, who wish to be alone, instead of handing those ladies to their carriage, who would perhaps be pleas'd with your attention?

Crack. It is not considered gallant in Paris, to leave wit and elegance, for affectation and vulgarity.

Bertha. Not when riches are put into the scale?

Crack. In London, it might weigh down the balance, that is, with your dissipated silly coxcombs—

Bertha. Such as Mr. Crackley.

Crack. Que voulez vous dire?

Bertha. Pray, Sir, is it polite to speak French to a Lady who has told you she does not understand it?

Crack. Je vous demande pardon!—Ah diable! —D—nation!

Bertha. Oh!—fie!—I am sure it's not polite to swear before Ladies.

Crack. Now, pray listen to me. I am most sincerely desirous of gaining your good opinion; —and am not quite so great a coxcomb as you seem to think me: but, the fact is, I feel as much difficulty in leaving off these follies as I did in acquiring them; but only give me the most distant hope, that I may one day be so fortunate as—

Bertha. I have no fortune.

Crack. You have a thousand charms.

Bertha. I can't speak French—

Crack. You speak like an angel.

Bertha. I am not short-sighted.

Crack. Your eyes are irresistible!

Bertha. I can't bear your French affectation.

Crack. I'll leave it off.

Bertha. I can't bear your French head.

Crack. I'll cut it off—No, no—that is—I'll get cropp'd immediately.

Bertha. I hate snuff, and snuff-takers.

Crack. Ma tabatiere, adieu!—There!—*(Throws away his box).*

(DUMPLING *enters sneezing, and* BIBBER, *holding his hand to his eye).*

Dump. Devil take the snuff!

Bibber. And the devil take the box!

Crack. And the devil take your impertinent intrusion!

Bibber. I shall pocket the affront, however.

Enter SIR GEORGE *and* LADY SQUANDER.

Lady. S. My dear Bertha, we were afraid you had run away.

Crack. But, Gentlemen, I thought you had been half a dozen miles off by this time.

Dump. No, no; we are none of your every day friends, who make their escape the moment the entertainment is over.

Sir G. Gentlemen, I feel much indebted to you—

Bibber. Sir George, *(taking his hand)* I feel so great an interest for you, that—

Dump. Come, come, a truce to sentiment, and hear me: It is near seven o'clock:—what shall we do?—If we go to bed we shan't sleep, make a bad breakfast, and a worse dinner; now, as it is a very fine morning, our wisest plan is to go and breakfast in the shrubbery.

Bibber. An excellent thought!

Sir G. Oh! delightful!

Crack. Je suis ravi—(Bertha *taps his shoulder),* that is—I am charmed!—I am pleased with the idea of remaining a little longer with

my friend, and of receiving more lessons from my fascinating, instructive—

Bertha. They'll all be thrown away upon you.

Dump. Now, if the Ladies will consent to join the corps—

Lady S. Oh, Sir, as Sir George is satisfied—

Bertha. We are all satisfied—for my part, I'm quite enchanted!—Heavens, sister, what a charming life you lead here!

Bibber. But the camp must be provisioned—that comes within my province.—I'll lead the foraging party, and take care there shall be no deficiency. [*Exit with* Dumpling.

Enter GREEN.

Crack. My dear Sir, you must join our party: we are going to breakfast in the open air; we must expect to have some of your pointed remarks; but I would rather be the butt of your ridicule, than be deprived of the pleasure of your society.

Green. Oh, curse your flattery.

Crack. I will see all in readiness, and do you prepare to follow.—Mademoiselle, Je suis votre tres humble—*(She checks him)*—Yes, I know—but—you may depend upon it, I shall improve in time. [*Exit.*

Enter FUNGUS.

Fung. Sir George! Sir George!—all's lost!

Lady S. What's the matter?

Green. He must have seen Closefist. *(Aside).*

Fung. Sir, as you ordered me, I brought Mr. Closefist, and his 500*l.*—I left him in the hall,

and ran to find you—you were surrounded by your friends, and I could not interrupt you.—While I was watching for an opportunity of speaking to you, I saw our man stealing off—I ran after him, but the griping old rascal roar'd out, that he knew every thing—that you were ruined—that you were disinherited, and swore he would that instant send his myrmidons.

Sir G. Then I am lost—dishonored!—

Lady S. Dishonor'd!—

Sir G. I had the most pressing occasion for the money this morning, to discharge a debt of honor.

Lady S. Alas!—a debt of honor!—

Bertha. Don't be alarmed, dear sister.

Sir G. But how could Closefist learn?—Who could inform him?

Fung. I asked him that, but he would give me no answer, except that he had got his information from a kind of steward.

Sir G. A steward!—Who can he mean?

Fung. I suppose, old Pinfold:—I can think of nobody else.

Sir G. 'Twas he, without doubt;—in revenge for my not listening to his stuff about economy, and under the pretence of being a useful servant, the scoundrel has betrayed his master's secrets. Plague take him!

Green. You accuse that honest fellow wrongfully—he has not seen the money-lender.

Sir G. Who then can have dared—

Green. I!

Sir G. You?

Green. I!—and 'tis doing you a real service to prevent your contracting new debts, when you are unable to discharge your old ones.

Sir G. And what right, Sir, have you to med-

dle in my affairs? Do you know the injury you have done me?—the embarrassment you have caused?

Green. I know very well, Sir George, the great occasion you had for the usurer's five hundred pounds, and that your embarrassment proceeds from your inability to pay your friends the debt of honor you have this night contracted.

Sir G. Insufferable! Sir, I request you will leave my house.

Lady S. Compose yourself, Sir George—(*To* Green) Is it thus you shew your friendship?

Fung. Shall I call the servants, Sir, to shew him the door? (*Going*).

Lady S. Stop, Fungus!

Green. Your Ladyship is very kind, to check the honest zeal of that worthy valet.—(*To* Fungus) Before ten o'clock, the servants *may be wanted* to shew the *door*. Sir George, if I had not felt a particular friendship for you, you would not have seen me here; but as, notwithstanding your extravagance, I love you still, I will not stir a step.—No—here will I remain in spite of you, and all your train of locusts, in or out of livery.

Sir G. His coolness confounds me, his presumption astonishes me, and his friendship disarms me; he bears an ascendancy over me, for which I cannot account.

Lady S. I know not what to think of this.

Fung. The devil himself could not make him budge.

Sir G. On what shall I resolve?

Fung. If Sir George will listen to his faithful servant, an idea has just come into my head, that may put every thing to rights.

Sir G. Let us hear.

Fung. Well then, Sir, money you must have, and to apply to Bankers, Merchants, or Jews, will be useless. Now, Sir, my plan is—

Sir G. Well, Sir, what is your plan?

Green. Why, that you should apply to Lord Rowcroft—that's his plan.

Fung. The devil's in that fellow! *(Aside).*

Sir G. To Lord Rowcroft!

Fung. Certainly, Sir; you say he is exasperated against you; but only describe to him your distress, and I will venture to say, he will do much more than those who are always preaching about friendship, but who would not advance you a guinea to keep you from starving.

Sir G. Entreat my uncle's assistance?

Green. You will find this the best plan, I'll answer for it.

Sir G. You will answer for it? *You*—who? What humiliation! I feel it impossible to restrain my rage. Sir, your conduct is such, that—I will make you feel, Sir—(Green *takes a pinch of snuff*)—'Sdeath! this calmness is—Come, come, Fungus, you shall carry my letter. [*Exit.*

Fung. Yes, and I'll give you a good account of it too. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Lady S. My good Sir, believe me, though Sir George is quick and irritable, yet his heart is good, and on reflection, he will be much distress'd at his conduct.

Bertha. With so many good qualities, a little haughtiness may be excused.

Green. Excused! In his place, I should not have had half so much moderation; and I like him the better for it.

Enter TUCKET *hastily.*

Tucket. Oh my Lady, I'm almost gone—I am nearly suffocated—Ah!—I'm dying!

Lady S. In Heaven's name, what has happened?

Tucket. Ah, ah! oh, my head,—my eyes—my —oh!—

(Falls into a Chair and faints).

Bertha. Poor Girl!—She's very ill.

Green. So! it's the fashion for ladies' maids to faint!—In my time, that was left to their mistresses—Poor dear soul, she has fainted herself black in the face—I have a lancet in my pocket, and will bleed her in a moment.—*(*Tucket *jumps up, and pretends to recover herself).* —Come now, tell us what has caused this terrible fit!—What's the matter with you?

Tucket. The matter with me!—Why we are all lost, dead and buried!—Such a troop of ill-looking devils have taken possession of the house.

Lady S. Bailiffs!—my fears were too true.

Green. So, the Usurer has kept his word. *(Aside).*

Enter DUMPLING *and* BIBBER.

Dump. Never met with such rudeness in my life.—An elegant cold collation, to be devoured by these shoulder-tapping rascals!

Bibber. Sorry, Ladies, for your disappointment, but the Philistines have seal'd up the wine-cellar!

Dump. Yes, and established themselves in the kitchen.

Bibber. And as we have no means of dislodging the enemy, we must beat a retreat.

Dump. We beg your Ladyship to believe we are your very humble servants—

Bibber. And that we shall be happy to attend your Ladyship upon some future occasion.

Green. Oh, doubtless, they will always feel delighted to receive such kind considerate friends.

Enter CRACKLEY.

—And here's another, anxious to take leave, his fine feelings not allowing him to remain the witness of your distress!

Crack. I trust the Ladies will do me more justice.

Tucket. Oh, Sir, *we* have no doubt of *your* politeness, and good breeding.

Dump. Come, Crackley, the game's up, and we must leave the good cheer and our winnings too, behind us.

Bibber. Perhaps, Madam, you will have the kindness to remind our dear friend—

Dump. That the trifle he lost last night, may have—

Lady S. In the course of the day, Gentlemen, you will receive your money.

Crack. Gentlemen!—I'm asham'd of having introduced such harpies.—Harkye, you caterpillars!—I am not yet quite so fashionable, as to desert my friends in distress; and tho' unluckily, I have not the present means, yet you have MY *word* for the payment of your paltry debt.

Green. I knew this fellow had a weak understanding, and I am glad to find his heart is as soft as his head.

Dump. Why, Crackley, money is always acceptable, and we shall remind you of your promise.—Ladies, Mr. Crokum, friend Crackley.

Crack. Allez vous en—

Bibber. Ladies—

Crack. Sortez!—*(He pushes them out).*

Green. Sortez!—the best scrap of French I have heard from him.

Crack. I hope, Madam, you will excuse my imprudence in bringing them here, and accept my best services.

Green. Well, Sir, why don't you follow your friends?

Crack. My friends! Damn it, Green Man, be still!—Do you think I'd leave Sir George, and these lovely creatures, at such a—

Green. I see your aim at these lovely creatures;—but notwithstanding your seeming liberality, I know too much of the world to trust to appearances, and I tell you, you will lose your time—that's the plain fact.

Bertha. Now he's too hard upon poor Crackley—he is not absolutely disagreeable, nor half so great a coxcomb as I thought him.

Enter PINFOLD.

Pinfold. Ah, Madam, it be all over now—my dear master is arrested! they be now dragging him to prison.

Lady S. To prison!—then my misery is complete.

Crack. My friend in prison!—I never felt the want of money till now.

Lady S. You, Sir, have profess'd the most sincere friendship for me;—you love Sir George;—not five minutes since you declared your regard

for him.—I do not blush to implore your generosity in his behalf—for mercy's sake do not refuse me—restore my husband to liberty, and do not—do not drive me to despair!

Green. It gives me a severe pang, Madam, to refuse;—but I cannot comply with your request.

Lady S. (With offended pride) Sir, I shall no further solicit your aid: no—I will instantly follow the husband of my heart, and if I cannot obtain his freedom, I will at least share his captivity. [*Exit.*

Crack. A philosopher has observed, that those who are continually using the words, benevolence and humanity, are the people who practise those virtues the least; and now, Sir, I perceive the observation is just. [*Exit.*

Tucket. And this is the way you shew your attachment to my Lady, and your feeling for our soft sex; but I always thought you a brute, and now you have *proved* yourself a *bear.* [*Exit.*

Pinfold. I would a laid my life, that thee was a kind-hearted soul.—I be mistaken, and I be sorry for it.—I be sorry for thee too—I do pity thee; and I be afraid poor dear master will find old Pinfold the only true friend he has left in the world. [*Exit.*

Bertha. (Comes forward) So, the coast is clear—Yes, yes, I see how it is—you have had a little quarrel with Sir George, and so you wish to help him through a third person. I am quite charmed you have reserved that pleasure for me.

Green. Bertha!—I have no money.

Bertha. Oh, yes you have. Aye, but I am very clear-sighted, for before you left my father's, I saw the contents of your pocket-book.

Green. I mustn't now dispose of it.

Bertha. No—but you will let me dispose of it for you.

Green. It can't be.

Bertha. Sir, you have always seemed singular, but I never, till now, thought you could be cruel. I will endeavour to find Mr. Closefist, and perhaps a Usurer may shew more feeling than you.

[*Exit.*

Green. So, Crackley has a fling at me—Mrs. Tucket abuses me—old Pinfold pities me—her Ladyship is angry—and my little Bertha in a rage!—Well!—are they wrong?—But no matter—my Lord Rowcroft will soon be here.—The house is seized—Sir George gone to prison—and so—I'll—go to breakfast! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

FUNGUS *and* TUCKET *discovered.*

Fung. I tell you Lord Rowcroft will be here within this hour; he is highly delighted, and will be more so, when he hears that his nephew is in a jail. Closefist was in such a devil of a passion, that I thought he had taken leave of his senses.

Tucket. Yes, he's a cunning fellow, and knows what he's about—

Fung. And so, the virtue-preaching Mr. Green allowed his friend Sir George to be carried to prison.

Tucket. Oh! the monster!—he did not even move his hands towards his pockets to relieve him.

Fung. And our Lady has followed Sir George?

Tucket. Yes, with her sister, and old Pinfold.—Mr. Crackley attended the Ladies, and is more in love than ever with his adorable Bertha—I think she must be blind, for my part, for Mr. Crackley is a sweet man, and has a proper consideration for our sex.

Fung. But he must get a proper fortune, or he'll have no chance with Miss Bertha.

Tucket. Then she knows nothing of the tender passion.—My gentleman is grown very inattentive of late; I must try to rouse his jea-

lousy. *(Aside)*—Oh!—my stars!—If I had but a cottage, a cow, some pigs, some poultry, and such a dear insinuating fellow!—I should be as happy as the day is long.

Fung. And when you had eat up the cow—

Tucket. I eat a cow!—

Fung. Pigs, and the poultry, the dear insinuating fellow would find the cottage too hot to hold him. But, Mrs. Tucket, you seem to be taken with Mr. Crackley.

Tucket. Taken with him! Oh! that he was but a poor valet, that I might throw myself and fortune, the careful earnings of my honest industry, at his feet.

Fung. Yes, egad!—her little fortune is not to be sneezed at. Mrs. Tucket, do you forget our late conversation?

Tucket. No matter—but some folks are grown very careless; not that other folks care much about it.

Fung. Sweet innocence! Mrs. Tucket, the pretty little building at the entrance of the village, intended for a public-house, is now to let.

Tucket. Indeed, Mr. Fungus!

Fung. And instead of cleaning the cottage, and feeding the pigs and the poultry, you shall draw ale, mix punch, and keep accounts.

Tucket. While you—

Fung. Smoke my pipe, and drink with my customers.

Tucket. We shall never find our account in that.

Fung. Yes we shall, at their expence, and I shall put myself in training immediately; for the landlord of a pot-house should practise drinking for the benefit of his family—Come! say it's a

bargain, and I'll order the sign to be painted directly.

Tucket. What sign, pray?

Fung. Why, as I am fond of hunting, I have been thinking of the Horns!

Tucket. Don't bespeak them too soon—there's time enough to think of your sign when we're married. But here comes Mr. Crackley.

Enter CRACKLEY.

Crack. Ah! Je suis hors d'haleine—

Fung. Pray, Sir, where are the Ladies?

Crack. I left them with Sir George, but expected to find them here by this time.

Tucket. Here!—what, are matters settled?

Crack. Settled!—more embarrassed than ever.

Fung. (*Aside to* Tucket) So, so, all's right!

Crack. That infernal money-lender made no other answer to the entreaties of her Ladyship, and the bewitching sentiments of her lovely sister, than—"Money! I want hard cash, and not soft speeches." I offered in vain to become security for the debt. The old rogue knew my inability to discharge it, and the Ladies politely dismissed me, declining my assistance; but as I am not easily repulsed, I am come here to wait the event.

Fung. If Miss Bertha was rich, Sir, I should not wonder at your perseverance.

Crack. Rich!—Her beauty and sensibility are beyond price. In a few months I shall be five-and-twenty, and master of my estate; though small, it is enough to make her happy, and I shall be proud in laying it at her feet.

Tucket. What a generous, fascinating creature! *(Aside).* But, Sir, if you lay your fortune at Sir George's feet, you may soon have to take his place.

Enter GREEN.

Green. What, Mr. Crackley, are you there? You have brought Sir George with you, of course—you think nothing of sacrificing a few thousands for such a friend. But where is he? I long to shake him by the hand.

Crack. Sir, I would have made any sacrifice to serve Sir George; but my bail has been rejected, and my Guardian refuses—

Green. Ha! ha! ha!—your Guardian refuses! It won't do, my fine spark. I tell you once more, you are only losing your time.

Tucket. (*Pretending to weep*) My poor dear Lady! my heart bleeds for her.

Fung. My unfortunate master!—I will, yes, I will share your captivity.

Crack. My lovely Bertha; how shall I relieve your distress?

Green. (*Taking out his handkerchief*)—Such devoted friendship, and the warm attachment of these faithful servants, affect me to that degree, that—Oh, Sir, (*wiping his eyes*)—Ha! ha! ha!—Oh! you're a precious Trio!—Now, pray, Mr. Crackley, don't strain your voice into that tone of sensibility, for it sits d—n'd awkwardly upon you—that's the plain fact.

Crack. 'Sdeath!—(*Aside*) But I must keep my word with Bertha: however, his insolence shall not go unpunished. (*Retires*).

Green. Why, friend Fungus, you look quite melancholy; perhaps you are afraid my Lord

Rowcroft will forget to reward you, for the disgrace you have brought upon your master.

Fung. The devil's in this fellow!—But I shall match him yet.

Green. And my poor Tucket!—Come, come, you may dispense with your handkerchief, your eyes are quite red with *rubbing;* but all your labour can't produce one crocodile tear.

Tucket. The Green Hottentot!—Oh, I could tear his eyes out!

Enter JOHN, *who whispers* GREEN.

Green. Let him come in!—

Enter CLOSEFIST.

Crack. Fung. Tucket. Closefist!

Green. Well, Closefist!—What news?

Closefist. Why, Sir, a most extraordinary event has happened, and so unexpected, that I am afraid I have thrown your plans into confusion,—and yet I could not act otherwise.

Green. Hush!—You will be overheard—come into this room.

Fung. Yes, yes—There's a secret understanding between them.

Crack. What cursed scheme are they contriving?

Tucket. I think I can guess.

(GREEN *having seen* CLOSEFIST *into the Closet, turns round and speaks).*

Green. Mr. Crackley, be advised—leave the house instantly, or you'll expose yourself to some very unpleasant treatment. [*Exit into Closet.*

Fung. I'm struck all of a heap!

Crack. Unpleasant treatment!

Tucket. I smell a rat—I see how it is.

Fung. Now I am allowed to be pretty clear-sighted, and yet, curse me, but I am quite in the dark.

Tucket. Now mark!—Did not this kind friend, in your presence, refuse to give Sir George the least assistance?

Crack. He did.

Tucket. Then Closefist can't be here to make arrangements for Sir George's release.

Fung. That's true!

Tucket. I knew this strange mortal was over head and ears in love, and as I thought, with my Lady; but now I am convinced he has fix'd his eye upon Miss Bertha.

Crack. What, that superannuated scoundrel in love with my Bertha?

Tucket. You find he is on intimate terms with the money-lender, who caus'd Sir George to be arrested.

Crack. And what then?—

Tucket. Why, Sir, Miss Bertha has acknowledged she has a great regard for him: he has told you already, you are only losing your labour; and in playing the double hypocrite, by releasing Sir George from prison, *his* gratitude will know no bounds; my lady will throw herself at his feet; Miss Bertha will throw herself into his arms, and the business is done!

Crack. D—nation!—I'll die first.—She desired me indeed to respect her old man—but I'll—I'll poison him!—'Sdeath!—have I studied French fashions, and London accomplishments, to be ousted by this Antediluvian!—But he shan't overreach me in generosity. I'll to my

Guardian, and if he again refuses me, I'll sell the reversion of my estate, release my friend, and if all fails, I'll blow myself and the Green Man to the devil at her feet! [*Exit.*

Tucket. Amiable youth!—how I feel for him.

Fung. Hark!—The Ladies are returned. I must run, and give an account of my mission. [*Exit.*

Tucket. And I may as well follow, and shew my tender concern for them. It will not give me much trouble—but stop—I can listen at that door, and perhaps I may find out—

(She goes on tiptoe, and places her ear at the key-hole—Green *opens the door without being perceived).*

—Yes, yes;—now I shall know what this sly old fox is about.

Green. No, you won't—You're too late, Mrs. Flyflap.

Tucket. The disagreeable monster!—I must leave the coast clear, for his friend, Old Nick, has certainly given him eyes in his elbows. [*Exit.*

Green. So, she's gone!—I have had great difficulty in persuading that old rogue, Closefist, to consent—However, all is now arranged.—(Closefist *half opens the door).*

Closefist. Are you alone, Sir?—one must be cautious—I can't think how I could make up my mind to—You know the old Proverb, a Bird in the hand is—now I have got the Bird in hand—and—

Green. It will be your own fault if you hav'n't the two in the bush.

Closefist. Well, well, you would not wish to ruin an honest, pains-taking man; and so, I'll

follow your instructions, and wait in that room till his Lordship arrives.

Green. You remember our agreement. Silence!—the most absolute silence!—You are not to appear till I give the signal.—They come!—Away!—quick, quick!—(Closefist *retires*).

Enter LADY SQUANDER.

Lady S. Notwithstanding your apparent desertion, Sir, so powerful is the influence you exercise over me, that I am irresistibly impelled again to request your assistance.

Green. May I venture to enquire if Sir George—

Lady S. Oh, Sir,—Closefist is inflexible, and our situation is desperate!—But Sir George has inspired me with more courage than I thought myself capable of—He supports his misfortunes with such calmness and resignation.

Green. (*With emotion*) Good—very good!—Now inform me what you have done with Crackley?

Lady S. I have requested him to withdraw: he has shewn a warmth and attachment I could not expect, and every inclination to serve us.

Green. I place no reliance on the professions of such empty-headed coxcombs.—His views are selfish.

Lady S. Indeed, Sir, you are deceived. He gave security for Sir George's gaming debt, which I have just now discharged.

Green. And I suspect he has a share of the plunder, and am glad you have quitted the obligation. I need not enquire how you contrived to —Your few jewels, I suppose—

Lady S. Pray, Sir, let us return to the bu-

siness that brought me here:—Lord Rowcroft has consented to see his nephew again—In a few minutes he may arrive, and as I am alone, will you have the kindness to be present at the interview?—The very idea of appearing before him, alarms me to that degree—

Green. Be composed, I will support you.

Enter TUCKET.

Tucket. My Lady, I wish to—

Green. Well, Mrs. Flippant, what do you wish?

Tucket. I did not address myself to you, Sir—I wish to say two words to my Lady in private.

Lady S. Have I your permission, Sir?—(Green *bows, and retires*).

Tucket. Mr. Fungus and I, my Lady, have just discovered such a plot—Ah, my Lady!—how have you been betrayed!—

Lady S. Betray'd!—Explain yourself!—

Tucket. That wicked old Usurer is now in the house. He has had a meeting with the Green Man there; and it is in consequence of an understanding they have with each other, that my dear master has been arrested.

Lady S. Are you aware, Sir, of what has just now been said with so much mystery?—I hear we are the victims of the blackest perfidy.—You are accused of being no stranger to Sir George's misfortune; and I am even told, that Closefist, in arresting Sir George, has only follow'd your directions.

Green. That's the plain fact.

Lady S. The fact!—

Enter FUNGUS *hastily.*

Fung. My Lord Rowcroft is coming into this apartment immediately.

Lady S. My Lord Rowcroft!—Is it then at a moment like this I must appear before him; when I am deserted by the whole world; when I have just learned, that I have not even one friend left to protect me!

Green. I am with you.

Lady S. You!—What have I to hope from you, when Sir George has been arrested at your instigation?

Green. And it is exactly because I have put it out of *his* power to protect you, that I ought to do it myself.

Fung. Here comes my Lord—

Green. Leave us. (*To* Fungus *and* Tucket).

Fung. But, Sir—

Green. Leave us, I say. [*Exit* Fungus.

Tucket. But perhaps, my Lady—

Green. Begone, Mrs. Eaves-dropper!

Tucket. Well, I'm sure— [*Exit.*

Enter LORD ROWCROFT.

Lord R. Is it the daughter of Mr. Wilton whom I now address?

Lady S. I am Mr. Wilton's daughter, my Lord!

Lord R. And that strange-looking man; what is he?

Lady S. My Lord—he is—he is—

Green. This strange-looking man, is the friend of Mr. Wilton's family, and of Sir George Squander.

Lord R. And where is my unworthy nephew?
Lady S. Alas!—my Lord!—
Lord R. Where is he, I say?—
Green. In prison!—

Lord R. That is precisely what I anticipated; and thus will it ever be with all such hair-brain'd young fellows, who, in defiance of their relations, marry they know not whom. The husband has no fortune, the wife is pennyless, and yet they must make a figure in the world: their credit is soon exhausted; tradesmen become clamorous; and at last, the poor husband, being completely cured of his romantic passion, loses at the same time, his honor, his liberty, his friends, and not unfrequently his wife.

Green. The picture is well drawn, but here it is misplaced—My Lady Squander—

Lord R. There is not much delicacy, Sir, in giving her that title before me.

Green. My Lady Squander has so much delicacy, and such true nobility of soul, that she would scorn to justify herself, at the expence of her husband, who, if he had followed her advice, would not have been where he is.

Lord R. (*To* Lady S. *without replying to* Green). I conceive, Madam, you were somewhat disappointed in your expectations.—You thought to marry the rich Sir George Squander: you find, however, he is poor, and poor he shall remain, at least for me.

Green. Family pride has been his ruin.—It was your duty not to have set him an example of such despicable weakness.

Lord R. I did not require your observations, Sir. Had my nephew possess'd that pride, of which you now accuse him; had he felt the dignity of his rank; would he have entertained

a thought of uniting himself to the Daughter of a Village Apothecary?

Green. An honest Apothecary is a more valuable member of society, than an unprincipled Nobleman.

Lord R. Sir!

Lady S. Oh, Sir, for mercy's sake!—

Green. But the time is not far distant, when I shall name the great Lord to whom I allude.

Lord R. I do not come here to reproach you, Madam. My nephew, in spite of his bad conduct, is not entirely banished from my heart.

Lady S. Oh!—my Lord! to recover your affection, Sir George will listen to any terms.

Lord R. His marriage was a species of insanity. But, Madam, it is not impossible for us to make an arrangement; some sacrifice, however, will be necessary on your part—*a separation!*

Lady S. A separation!—Oh! my Lord!—proceed no further.

Lord R. On that condition, only, will I pay my nephew's debts, and grant you my protection. If it be true, that you possess every virtue, you will prefer restoring Sir George to honour and society, rather than leave him to die in a prison. Reflect, Madam, on my proposal: my Solicitor is here; and I place so much dependance on the reported greatness of your mind, that I will immediately cause the Deed to be prepared, which will reconcile all our differences, and ensure our tranquillity. [*Exit.*

Lady S. My soul revolts at the proposition!—What!— a separation!—No, no!—Sir George, I know your heart too well; you will prefer poverty and misery, with your Harriet, to riches and splendour without her.

Green. Ave, ave!—Thinking himself master of your fate, his Lordship is now priding himself on the success of his project. But come—come with me, and learn, that the very act of separation, on which he grounds all his hopes,—that very act, which you with so much justice condemn, his Lordship shall, in your presence, tear to pieces!

Lady S. Shall tear to pieces?—

Green. That's the plain fact. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Park.

Enter BERTHA *hastily, followed by* CRACKLEY.

Bertha. Now pray do oblige me, fly off to London as fast as you can, and marry some old Dowager, who may be pleas'd with your flattery. (*Going*).

Crack. Stay!—stay!—Thou bewitching, thou enchanting creature!—Nay, by Heaven, you shan't stir a step, till you have heard me.

Bertha. I have heard enough already: I have it in my power to communicate unexpected happiness to my dear sister, and won't be detained.

Crack. I have likewise unexpected happiness to communicate, and won't be denied.—I can now prove myself worthy of your love.

Bertha. Love, psha!—Don't keep me here, when I can by a single word release my sister from misery.

Crack. And as my motive for detaining you is for the purpose of releasing Sir George from confinement, will you not listen to me?

Bertha. No; had you the inclination to release

Sir George, you have not the means; and if you have both, your efforts will be useless now. So, for mercy's sake, let me go.

Crack. No, no, I tell you, no; I have already lost one opportunity of assisting my friend, by her Ladyship's discharging Sir George's play debt, for which I had only given security.

Bertha. I tell you, Sir George does not want your assistance.

Crack. 'Sdeath!—you won't understand me. But, by Heaven, unless you drive me away by force, here will I keep guard, and you shall not enter this house until you have listened to me for two minutes.

Bertha. For two minutes?

Crack. Only for two minutes.

Bertha. Well, you are a most provoking creature; and if it must be so, here will I stand like a statue, and whatever you say, not one word of answer will I make. Here's a watch! and you must give me your solemn word, that the moment the time is up, you will leave the coast clear, and quit this house for at least an hour.

Crack. You have my promise.

Bertha. Then as you say my brother's happiness is concerned, I will hear you—but only for two minutes.

Crack. Now then!—I love you to distraction!

Bertha. Um—um—um!—*(with evident impatience).*

Crack. Aye, aye—you have sworn to hear me, and must not break your word—

(BERTHA *points to the Watch).*

—I know I have no time to spare—I meant only to speak of our friends, but you have kindly given me one minute to speak of myself—

(BERTHA *stamps her Feet with rage).*

—The first time I saw you, you won my heart; but laughed at my pretensions. I flatter'd myself, that in acquiring Parisian manners, and London ease, I should obtain your approbation; but you only ridiculed those accomplishments; and I gained nothing by my travels, except the conviction, that the world does not contain another woman so lovely, so truly fascinating!—

(BERTHA *again points to her Watch, and to the Door*).

—Well, well! I know my time is short—You thought my heart as vitiated as my head was empty, and both my love and friendship insincere; but, believe me, you are wrong: as a proof of the former, I here offer you my vows of eternal affection and constancy!

Bertha. Um—um—um!

Crack. And of the latter, this Paper, which my Guardian, to preserve me from despair, consented to sign, in order to restore *my* friend and *your* brother to the joys of liberty and love.—(*Kneels, and gives the Paper*).

(BERTHA *reads the Paper—pauses a moment, then turns to him with a smile of approbation—he runs towards her—she checks his advances, and motions him to leave her—she goes towards the House—he moves slowly to the other side—she turns round*)

Bertha. Crackley! here's my hand!

Crack. Oh! joy unutterable!

(*She breaks from him, but again turns round*)

Bertha. Again!—

(CRACKLEY *runs to her, folds her in his arms, and the Scene closes*).

SCENE III.

Enter GREEN *and* LADY SQUANDER, *meeting* BERTHA.

Bertha. Sister!—My dear, dear sister, embrace me!

Lady S. Why, Bertha?—what has caused this ecstacy?

Bertha. Oh, you shall soon know all—but first, my dear *Green Man*, let me embrace you.

Green. With all my heart.

Lady S. But pray, sister, what good news do you bring us?

Green. She brings you the news of Sir George's liberation.

Lady S. Good Heavens!—Is Sir George free?

Bertha. What then, you have heard it already?—but can you guess by what means?

Green. Pray, Miss Madcap, what is become of your Necklace?

Lady S. Her Necklace!

Bertha. Ah, Sir!—It was not without a motive you gave it to me, tho', but for a lucky accident, I might never have known its value.

Green. And how did you know its value?

Bertha. Why!—we left Sir George in despair, and on quitting the prison, I heard some one say—look at that Lady's beautiful Necklace—this struck me!—I left you in haste, took Pinfold with me, ran to old Closefist, and presented my Necklace.

Green. Well!—

Bertha. The diamonds, he said, were beauti-

ful, and of great price. "Take them, take them," I cried, "and give Sir George his liberty."

Green. So the bargain was struck, by pawning the Necklace—and if you feel inclined to pawn it again, why—here it is for you. (*Producing it*).

Bertha. My Necklace!—

Green. Yours—For after you, who is there, worthy to wear it?

Bertha. But, do you wish to deprive me of the pleasure of obliging my sister?

Green. No!—But to give you the means of being again useful to her.—(*Presenting the Necklace*).

Bertha. On that condition only, do I accept it.

Lady S. But where is Sir George?—why did not he come with you?

Green. Oh, you have no notion of their delays and formalities—it's very easy to get into prison, but a very difficult matter to get out again.

Bertha. But Sir George was so eager that you should hear the happy tidings, I was obliged to scamper on before him, and I should have been here ten minutes sooner, if I had not been detained by poor Crackley.

Green. What, is that puppy still in the house?

Bertha. Nay, now, Sir, you are for once deceived in your judgment of Crackley's character, as this Paper will prove.

(*While* GREEN *reads the Paper*, BERTHA *informs* LADY S. *of its contents in dumb show*).

Green. Can I believe my eyes!—What!—a fop with a feeling heart; but wonders will never cease.—Yes, yes,—I see how this matter is likely to end; I can't mistake the meaning of your roguish eyes, though I may have been deceived as to his roguish principles.

Lady S. Oh, Sir!—how culpable have I been towards you!—

Bertha. And Sir George is very sorry for his harsh treatment of you; will follow your advice, and is determined to farm his estate.

Green. Exactly what I expected.

Lady S. We will become rivals in courage and industry, and by our exertions and economy, I trust we shall soon be able to discharge our debts.

Green. (Taking Lady S.'s *hand)*—Your friend will not abandon you.

Bertha. And hav'n't I still got my Necklace?—

Lady S. My dear sister!—Hark!—I hear a carriage!—It is!—it is Sir George!—I fly to meet him. *(Going).*

Green. Stay!—stay, my love, remain here!—His Lordship is coming—and I wish him to continue ignorant of his nephew's liberation.—Bertha, do you go and receive Sir George—bring him secretly into that apartment, where, without being seen, he may learn his uncle's intentions; and order him, in my name, not to appear till I call him.

Bertha. You know I am always happy to do as you bid me. [*Exit.*

Lady S. But, my dear Sir—

Green. It is for your happiness—therefore not a word of the arrival of Sir George.

Enter Lord Rowcroft.

Lord R. Well, Madam!—Do you consent?—Your signature only is wanted, to procure Sir George his liberty, and to restore him to affluence, and the affection of his uncle.—You, Madam, will have no cause to complain of the provision, I have made for you.

Lady S. What, my Lord!—consent to my own dishonor!

Lord R. Remember, Madam, that by the same Deed, you will be entitled to an annuity of 500*l.*

Lady S. My Lord, if I could for a moment forget I am Sir George's wife, your proposal would instantly restore me to my recollection. Then let me entreat you will no longer urge a measure, which I neither can, or ought to accept.

Lord R. You are too haughty, Madam;—but I may induce you to change your tone.

Green. You would do better to change your own.

Lord R. And who are you, Sir, who dare thus address yourself to me?

Green. A man, who will find a way to bring you to your senses, which you seem to have lost.

Lord R. What!—am I threaten'd?—Do you dare, Sir, in this house too—where I have a right to command—

Green. True, true—I had forgot—You have contriv'd to make yourself a creditor.

Lady S. Take our little property, my Lord—take all we possess—you *may* do that, but to disunite us, is, thank Heaven, not in your power.

Green. In the name of your brother, of your dying brother, take pity on your unfortunate nephew, and his unhappy wife.

Lord R. I will hear no more.

Green. You are then determined?—

Lord R. I am:—and unless my nephew will consent to a separation—

(Sir George *rushes from the Closet,* Bertha *following).*

Sir G. Consent to a separation from my wife! —Never!

Lady S. (*Going to, and embracing* Sir G.)— Oh! my love!

Lord R. My nephew here! Oh!—This then is a concerted scheme!—

Green. Sir George, you have heard your uncle! —If you do not consent to desert that suffering Angel, he will despoil you of your slender patrimony, drive your wife from the house of your father, and abandon you for ever.—Is it your wish, that, with a single word, I should humble that proud Lord; should strike his soul with terror, and make him blush for very shame?—Do you wish it?

Sir G. Oh, no! he cherished my infancy, supported my youth, and treated me with the fondness of a father: if you possess some secret fatal to his repose, let me entreat you—bury it in your bosom—I have many errors—but I will never be guilty of ingratitude to my benefactor.

Lady S. Oh, no—Pray let us hear no more of this.

Green. My Lord, your nephew, whom you call dishonor'd, and your niece, whose humble birth you despise, plead in your behalf!

Lord R. This is too much!—Sir, your insolence is—(*Going up to him).*

Green. (*Catching* Lord R. *by the arm*).—Stop,

stop, my Lord—recollect yourself—*(Drawing him apart, and speaking in an under-tone)*—Recollect past transactions; recollect, that a dying Father's Will may be garbled and mutilated:—That a Nobleman may become suborner of the Attorney who drew it; and thus may that Nobleman defraud his own Brother of his inheritance! *(Turns from him)*.

Lord R. *(With astonishment and alarm)* Heavens!—We—we—we shall meet again, Sir,—we shall meet—

Green. There!—there!—you see I *know* how to touch his callous heart.

Lord R. What do you know?

Green. What you wish conceal'd from all the world, and even from yourself—that's the plain fact.

Lord R. 'Sdeath!—I will no longer remain here, to—*(Going)*.

Green. You shall not budge a foot.

Lord R. You—you wish to intimidate me.

Green. No, no—I only wish you to consent to every thing I propose.

Lord R. Well, Sir!—what *is it* you propose?

Green. You shall hear.—*(Goes to the Closet, and calls)* Closefist!

Enter CLOSEFIST.

Sir. G. Closefist here!

Green. See, my Lord, the Usurer—I beg his pardon—the Money-broker—who has advanced a considerable sum to Sir George, on the strength of a promise made him by Mr. Fungus, in your Lordship's name.—But I gave the Old Boy a hint, that he was deceived; and it was at his suit your

nephew was arrested—I have pledg'd *my word*, for a strict performance of Fungus's promise, which your Lordship will have the kindness to fulfil.

Lord R. What is the amount of your claim?

Closefist. One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-five Pounds, principal and interest included.

Lord R. You shall have a draft for your money this morning.

Closefist. My Lord, I am very grateful to your Lordship.—If you will only manage all my affairs in the same manner, (*To* Green) I'll give you a commission of a quarter per cent. to put you in the way to make your fortune. [*Exit.*

Bertha. (*To* Lady S.) Well, this is most incomprehensible!—

Green. (*Calling*) Who waits there?

Enter John.

—Inform my Lord's Solicitor, we are waiting him. [*Exit* John.

Lord R. May I beg, Sir, to know your intentions?

Green. Don't you guess, my Lord?

Lord R. I really do not.

Green. I am sorry for it, on your own account.

(Fungus *peeps in at the door*).

—Aye, ah! here comes our worthy valet in the very nick.—Come in, Sir!—My Lord what recompense do you think your nephew ought to make this faithful attendant, for acting according to your Lordship's instructions?

Lord R. Discharge him instantly.

Green. (*Taking out his Watch*). Mr. Fungus, it is not yet quite ten o'clock.

Fung. Sir George, I—

(Sir George *turns away*).

—my Lady, I'm sure—

(Lady S. *turns away*).

—Miss Bertha!—

(Bertha *goes up the Stage*).

Green. (*Points to his watch, and to the door*).

Fung. But really, Sir—

Green. (*Raising his cane*) Begone!—or I shall strike before the clock, you scoundrel.

Fung. Sir, I'll save you that trouble. [*Exit.*

Green. Oh!—here comes the Lawyer.

Enter Lawyer.

—Where is the Act of Separation, which you have drawn up by his Lordship's directions?

Law. It is here, Sir.

Green. (*Taking the Papers*) There, my Lord, is the Deed, take it—I need not inform you, how you should dispose of it—

(Lord R. *destroys the Paper*).

—Madam, I have kept my word with you—and now, my Lord, let us make an end of this business.

Lord R. It seems to me, Sir, that I have already—

Green. Not quite—you have repaired one act of injustice; but the *first*—that which caused all the others—is that repaired? (*He makes signs to the Lawyer*).

(*Lawyer places himself at a Table*).

—Sir—(*to the Lawyer*) write—but stay—I have forgot nothing that's necessary—I have brought a stamp—write!—(*Giving him the Stamp*)—Now, as his Lordship's hand at this moment may be too tremulous for more than the signature—write for my Lord Rowcroft, "I promise to pay "my Niece, Lady Squander, or Bearer, the sum "of Forty Thousand Pounds."

Lady S. To me, Forty Thousand Pounds!—

Sir G. Impossible!—

Green. "The sum of Forty Thousand Pounds," payable in—how many days after date, my Lord?—

Lord R. (*Greatly agitated*) In—in—ten days—

Green. Thank your Lordship.

(*The* Lawyer *having written the Note, presents it to* Lord Rowcroft, *who, after struggling with his feelings, signs it—*Green *takes the Paper*).

[*Exit* Lawyer.

Bertha. He signs it without uttering a syllable!—

Green. (*Presents the Paper to* Lady S.) There, Madam!

Lady S. I feel, I ought not to accept.—No, no—I will not receive any thing, thus extorted from the uncle of Sir George.

Sir G. My love, you have expressed my sentiments.

Green. My young friends—your uncle *gives* you nothing—this sum of Forty Thousand Pounds, is justly your own.—Is it not, my Lord?

Lord R. I confess—

Green. Unhappy man!—you have involved yourself in guilt, to enrich your son—of whom—

as if for punishment, Heaven soon bereav'd you.—His death destroyed all your projects, and you have only committed a base action, which your heart should disavow.

Lord R. (*Much affected*) I made my nephew, my heir—I educated—I loved him—

Green. But the moment he began to think of his own happiness, you determined to despoil him, as you did his father.

Lord R. Who are you, Sir?—

Green. A man who would not rouse your fears, but awaken you to repentance—(*Retires, and says aside*) We shall now learn his determination.

(LORD R. *remains lost in thought, and at length throws himself into a Chair*).

Sir G. Oh, Sir, if you could read my heart.

Lady S. Take this paper again, I conjure you.—Only leave us this small estate, and all our wishes will be gratified.

Lord R. No, no—It is your own legitimate right—you have been deprived of it for more than twenty years.

Sir G. My Lord!—

Lord R. (*Rises*) Induced by jealousy, and the desire of aggrandising my son, I caused my brother to be disinherited.—My father, on his death-bed, desired me to attend him—his Attorney was in the chamber with the fatal Will; the very name of which even at this moment—

Green. Hold!—Now you express contrition and remorse, in my own breast I promise to bury the secret.

Lord R. And now I no longer wish for secrecy, this avowal will perhaps give me some claim to *their* commiseration, and will relieve me from the shame of blushing, in your pre-

sence.—But, in the first place, Madam, keep that acknowledgment, which I now offer voluntarily, and with all my heart.

Lady S. This then, will only recall painful remembrances, and I read in Sir George's eyes, the use I ought to make of it.

(*She tears the Paper*).

Lord R. This last generous act, secures you my affection: my dear niece, come to your uncle's arms!

Green. At last then, I shall be happy!—Harriet, my arrival at your father's was not accidental—I wish'd to gain some knowledge of her, for whose sake Sir George was willing to sacrifice his hopes of splendour and affluence. I saw *you*, and applauded his choice.—My Lord, your dying parent had apprised me of the act, which was to have secured to your brother (Sir George's father) forty thousand pounds; and the Attorney, intimidated by my threats, was obliged to confess the guilty arrangements you had made to conceal it.—Twenty years pass'd in a foreign climate, where I have amassed a fortune, have, no doubt, so changed my appearance, that you cannot recognize your noble father's confidential friend and Secretary.

Lord R. Is it possible!—those features—Can it be!—Francis Benmore—

Sir G. Benmore!—my long-lost—long-lamented uncle!

Lady S. and Bertha. His uncle!—

Green. Yes, my children!—That unaccountable being, your maternal uncle!

(Crackley *speaks without*).

Crack. Allez vous en—allez vous en!—I tell you, I will go in.

CRACKLEY *enters.*

—My dear Bertha, I could no longer restrain my impatience—Sir George, my friend!—My Lord, I beg pardon—I fear I have been very rude.

Green. Yes, and 'tis not the first time; but I forgive your rudeness, folly, foppery, and French, for I am not unacquainted with your generous conduct; and my little Bertha, here, shall be your reward.—Come, my Lord, let us forget the past. —I shall always appear eccentric, and perhaps, now and then, speak disagreeable truths; but you will all find a sincere friend and well-wisher in the Green Man; and should he have at last induced all present to be well-wishers to *him*, it will afford him the highest gratification, and —that's the plain fact.

THE END.

London: Printed by B. M'Millan, New Street, Covent Garden.

THE RENDEZVOUS:

AN OPERETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, English Opera,

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 21, 1818.

BY

RICHARD AYTON.

London:

WILLIAM FEARMAN, LIBRARY,

170, NEW BOND-STREET.

1818.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I CANNOT present the following little Dramatic Piece to the Public in a new form, without expressing my thanks to the Performers, whose eminent powers have already procured for it so much attention and favour on the Stage. By setting it forth in this naked state, I am, no doubt, choosing the best manner of proving, how much I owe its success in representation to the aids which it has received in their hands; and if it is to excite any new interest, I very cheerfully admit, that it must still be referred to its connexion with their names, and the recollections which their services have associated with it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Quake,	Mr. Chatterley.
Bolding,	Mr. Broadhurst.
Charles,	Mr. Jones.
Simon,	Mr. Harley.
Smart,	Mr. Salter.
Lucretia,	Mrs. Chatterley.
Sophia,	Miss Kelly.
Rose,	Miss Stevenson.

SCENE—*The Country House of* QUAKE, *near London.*

THE RENDEZVOUS.

SCENE I.

A Room in QUAKE's *House.*

Enter SIMON.

Simon. (*Solus*) And he's absolutely going to town at this time of night!—The man's mad!—he hasn't a grain of common sense left. And I am to go and be murdered with him, just for the sake of keeping him company,—and for such wages as I receive: Oh! 'tis quite out of the way.

Enter QUAKE.

Quake. Well, Simon, is every thing ready for our journey?

Sim. Yes, Sir, the horses are saddled,—but, bless us, you don't think of travelling to-night, Sir?

Qu. And why not, pray?

Sim. Do you know what o'clock it is, Sir?

Qu. Why, what's the matter with you, Booby? What are you afraid of?

Sim. Lord, Sir, we are but flesh and blood, you know, after all, and there can be but little doubt, of what would be the fate of two poor sinners alone on the heath in the dark.

Qu. Well, Simon, well—We can die but once.

Sim. True, Sir, therefore, better not be in a hurry to try that *once*—Bless you, a man, to venture on that heath after sunset, should have twenty lives!

Qu. 'Pshaw, you are a coward!

Sim. Ah! there's nothing to make one courageous!—If it were quite safe indeed—Couldn't you go in the morning, Sir?

Qu. No, my business is urgent, and I must be in town to-night.

Sim. Well, Sir—Death will be our portion, that's all—We shall both be barbarously murdered, if that be your pleasure.

Qu. (*Symptoms of fear showing themselves through his carelessness)*—Death!—Nonsense! —I tell you there's nothing to fear—Come hither, Simon—Murders—pooh, pooh!—I say, Simon, —you don't know what I'm going to town about, I suppose?

Sim. No, Sir, not I.

Qu. I'll be sworn you don't—no, no—I've been too close for that, I fancy—Now remember, Simon, it's a great secret—and you must keep it snug.

Sim. Depend upon that, Sir.

Qu. You must know then, Simon, that I have got a husband for my daughter, and another for my niece—the whole affair is to be settled to-night.

Sim. Well, I declare if I didn't think so—you're very lucky, Sir—marvellously lucky indeed; though, if I'm not mistaken—the Ladies have got a husband a piece for themselves.

Qu. What's that you say, you impudent varlet?

Sim. Nay, Sir—it is only as I suspect—

Qu. Suspect!—Slanderer!—and my daughter Lucretia too, the most dutiful child in the world!

Sim. Just as you think proper, Sir.

Qu. If ever I hear you again—

Sim. Pray, Sir, be pacified—I've quite done, but hadn't we better be moving,—if we are to go?

Qu. Yes, directly—they get husbands!—Here, Rose, Rose!—Murders!—Ridiculous!

Enter ROSE.

Rose. Did you call, Sir?

Qu. Go, Rose, and tell my daughter and my niece, that I wish to speak with them before I go. [*Exit* Rose.
—But, Simon, do you actually think that the heath is not safe?

Sim. Do I, Sir?—my heart turns cold at the bare thought of it.

Qu. (*Aside*) Lord ha' mercy, if he should be right—(*To him*) Come, come, pluck up a spirit, man—Remember, I shall be with you—I never liked that infernal heath, I must confess (*Aside*).

Enter LUCRETIA, SOPHIA, *and* ROSE.

Luc. So, Papa—you're going?

Soph. What, Uncle, you're leaving us then?

Qu. Yes, lasses, I must be gone—time presses—but I shall be back to-morrow—and with such a present a-piece for you, my chicks!

Luc. What is it, Papa?

Soph. Do tell us, there's a good Uncle!

Qu. No—no—time enough—wait till to-morrow.

Soph. Is it any thing to eat, Uncle ?

Qu. Wait, I say, and see—now be good girls in my absence—Lucretia, I leave Sophia, and my whole household in your charge, and from your gravity and good sense, I have no doubt that all will be kept in proper order.

Luc. Certainly, Papa—you may rely upon my discretion.

Qu. That I may, I'm sure ; and you, simpleton (*to* Sophia) don't run into mischief; and do as you are bid.

Soph. No—that I won't, Uncle!

Qu. Now, good bye then, my dears—be sure to be good—Let the doors be all fastened betimes, and early to bed—Good bye, my darlings. *(Kisses them).*

Luc. Good bye, Papa.

Soph. A pleasant journey to you, Uncle.

[*Exit* Quake, *followed by* Lucretia, Sophia, *and* Simon.

Rose. (*Sola*) Now, what is the meaning of all this ? I can't make it out—These young ladies, who have so often pretended to be frightened out of their wits at being left alone in the house, now so happy to see my master leave them !—There must be some intrigue at the bottom of it—and yet it's impossible—Miss Sophia is innocence itself ; and as for Miss Lucretia, she's far too proud and discreet to love any body but herself—Ah ! my dear young ladies ! —I wonder at your forbearance.

SONG—*Rose.*

Among many a silly transgression
That woman commits ; to my mind,
The worst is to live to discretion,
And yet have a lover to find.

School over, and yet nothing knowing!
Still a lesson to get by heart!
Not in love yet—and almost done growing—
Fie, dunces! go study your part.

Granny tells you, life soon will be over—
Time stops not for woman or man—
So 'tis best, since you must have a lover,
To get one as soon as you can.

Enter SOPHIA, *running in with anxious joy in her face.*

Soph. Ah, Rose, I'm glad you're alone—I've got such a deal to tell you—

Rose. What, I suppose you're for robbing the orchard, or rifling the preserves, now your uncle's out of the way—hey, Miss?

Soph. No, no, I want your opinion, Rose—

Rose. Well, Miss, it's always very much at your service—A little goosecap—now will all this preparation lead only to some childish plaything (*Aside*).

Soph. Do you think, Rose, there can be any harm in—in—hang it, I'm in such a pother, I don't know how to begin—

Rose. My good young lady, what is it that you want? Do pray let us know.

Soph. Well then, Rose, should you think there was any harm in my having a friend?

Rose. What, Miss!—I don't understand you.

Soph. I mean, that if an agreeable—discreet—good-looking person—

Rose. (*Aside*). Is it possible!—here's simplicity and innocence!—(*To her*) May I ask, Miss, if peradventure you have a lover?

Soph. Law, Rose, for shame!—I didn't say so—

Rose. Who is this good-looking person then?

Soph. Only a sort of acquaintance—a very particular friend.

Rose. Yes, yes, I perceive the distinction, Miss—and pray, from whence does this particular friend come?

Soph. Why, you remember that when I became an orphan, I was sent to live with an old aunt of mine—Now it so happened, that in the next house, there lived a young man—

Rose. A young man!

Soph. Yes, his name's Charles—Isn't it a pretty name, Rose?

Rose. Very pretty, indeed, Miss—Charles—He must be very amiable—And pray, how did you get acquainted with him?

Soph. Ah! the story is not long.

SONG—*Sophia.*

Distant first, he but gazed all the day,
And I gaz'd precisely as long—
Till at length, having something to say,
He spoke, and could I hold my tongue?

Well then, so Chance ruled it, you know—
He came daily with something to say;
And somehow or other, Chance too,
Was sure to keep me in the way.

Well, and then,—and then—let me see,
I believe that's my story quite—
Except that we came to agree,
That we loved just with all our might.

And, oh! if there's sin in my love,
I wish I had thought on't before—
For my heart, if I know it, will prove,
That once loving, it loves evermore!

Rose. And you have been here for three months, and never mentioned all this to me before.

Soph. Why, upon my word, Rose, I was afraid.

Rose. And what is it, pray, that has encouraged you to speak now?

Soph. Why, you are so kind and considerate, Rose, and then the fact is—Charles happens just now to be in this neighbourhood.

Rose. In this neighbourhood!

Soph. Yes, he is—and sometimes, I assure you, he is kind enough to walk in our garden.

Rose. Well, now that's very civil, I must say.

Soph. Bless you, he'll do more for me than that, a great deal.—And now, my dear Rose, if you like, you may do me such a favour—I'm sure you can—you can help me to see him, and nobody will know any thing about it.

Rose. (*Aside*) Here's innocence again!—(*To her*)—But how am I to manage this, Miss?

Soph. Why, I was thinking, that if you would break the matter to my cousin Lucretia, she might possibly allow him to come and sup with us.

Rose. Break it to your cousin!—you don't think of such a thing—to your cousin!—who, you know, is a pattern of all that is prudent and discreet—Impossible!

Soph. Oh, yes you may—you can put the thing in a certain way—give it a sort of turn—you are much cleverer than I am, Rose—now do speak to her—there's a dear good girl—You'll not repent it, I can tell you—Charles will give you a pocket full of money—Heavens! here she comes—now do speak—pray do—I daren't face her for the life of me—remember Rose, I rely upon you. [*Exit* Sophia.

Rose. (*Sola*) I speak to her!—not for the

world! Oh, no, she's a great deal too upright for me—(*going*)—I'll be missing.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. Rose!

Rose. Yes, Miss.

Luc. Stay where you are—I wish to speak with you—I have something of consequence to say to you.

Rose. I am always ready, Miss, to attend to you.

Luc. (*With great gravity*) But before I say any thing, let me warn you not to draw any impertinent inferences from what I shall disclose.

Rose. Why should you suspect me, Miss?

Luc. I know that servants are too ready to think ill of their betters.

Rose. Indeed, Miss, you quite astonish me —I have always felt the highest respect for you.

Luc. Why, yes, I fancy, I have always given you reason for so doing—but on this occasion, I desire that you will have the highest possible opinion of me—

Rose. There can be no fear of it, Miss.

Luc. Without further preface then, you must know, that a short time ago, I became acquainted with a person, who is anxious to see me just now, and will, I imagine, be here this evening.

Rose. Whenever she pleases, Miss, I shall be in the way.

Luc. The Gentleman, perhaps—

Rose. The Gentleman, Miss!—

Luc. Yes, he's a perfect gentleman, I assure you.

Rose. (*Aside*) Why, this is more astonishing than the innocent Miss Sophia—Ah! we're all alike, that's quite clear.

Luc. He wishes most particularly to see me, but we must be circumspect, Rose—A woman should never be without circumspection.

Rose. No, Miss, she should take care never to be found out.

Luc. The world, you know, is too apt to suspect young persons.

Rose. Ah, Miss, and very unjustly—Pray, what is the gentleman's name?

Luc. Bolding, a Captain in the Army, and a very delightful young man, I assure you—brave—generous—

Rose. Yes, Miss—all that you wish him to be, no doubt.

Luc. He is indeed,—but notwithstanding, as I wish to avoid the scandal that might fall upon a secret interview, I have been thinking—

Rose. I understand, Miss—it occurs to you, as my master happens to be out of the way—that the gentleman might come and sup here.

Luc. Why, upon my word, Rose, I see no kind of inconvenience in such an arrangement—but—(*hesitates*)—Come hither, Rose, (Rose *goes close to her*)—My Cousin seems very fond of you, Rose.

Rose. Yes, Miss—I'm happy to think she is.

Luc. She's a nice girl.

Rose. Oh! quite charming!

Luc. A little childish, tho', Rose; a bit of a simpleton.

Rose. So young—you know, Miss—

Luc. Just so,—therefore we must be upon our guard a little—In her thoughtless gaiety, she might, you know, say something—that my father—

Rose. Yes, Miss, I understand—

Luc. So, if you could explain to her the nature of the thing—I mean just—in a delicate kind of way—open her eyes a little—

Rose. Who, I, Miss—not for the world—No, indeed, you must excuse me—I can't think of such a thing—

Luc. And pray why not?

Rose. What, that pretty innocent! Give her ideas—Corrupt her mind!—I'd die first—no, you must speak to her yourself, Miss—

Luc. Why, you perverse hussey, how dare you misunderstand me in this manner?

Rose. No indeed, Miss—I can't think of it, you'd far better speak to her yourself—and here she comes—I'll leave you together.

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. (*Aside to* Rose) Well, Rose, what does she say?—Have you spoken?

Rose. (*Aside to* Sophia) Heavens and earth! spoken! I'd sooner speak to the Grand Turk.

Soph. (*Aside*) Ah! poor Charles—I am sure I can never bring myself to break it out to her—How awful she looks!

Luc. (*Aside*) Now does this foolish girl embarrass me more than twenty women of sense could—How shall I manage her?

Rose. (*Aside*) A notable pair, Ah! if they knew how safely they might trust one another! [*Exit* Rose.

(Lucretia *and* Sophia *stand for some time, playing with their fingers, in awkward silence*).

Luc. Sophia—Hem! hem!

Soph. Did you speak, Cousin?

Luc. Hem!—Do you think, Sophia—Hem! should you be surprized—but no matter—no matter—(*Aside*) I know not how to trust her.

Soph. (After a pause) Cousin—Hem!—hem!—I was going to ask you—Hem!—(*Aside*) I shall sink before her—

Luc. So, Sophia, we are to sup alone to-night?

Soph. Yes, cousin, it seems so—and it's not very agreeable, I think.

Luc. No, indeed, in a lone house like this, with only women—Shouldn't you think it safer, Sophia, if we had a companion—a protector?

Soph. Oh law! yes—a young man, Cousin.

Luc. What's that you say, Miss?—(*Aside*) A giddy simpleton, I knew how she'd run away with the first hint.

Soph. Would there be such a very great objection then, Cousin?

Luc. How dare you put such a question?

Soph. (Aside) The proud haughty thing—she won't hear a word—

Luc. What then, Sophia—Should you imagine—

Soph. No, Cousin—no—I shouldn't imagine—(*Aside*) She suspects me, and wants to coax my secret out of me—

Luc. Would you, let me ask, think of permitting—

Soph. No—no—indeed, Cousin, I would not permit it.—(*Aside*) Ah! poor Charles, he won't come, I see.

Luc. (*Aside*) The fool,—I must give up the scheme, I believe—(*To her*) I wish to know, Sophia—would you venture to receive a young man in the absence of your Uncle?

Soph. No, Cousin, I would not—no indeed—

I would not receive him—(*Aside*) Ah! it's all over! just as I thought.

Luc. (Aside) An idiot—I can make nothing of her—

Soph. We shall sup alone then, Cousin?

Luc. (Very harshly) Yes!

Soph. (*Aside*) A sour, ill-temper'd creature!

Luc. A stupid, impenetrable dolt!

Enter Rose.

Rose. (*Aside*) What, not acquainted yet?—*(Aside to* Lucretia*)* Well, Miss, what success?

Luc. (*Aside to* Rose) The girl's a perfect fool!

Rose. (Aside to Lucretia) Never mind, let him come, and leave the rest to me.

Luc. (*Aside to* Rose) Are you serious?

Rose. (*Aside to* Lucretia) Rely one me, but don't let him shew himself till supper-time.

Luc. Very good.

Rose. (*Aside to* Sophia) Well, Miss—inexorable, I suppose?

Soph. (Aside to Rose*)* Oh, Yes—poor Charles will drown himself.

Rose. (*Aside to* Sophia) Go and let him in—I'll manage it all for you.

Soph. Will you?

Rose. (Aside to Sophia*)* Yes, but let him conceal himself till we meet at supper.

Soph. (*Aside to* Rose) Oh, yes, yes,—how happy I am!

Rose. (*Aloud*) Ladies, a thought has just come into my head—as my master has taken himself pleasuring to London, suppose we have a merry-making here?—I'm for a cheerful supper.

Luc. An excellent notion!

Soph. An admirable thought, indeed!

Rose. Well, leave the management of it to me—I shall contrive it to your satisfaction, I dare say.

Luc. Do what you please, Rose.

Soph. Yes, just what you please, Rose.

Rose. (*Aside to* Lucretia) I thought I observed him just now close to the little gate.

Luc. Good, I'll go to him.

Rose. (*To* Sophia *aside*) I just saw a young man under your window.

Soph. (*Aside to* Rose) That's he, depend upon it.

Luc. Well, Sophia, love, I must leave you for a while—remember our merry-making.

Soph. That I will.—(*Aside to* Rose, *as she is going*) Charles will be pretty hungry, I dare say.

Rose. Yes, yes, there shall be enough for him.

Luc. (*Aside to* Rose, *as she is going*) Rose! Captain Bolding will like something nice perhaps.

Rose. I'll not forget him, Miss.

[*Exeunt* Lucretia *and* Sophia *at opposite sides.*

Rose (*Sola*) Ah! my dear young Mistresses! we should do any thing but reproach one another—I'll bring them all together at once, and let the innocent complain.

SONG—*Rose.*

Good and bad, which they make such a bother about,
Are but sounds, after all, in the mouth of Fame:
The question in fairness is, who is found out?
For when thoroughly known, good and bad are the same.

Here and there I have met with one sober and sly,
Who, you'd swear by her face, was a Saint, and no less;
But the grave and the giddy, the bold and the shy,
All prove Sinners alike when they come to confess.

Nay, Ladies, don't frown—by my faith 'tis the case,
And I say it in kindness to all, I declare;
Just to make you all friends, I'd bring all face to face,
And so let you see yourselves just as you are.

[*Exit* Rose.

SCENE II.

A Saloon—at the bottom a Door, the common Entrance—On the right side, a Door leading to the Chamber of QUAKE—*on the left opposite to it a Door leading to the Chamber of the Ladies—On each side in the fore scene, a Closet—To the right, near the Closet, a Window opening into a Garden—Chairs, and a Table covered with green baize in the room.*

Enter SOPHIA *and* CHARLES *cautiously, and talking low.*

Soph. My dear Charles, I'm afraid you're sadly tired with waiting so long.

Cha. Mention it not, Love, we must submit to circumstances—But, dearest Sophia—

Soph. Hush! we shall be surprized—Rose is going to speak to my Cousin—Hark!—You must hide yourself till supper-time.

Cha. Till supper-time—Oh impossible!

Soph. You must, I say—come get into this cupboard, and don't open it till I call.

Cha. Well, I'll obey you in every thing—but, my dear girl—

Soph. Hush! they are coming—get in—get in—(Charles *enters the Closet to the left*)—It's my Cousin—be quite still—Good bye, don't answer— [*Exit* Sophia *with Candle.*

Enter LUCRETIA *and* BOLDING.

Luc. Tread softly, Bolding, we must be cautious—you must hide yourself in one of these closets till Rose has settled how we are to introduce you at supper.

Bold. You'll hide with me, Lucretia?

Luc. No—no—come, quick—jump into your box.

(Bolding *tries to open the Closet in which* Charles *is*).

Bold. It won't open.

Luc. Try the other then—you'll shut yourself in, and wait till I return.

(Bolding *enters the Closet to the right*).

Bold. Be speedy, dearest—moments will be hours till I see you.

Luc. There, shut the door—Adieu! (*he opens and shuts the door often, to kiss his hand to her*) What a charming fellow he is!

[*Exit* Lucretia *with Candle.*

(*The Stage becomes dark*).

Enter SMART, *thro' the Window.*

Smart. There,—safely housed again—Rose! Rose! The little jade, she's not in the way—Hush! somebody's coming—it may not be she—now where to hide myself till she comes (*tries to open the Closets*) The devil! all fast—Gad,

but I must stow myself away somewhere, for if the young Ladies—Eh! the table—yes, I've no other shelter—I may be poking my head into a pretty kind of scrape here—but what are a little danger and suffering to a man in love?

AIR—*Smart.*

Of a moment of pain
Let no lover complain,
It but gives him new zest
When his hour is blest.
Like a true gallant, here
I will watch for my dear,
And not blame the delay
Which still keeps her away.
'Tis love's lot, as it burns,
To waver by turns
Between pleasure and care,
Between hope and despair;
But of moments of pain
Let no lover complain:
They but give him new zest
When his hour is blest—
Quick—quick then to my secret lair,
Here patiently I'll take my seat.

(*Gets under the Table—the Baize not reaching low enough down to conceal him from the Audience).*

I might have found a softer chair,
But every thing in love is sweet.

(*At this moment* Charles *and* Bolding *open the Doors of their Closets, and pop out their Heads).*

Cha. Sophia, how she keeps me here!
Bold. Lucretia, how she keeps me here!
Both. But hush, let me restrain my heat;
All three. For every thing in love is sweet,
Yes, every thing in love is sweet.

TRIO—*Renewal of the Air.*

Of a moment of pain
Let no Lover complain ;
It but gives him new zest,
When his hour is blest—
Like a true gallant, here
I will watch for my dear,
&c. &c. &c.

Bold. (*Coming out of his Closet*) I'll venture to reconnoitre a little tho'—All's quiet—

Smart. (*Aside*) Hey, who the devil are you?

Cha. (*Coming out of his Closet*) Can she have forgotten me? I'll venture out a little at all events.

Smart. (*Aside*) What—another! upon my soul I begin to feel a little awkward here.

(Bolding *and* Charles *pace about, till they come abruptly upon one another face to face*).

Bold. Who are you, Sir?

Cha. And you, Sir?

Bold. Would he presume to address—(*Aside*).

Cha. Dare he venture to aspire—(*Aside*).

Bold. Speak, Sir—what is your business here?

Cha. That will I tell to no man.

Bold. By Jupiter, but you shall—(*Draws his Sword*)—come, Sir, explain, or fly instantly.

Cha. What, Sir, do you think to frighten me?

Bold. I mean at least not to be trifled with—(*Advances upon him*)—Come, Sir, depart—quick—away with you!

Cha. (*Retreating round the Table*) Hey—

what—why—d—nation!—What do you mean, Sir?—The devil take the fellow *(Pops into the Closet in which* Bolding *was, and shuts himself in).*

Bold. Curse the rascal!—he has got into my closet (*Voices heard without*) Confusion!—We've alarmed the whole house—I must mind myself then *(Runs into the Closet in which* Charles *was).*

Smart. A pretty sort of adventure this!—We shall all be thrown into a horse-pond together, I've no doubt.

Enter SOPHIA, *with a lighted Candle.*

Soph. All's ready, Rose says—so now, my poor Charles, you shall be released from your imprisonment (*Goes close to the Closet in which* Charles *was*) Come—you may come out—Come, I say—(*She taps*) Can he be asleep?

Smart. (*Aside*) The wrong box, I suspect, Missie—

Soph. Why don't you come out?—It's I—

Bold. (*Shewing himself*) Here am I—(Sophia *starts back at the sight of him, and screams aloud*)—By Heavens! not Lucretia!—*(retreats into his Closet).*

Soph. Help!—Murder!—Thieves!—Cousin!—Rose!—help!

Enter LUCRETIA *and* ROSE.

Luc. Sophia, child, what's the matter?

Rose. Are you ill, Miss?

Soph. There's a thief in the cupboard!

Luc. Be silent then—(*Aside*) The prying little fool, she has seen Bolding, no doubt.

Rose. (*To* Soph.) Compose yourself, pray.

Luc. It must be a mistake.

Soph. Oh no, no, no—we shall all be murdered!

(Lucretia *taps at the Closet in which* Bolding *was, unseen by* Sophia, *and whispers* —"Bolding, are you there?"—Charles *shews himself, when she runs back with a loud scream*).

Soph. What, another there too?

Luc. Yes, as I live—Oh, what will become of us?

Rose. Stay, stay, you must both be mistaken —Let me see—(*Goes to the Closet in which* Charles *is, and knocks at it*)—Mr. Thief, are you there?—If you are a man, shew yourself—(Charles *pops out his head*)—Oh ho! Mr. Housebreaker!—(*Takes hold of him*)—Come along!

Cha. (*Lags back*) No, no—be quiet—What are you about?

Rose. Come, I say—Miss Sophia, allow me to introduce—

Soph. (*Aside*) A mischievous hussey!—my Cousin will renounce me for ever.

Luc. Sophia, Sophia, (*with great severity*), I'm shocked at you!

Cha. Madam, allow me to speak—if there is any wrong, it has been of my contriving—I know that, to a Lady of your strict principles and delicacy, such conduct may appear more than suspicious—but I trust that on enquiry—

Rose. Excuse me, Sir—we've no time for talking now—Haven't we another robber, Ladies?—But I'll have him out, a wretch!—(*Goes to* Bolding's *Closet, and knocks*)—Come

forth, Sir—make your appearance!—(Bolding *appears—she takes hold of him*)—Yes, as I live—come along, friend—this way—Miss Lucretia, permit me to—

(Charles *and* Sophia *stare at each other with uplifted hands*).

Soph. Am I awake?—*(With mock solemnity)* Lucretia! Lucretia! Oh Gemini! Gemini!

Luc. (*Aside*) Oh! that I had never been thought better than other people, or than I am!

Cha. I think, Sophia, we may take heart a little.

Soph. Oh, yes, I'm wonderfully reconciled to myself indeed; I am proud to imitate my Cousin.

Bold. Lucretia!

Luc. (*Aside to him*) Madam! call me Madam.

Bold. But, my dearest love—

Luc. Barbarian, what are you about?

Rose. Upon my word, Ladies and Gentlemen, you seem very shy and distant—and why, pray—Which of you has any thing to say against the other?—Come, come, away with all further disguise—you see what you are—it wants but a closet a-piece to make women alike—

Soph. Hey! Cousin, is it so?

Luc. Giddy, improvident creature!

Soph. Yes, and you grave and prudential—but you see *(Pointing first to* Charles, *and then to* Bolding) it comes to the same thing.

Luc. (*Brightening up, and taking* Sophia *by the hand*) I confess it, Sophia; I confess it—

Rose. No need of confessions, Miss—the

proofs *(Pointing to the Gentlemen)* stand before you.

(*At this moment* Smart *gets from under the Table, and stands up behind the Party, they not seeing him*).

Luc. Bolding!

Soph. Charles! *(The Lovers embrace).*

Rose. Ha, ha, ha! now then to supper—to supper—the party's complete—Gentlemen—why, what's the matter?—why so shy?—are you too afraid to come together?

Bold. (Aside) What a fool my violence has made of me (*To* Charles)—Can you forgive me, Sir? An idle jealousy, which appearances—

Cha. Your hand, Sir—I had precisely the same opinion of you, and had I been armed—

Soph. Preserve us! are you going to fight?

Cha. No, sweet, we are all friends.

Soph. But how came you in that closet, Charles?

Rose. Pray explain it all after supper—I shall have every thing cold with waiting.

All. Come then!

(*They turn round, and perceive* Smart—*the Ladies scream*—Rose *hangs her head, and bites her nails*).

Cha. Why, what's all this?

Bold. (*Touching his Sword*) Whence, and who are you, Sir?

Smart. Pray, Sir, be cool—I am a poor devil, who have been sitting with my knees up to my chin for this half hour under the table, in the hope of seeing—

(Rose *makes signs to him not to notice her*).

Luc. So, so, I see—Rose, allow me to introduce—

Soph. Permit me to—Ha! ha! ha!

Rose. (*Running to* Smart) Well, with all my heart, we may all join in the laugh—Now then to supper without mystery or fear.

Soph. There's nobody else to come, I suppose.

Rose. No—no—one a-piece—but one at a time—Be seated, if you please, and I'll fetch the supper.

(*Just as they are about to seat themselves, a Bell is heard to ring*).

Rose. Mercy! What can this be?—It's at the house-gate.

Soph. Don't open it, Rose.

Luc. Who can it be? and at such an hour.

(Rose *runs to the Door at the bottom of the Stage*).

Rose. Preserve us all!—it's my master!

Luc. My Father!

Soph. My Uncle!

Rose. Yes, he's coming up with Simon.

Luc. What are we to do?

Bold. Where can you put us?

Luc. Get into the closets again.

Smart. And I—Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—Stay, I'll to my old place again.

(Smart *gets under the Table*—Charles *and* Bolding *hurry to their Closets—the Girls run about in confusion, and* Rose *clears away the Cloth, &c. &c*).

Rose. Hark! they're upon us.

Enter QUAKE *and* SIMON, *in great trepidation.*

Qu. Thank Heaven, we are here again alive —Lord ha' mercy, what business had I out at such an hour!

Luc. My dear Papa, what has been the matter? You seem quite distracted.

Qu. (*Not attending*) What an escape!— Oh dear! Oh dear! why was I tempted out?

Sim. Ah! I knew how it would be—but you will be so fool-hardy—

Soph. But what has happened, Uncle?

Qu. Ask Simon—ask Simon—

Soph. Well, Simon, what is it?—Have you lost your wits? (Rose *gives a Chair to* Quake).

Qu. Give it breath, Simon—tell it, if you can.

Sim. Well, Ladies, you must know, that we had not got quite over the Heath—when I saw —and, Lord bless me, not half a mile off, as I live—two men—

Qu. Oh! the horrid villains!—

Sim. Well, Miss, as soon as I seed them— urged by my fears, as you will suppose—Master, says I, there are two men coming towards us, and I don't exactly see what business they can have here.

Qu. Cruel, bloody wretches!

Sim. Well, I had scarcely spoken, when my master turned his horse, set him into a gallop— I following, as in duty bound, and we never stopped to look behind us, till we found ourselves at our own door.

Qu. Ah, it was a marvellous escape!

Luc. But did they speak to you?

Sim. No, Miss, nor we to them.

Qu. No, no, trust us for that.

Soph. (*Aside*) A couple of cowards!

Qu. And now, my children, leave me—for I want repose.

Luc. (*Aside*) Heavens! how will he get out?

Soph. (*Aside*) My poor Charles, he will be starved outright.

Rose. You'll have some refreshment, Sir, before you sleep?

Qu. Oh no, I shall not eat again for a month! Leave me, children.

Soph. But, Uncle—

Qu. No buts—go to your beds, and see that the doors are well fastened.

Luc. (*Aside*) What will become of him?

Qu. Well, do you hear me?—Why don't you go?

Luc. Good night, Papa.

Soph. Good night, Uncle. (*They don't stir*).

Qu. Good night, good night!—Well, why don't you move?—Go along, I say—to bed this instant!

(*He presses them on, they turning up their eyes in despair, till they are fairly pushed out of the Room*).

Qu. And now, Simon, that we're all quiet again, tell me, do you really think those men you saw were robbers?

Sim. How can it be doubted, Sir?

Qu. Why, Simon, you are a bit of a coward, that's the truth on't.

Sim. I only did as you did.

Qu. Ha! ha! ha!—Oh, yes, you are a sad coward, most assuredly—But, Simon, we must get rid of this infernal house—It's a vile place.

Sim. Aye, Sir, if we don't, we shall all have our throats cut.

Qu. Pshaw! you are frighten'd, man—though it certainly is a very lonesome and disagreeable situation.

Sim. (*In a voice of terror*) Sir! ! !

Qu. (*Equally alarmed*) What's the matter?

Sim. Did you hear nothing?

Qu. No.

Sim. As I'm a sinner, I heard a groan!

Qu. A groan!—What's a groan?

Sim. A sigh.

Qu. (*Trying to disguise his fear*) A sigh!—Who do you think is here to sigh?—but this it is to live with cowards,—there's no end to their fancies—A sigh!—What do you mean?

(*Looks warily round the Room. At this moment,* Charles *pushes his Door gently forwards, and closes it again*—Simon *observes it with horror*).

Sim. Sir! Sir!

Qu. (*Terrified*) What—what—what's the matter?

Sim. The door of the closet there, just opened, all of itself!

Qu. You don't say so—Lord help us!—Where?—I don't see it—All's still—Speak, Simon—where?—You fool—why don't you speak?

(*While saying this, he keeps his eyes fixed on the Closet in which* Charles *is confined—while* Simon, *who unobserved by* Quake, *has turned round, keeps gazing, in a state of stupefaction, on the Door of the opposite Closet, which* Bolding *has pushed forwards*).

Sim. Another door, Sir! — Another — Oh Lord!—Oh Lord!

(Quake *turns and sees it*)

Qu. Merciful Heaven! and so it is—Oh dear!—Lord ha' mercy!—Run and call for help, Simon.

Sim. I haven't a leg left, Sir—it's all over with me!

Bold. (*Pushing his door more open*) D—n it, this'll never do—I can stay here no longer.

(Quake *and* Simon *catch a glimpse of his Cocked Hat)*

Qu. We're dead men to a certainty!
Sim. Oh, my poor body!

(*They both fall to the ground in an agony of fear*—Charles *and* Bolding *come forth, and stand for a moment gazing at each other*—Smart *jumps up from under the Table*).

Smart. Now's our time—the devil take the hindmost.

(*He pulls the Cloth from the Table, throws it over* Quake *and* Simon—*then runs to the Window, opens it, and jumps out*—Charles *and* Bolding *follow him*—Quake *and* Simon *keep crying out as loudly as terror will allow them*).

Qu. & Sim. Thieves!—Murder! Blood!—Help! Oh! Oh!

(*After a pause*, Simon *ventures to put his head from under the Baize, and gazes fearfully about the Room).*

Sim. They're gone, Sir. (*Rises on his feet*).

Qu. How many were there, Simon?

Sim. Seven—I counted.

Qu. Seven!—Lord protect us—poor miserable wretches! (*Gets up*).

(*A knocking is heard at the Door at the bottom*—Quake *and* Simon *again fall to the ground*).

Qu. We're lost now past redemption!

Sim. Oh Lord, yes—they're all coming back again, no doubt, with more to help them.

Luc. (*From without*) Father, what is the matter?

Soph. (*From without*) Uncle, what are you about?

Qu. (*Rising*) They're my children—run, Simon—open the door (Simon *totters to the door*).

Sim. Are you alone?

Luc. Yes, yes, open the door.

Enter LUCRETIA, SOPHIA *and* ROSE, *with Lights.*

Luc. Lord bless us, Papa, what have you been doing?

Soph. Are you dead, Uncle?

Sim. No, Miss, but perilously frightened!

Qu. (*Almost crying*) Ah! my dears, you had well nigh lost me—death in the most dreadful form—swords—pistols!

Sim. And a cock'd hat that might have frighten'd the devil!

Luc. But whom have you seen?

Qu. The house swarms with robbers and assassins—How many were there, Simon?

Sim. Seven stood over us—not to mention

those who filed off, while we were on the ground.

Luc. (*Aside to* Sophia) Seven!—why, what can it mean?

Soph. (*Aside to* Luc.) I'm thunderstruck!

Luc. And they used violence, you say, Papa?

Qu. No, every thing but that—

Soph. But how then came you on the ground, Uncle?

Qu. (*Confused*) Hey, Simon, how was that?

Sim. The cock'd hat, Sir—mortal man could not have stood up against it.

(A violent ringing heard at the House Gate).

Qu. Preserve us! what is that?

Sim. They're all coming again—out of the window, in at the door—

All. Lord ha' mercy! What will become of us? help! help!

Qu. Don't be afraid, Simon, you shall go first, and I'll back you—

(Bell rings violently—a loud hallooing heard without).

(Lucretia, Sophia *and* Rose *croud behind* Quake, *taking hold of his skirts—he seizes hold of* Simon, *and places him in front, while the latter completes the line of defence by a Chair placed before him).*

Smart. (*Without*) Open the door—fear nothing—we're friends.

Rose. (*Detaching herself from the Groupe*) Thank Heaven! it *is* a friend, Sir—our neighbours are coming to help us.

Qu. Will you venture to open the door, Rose?

Rose. Oh yes, Sir, without delay (*She runs out*).

Bold. (*Without*) Take courage, friends.
Cha. (*Without*) Your danger's over.
Luc. & Soph. Heavens! that voice!—

Enter Rose *running in, followed by* Bolding, Charles *and* Smart.

Luc. (*Quitting her Father*) Bolding! my dear Bolding.
Soph. (*Running towards* Charles) My dear sweet Charles!

(They both throw themselves into the arms of their Lovers, while Quake *and* Simon *stand staring with stupid wonder at each other).*

Qu. Are we awake, Simon?
Sim. The devil's amongst us, Sir—that's certain.
Bold. (*To* Lucretia) Be composed, dearest, no harm shall touch you.
Cha. (*To* Soph.) Look up, Sophia; smile and be happy.
Qu. Very consoling Gentlemen indeed!
Bold. (*Going up familiarly to* Quake) My dear Sir, banish all apprehensions—you are secure—we have routed the robbers and saved your lives—but—(*Putting his hand over* Quake's *mouth*) no thanks, I beseech you, no thanks—
Qu. And is it really to you, Gentlemen, that we owe—
Bold. Yes, Sir, it is to us that you owe it all—I give you my honour.
Qu. Sir, I want words to express my gratitude—but—but excuse me, Sir—you and the Ladies here seem old acquaintance!
Bold. I confess, Sir, that I have long known and loved the incomparable Lucretia.

Qu. The devil you have !—(*To* Charles) And you, Sir ?

Soph. And he, Sir, has long known and loved the incomparable Sophia!

Qu. Why, Lucretia !—Sophia !—audacious husseys—

Bold. Be calm, Sir—Marriages, remember, are made in Heaven !

Qu. What, without my consent ?

Cha. Doom not those to death, Sir, who have saved you from it.

Luc. Dear Papa !

Soph. Kind Uncle !

Qu. (*After a pause*) They have saved our lives, it is true, and we owe them much—(*Pauses*)—Well, let it be so—Take 'em, Gentlemen—take 'em, and may they never deceive you, as they have deceived me.

(*The Lovers embrace*).

Smart. And I, Sir, one of the heroes to whom you owe your breath—may I not ask for a reward ?

Qu. Name it and take it.

Smart. 'Tis here, Sir. *(Takes* Rose *by the hand).*

Qu. Aye, aye—empty my house at once—and will nobody have poor Simon ?

Sim. No, Sir, I'll stay and fight for you another day.

Qu. Come, then, Gentlemen, let's sup and be merry.

FINALE.

Quake.

Though strangely met, and without call,
Yet do I bid you welcome all;
But see you do not rue.
Young Sparks, when firm in wedlock bound,
To find your Wives, as I have found,
Prone to a Rendezvous.

Lucretia and Sophia.

Away with such suspicions, pray,
Our plots for ever, end to day,
And henceforth warm and true,
Our pride will be, from year to year,
To fix, with those who join us, here
Our only Rendezvous.

Bolding and Charles.

Sweet girls, we trust with all our hearts,
And swear in turn to play our parts
With equal truth to you.
For here we solemnly agree,
That there, wherever you may be,
Shall be our Rendezvous.

Rose and Smart.

We too, perhaps, without offence,
May humbly plead our meek pretence,
To join in two and two;
In hopes to avoid the world's disasters,
And with such mistresses and masters
To find a Rendezvous.

Simon.

Now I stand somewhat solitary,
For who is here that I can marry?
Faith we are just too few—
No matter—since there is no wife,
With quiet, ease, and single life,
I'll fix my rendezvous.

CHORUS.

And, gentle friends, may we presume
To fix our eyes on you—
And hope that you'll again find room
To join our Rendezvous?

THE END.

London: Printed by B. McMillan,
Bow Street, Covent Garden.

DAVID RIZZIO;

A Serious Opera,

IN THREE ACTS:

(FOUNDED UPON SCOTTISH HISTORY.)

BY COLONEL RALPH HAMILTON,

Of Olivestob, North Britain.

AS PERFORMED

AT

The Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN LOWNDES, 25, BOW STREET,

COVENT GARDEN,

OPPOSITE THE THEATRE.

1820

W. Flint, Printer, Angel Court, London.

TO HIS FRIEND,

WILLIAM GORDON,

Of Fybie, Esq.

IN WHOSE SOCIETY

THE HISTORICAL PART OF THIS OPERA

WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN;

IT IS NOW DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S REGARD.

PREFACE.

THE very flattering applause with which this Opera has been received, justifies its appearance in print; and the Author gives it to the Public, under feelings of gratitude for a reception, far surpassing its very humble literary pretensions.

In adapting it to the Stage, he was much indebted to Mr. Charles Dibdin, who contributed those Songs marked *by asterisks*, several of the comic situations, and advised many judicious alterations.

In every historical subject, *operatically treated*, some liberties are requisite; but as few as possible have been taken with the story of DAVID RIZZIO.—All that the Author has presumed is, that Rizzio was *an honest man.* His talents were undoubtedly of the first order, for *Hume* ascribes the jealousy of, and part taken by Earl Morton in the conspiracy against him, to that nobleman's apprehensions that he might be appointed *Lord Chancellor of Scotland* in his place: nor is there one historian, with the exception of the prejudiced *Buchanan*, who attaches to the Queen's partiality the least improper motive.

The politics of the period alluded to, have been studiously avoided, and even some points necessary to the stage-interest of the Drama;—motives of delicacy ren-

dering such sacrifices adviseable. The connection of the story, however, enforces the publication of a very material historical scene, without which the Author feels that, in the closet, he should lay himself open to very just criticism.

" DAVID RIZZIO was the son of a musician at Turin, " and having accompanied the Piedmontese Ambassador " into Scotland, gained admission into the Queen's fa- " mily by his skill in music. Her French Secretary " happening to return at that time into his own country, " Rizzio was preferred by her to that office; and he " grew to be considered not only as *a favourite*, but as " *a Minister*. He was shrewd and sensible, with an " education beyond his rank: he had at first employed " his credit to promote Darnley's marriage, and an " apparently firm friendship was established between " them; but it became easy for the designing nobles to " persuade Henry, that Rizzio was indebted for the " Queen's kindness, to sentiments which, however un- " reasonable, if not absurd, fired a suspicious husband " with jealousy; and working upon his ruling passion— " ambition to obtain the matrimonial crown—they re- " presented the favourite Secretary's credit with the " Queen, to be the chief and only obstacle to his suc- " cess in that demand. Such various and complicated " passions raged in the King's bosom with the utmost " fury—he gave in to the proposal for Rizzio's murder— " became impatient of any delay—promised to acknow- " ledge himself the author of the enterprise, and to pro- " tect those who were embarked in it—thus making " himself a complete tool in their hands."

As for Rizzio, they knew that he was a foreigner, with neither connexion or friend in Scotland to lament, or to avenge his fate. His destruction was, therefore, to them a secure trial of strength:—he was the innocent victim of an outrageous party, with views *far beyond* the re-

moval of a court favourite—views, in fact, to supplant the Queen, and to give over to Murray the reins of Government; for the accomplishment of which purpose, the nobles of that party were prepared to go any lengths.

The Author has to acknowledge, with the warmest feelings, the liberality evinced by Mr. ELLISTON in the Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations;—the able manner in which the Music was composed and selected by the different gentlemen who arranged it;—and the support given to him by the whole of the performers: and if he selects the names of *Mr. Braham* and *Mr. Rae*, of *Mrs. West*, *Miss Carew*, and *Mr. Hamblin*, it is because they were prominent in those *Serious* Scenes of the Opera, which produced the most striking effect, and not with any view to under-rate the talent or exertion of any one individual performer—for the Ladies and Gentlemen engaged in it, *throughout*, contributed their zealous endeavours to insure its success, and none more than Mr. *Russell*, as Stage Manager, to whom he is indebted for the elegant and interesting arrangement and grouping of his last scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Henry Darnley, *Husband to Mary Queen of Scots* — Mr. HAMBLIN.

Earl Ruthven, *a Scottish Baron* — Mr. RAE.

David Rizzio, *in love with Lady Mary Livingstone, Secretary to the Queen, and a celebrated Italian Musician* — Mr. BRAHAM.

George Douglas, *his Attendant* — Mr. BARNARD.

Mac Wylie, *Uncle to Jessie Gowans, and Retainer to Ruthven* — Mr. G. SMITH.

Cadies — Messrs. MEREDITH, MORETON, &c.

Angus — Mr. VINING.

M'Donald — Mr. ELLIOTT.

Principal Bard — Mr. FOOTE.

Bards — Messrs. Benson, Read, Randall, D. Smith, Maxwell, Hudson, Woolf, Isaacs.

Hunters, &c.

Women.

Mary Queen of Scots — Mrs. W. WEST.

The Lady Mary Livingstone, *her principal Lady of the Bedchamber* — Miss CAREW.

Jessie Gowans, *a native of Ettrick Forest, Attendant upon Lady Mary* — Miss POVEY.

Principal Minstrels — Mrs. BLAND. Miss CUBITT.

Minstrels — Mesdms. Margerum, Hill, Middleton, Scott, Pearce, Carr, Phillips, Maxwell, Carey.

TIME, *Three Days.*——SCENE, *Edinburgh and its Vicinity, principally Holyrood House.*——PERIOD, *The Year* 1566.

DAVID RIZZIO;

A SERIOUS OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE THE FIRST.

MORNING.—*The King's Park.—East front of Holyrood House, with the old Chapel Royal adjoining to the North.—In the distance, southwards, Salisbury Craig, and Arthur's Seat, taking in St. Anthony's Chapel.—Lists as for a Tournament, or Course at the Ring.—Queen Mary on an elevated Seat.—King Henry on her Left Hand, in Armour, but without his Helmet.—The Court, with Earl Ruthven in attendance.*

CHORUS.

Whose spear is it bears ev'ry knight to the ground?
And whose is the lance lifts the ring?
The victor in tilt and in tournament, crown'd
Of Scotland the champion and king!

Our hether-clad mountains and lowlands rejoice,
Dun Edin, smile pleased on the scene!
Join, join Caledonia! join hand, heart, and voice,
Be King Henry our champion, be Mary our Queen.

QUEEN MARY, *rising and advancing with* DARNLEY.

Yes, Henry; every fresh encounter
Proclaims thee Mary's proved, unvanquished champion.
Thus we invest thee with the scarf of honour,
The tournay's prize. Hail thee our knight invincible—

Champion of Scotland's Queen—Lord of her heart—
Chief of her armies—Partner of her throne!

KING HENRY *kneels.—A flourish of trumpets, while the* QUEEN *invests him, placing the Scarf over his Shoulders.—He rises, kissing her hand.*

K. Hen. 'Tis not alone that Scotland owns thy charms—
The universe admits thy peerless beauty:
And when thy Darnley's false, may Heaven forsake him.
Now, Lords, and gentle Ladies, to the banquet;
Our revel sports, our mimic combat done,
It rests to bid ye all a generous welcome;
The conqueror and the vanquish'd knight shall pledge us;
The wine cup pass in unrestricted circles,
And jocund pleasure crown the festive board.

Q. Mary. There, Henry, shall delight, surprise, await thee,
For there his lyre, our famed Italian minstrel
Harmonious blends, with such enchanting strains
As sylphs ærial on the senses pour,
Like magic spells, when vivid poets dream,
In fancy ranging through ethereal bowers.
Till waked, at length, from their delicious trance,
They list, as dying numbers float; and sigh,
That ecstacy so sweet should be ideal!

K. Hen. Italia's soil, that erst the hero cradled,
Sent forth her sons to subjugate mankind,
And made her *Rome* the mistress of the world!—
O, what a change!—now gives us soft musicians;
But since the roseate lip of beauty, thus
With warmth so rapturous swells the minstrel's fame,
In sooth, we shall ourselves assume the lyre,
Turn very tombadour, to woo, to please thee!

Q. Mary. Delightful gallantry! The bleak cold night,
When icicles are framed, when snow descends,
Beneath our lattice patient shalt thou stand;
While we, to all thy serenading deaf,
In hoiden malice, as the morning dawns,
Affect to wake, and ask, What noise disturbs us?

K. Hen. Enchanting trifler! born, in all, to rule us!—
O, well bethought—My good Earl Ruthven here,
With duty and allegiance, craves a boon.

Q. Mary. Earl Ruthven hath our ear.—Our Scottish barons
May count their Queen their friend.—We pause to hear him

Ruth. (*kneeling.*) May bounteous Heaven vouchsafe your Majesty,
Year upon year, of still encreasing pleasures;
And so, in blessing Mary, bless the realm! [*He rises.*
My suit is briefly this:—Your gracious leave
To pour the honest ardour of my heart—
To press the honest love with which it beats—
And ask the Lady Livingstone to wife.

Q. Mary. Thou hast our leave, good Earl, to try thy fortune.
But such our love for Livingstone—the best,
The fairest, gentlest hand-maid of our court.
Free be her choice, as ours.—We lov'd, we married—
[*Giving her hand to King Henry.*
And, woe or weal, our heart and hand are Darnley's!
[*A Flourish.*

CHORUS REPEATED.

Join join Caledonia, join hand, heart and voice,
Be King Henry our champion—be Mary our Queen. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE SECOND.

One of the inferior Apartments, Holyrood House.

Enter M'WYLIE *and* GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Geo. Doug. Well, M'Wylie, and so you have entered heart and soul into the interests of Lord Ruthven?—A noble Scot—yet, like our national Thistle, a little of the "*noli me tangere*"—or touch me not.

M'Wil. Aye, Geordie Douglas, and wi'the like motto—"*Wha dars meddle wi me?*"—A modest hint, to make nae mair free than welcome—as your master, Rizzio, will find, if he crosses him.—But I'se freely confess ye, Geordie, Lord Ruthven's been my friend through life, and I owe him any gude turn he asks at me—I hate ingratitude—and for this new-fangled quaverer, I wonder our Scots nobility should prefer a foreign cantibile to our own national lilt, or an Italian whistle to the Hieland bagpipe.

Doug. There can be no harm, M'Wylie, in enlivening the drone by the dulcet:—but what do you mean by Rizzio's crossing Lord Ruthven?

M'Wyl. Bide a wee, Man—are you so blind not to see that Lord Ruthven is enamoured of Lady Mary Livingstone? and is'nt Davy Rizzio blinken that way, too? But the Lady Mary—

Doug. Will chuse which she likes best, of course, and who's to say her, Nay?

M'Wyl. What, would you have a quality Scotch Lady, of the Land of Cakes, match wi' a hurdy-gurdy of the Land of Maccaroni?

Doug. Come, come, friend M'Wylie, my master's affairs concern neither of us; so we'll change the subject—and here comes a very beautiful one, apropos.

(looking out.

Enter JESSIE GOWANS.

Jes. Uncle, good day;—I've scarcely seen you since you brought me to court, and placed me with the Lady Mary Livingstone, who is the sweetest mistress to ——

Doug. The sweetest maiden!

Jes. Sir!

M'Wyl. Ah, Geordie, Geordie—dinna begin to turn the lassie's head the moment she sets her foot in the palace. I see you're a true courtier.

Doug. If being alive to beauty and true to taste, constitute such a character, then am I guilty of being a courtier: and I am sure Jessie Gowans, the pretty primrose of Ettrick, will never think the worse of me for preferring the simple flowers of nature, to the bouquets of art.

Jes. And have you so little taste, as to prefer the wild blossoms of the valley, to the cultivated blooming of the pleasure garden?

Doug. The one may astonish by its luxuriance, while the others delight by their simplicity; and while the perfume of the garden overpowers the sense, the fragrance of the valley animates the spirits: and if ever I should pluck a rose from the bouquet of beauty, to grace the wreath of wedlock, give me the unsophisticated flowret of nature. [*Bowing to Jessie.—Exit.*

Jes. Efaith, Uncle, that's a very strange, out of the way, odd kind of an agreeable young man.

M'Wyl. Whisht!—Are you that way inclined? You ha-na been long eneugh at court to tell *what* men are.

Jes. O dear, that's a lesson easily learnt—and any

where; indeed it comes naturally; and I shall judge and chuse for myself, depend on't.

M'Wyl. But the acres—the farm—Will they come naturally, too?—All's in my power—so bide a wee; and for once in your life, take advice, and look before ye leap, lassie. [*Exit.*

Jes. There it is, he's all for the lucre; but I must marry for love: and that George Douglas, he's really a very handsome fellow: with his flowers and his flattery: he thinks me the *rose* of beauty, and I think him the *pink* of gallantry; and a rose and a pink, tied together with the *heart's ease*, make no bad posy.

* BALLAD.

O, dear! but he knows how to flatter—
Heigho! little heart what's the matter?
Thus pit-a-pat going,
What 'tis you desire
I fain would be knowing,
But dare not enquire.
It cannot be love such a flutter would waken,
But indeed, I'm so simple, I may be mistaken.

O dear! he'd a manner so pleasing!
Heigho! little heart don't be teazing.
He's gone, silly trembler,
Your beating restrain;
'Tis like wishing, dissembler,
He'd come back again.
It cannot be so—he no flutter would waken,—
But indeed, I'm so simple, I may be mistaken. [*Exit.*

SCENE THE THIRD.

The Anti-room to Queen Mary's Apartment—Holyrood-house, fitted up with Musical Instruments—Books, and Manuscripts—Work Boxes, &c.—A centre door of communication practicable.

Enter RUTHVEN, *looking round him.*

Ruth. Shall I again the scorn and contumely
With which this haughty fair once loads me—tempt?
There's a fatality that goads me on.

Here, every thing around breathes love, and Rizzio—
The harp—whose tremulous chords wake at his bidding;
The lute, whose tones at his impassioned touch
Dive to her soul, and call forth tears of sympathy,
Unite their influence here; yet here I venture,
Rough nature only to uphold my suit,
And all her hate and loathing to encounter.—
But I must on—Must win her—or must perish.——
Soft! she appears. Let me, concealed, observe her.
(*Withdrawing to the wing.*

Enter (by the centre communicating door)—as from the Queen's Apartment, the Lady MARY LIVINGSTONE.

L. Mary. The Queen, my gracious mistress is appriz'd
Of Ruthven's hated suit, nor will advise
Nor interpose;
But leaves me to myself, exposed; ah me!
To all the jealous fierceness of his nature.

SONG.

O woe for the hour, O my heart it is sinking,
O woe for the hour!—It is breaking with grief.
From the gathering storm while thus fearfully shrinking
Come Hope; on thy seraph-wing bearing relief.

Thus love has been ever predestin'd to Sorrow,
Thus cheerless the sun sets, whose rising was bright,
Thus the dawn of to-day, brings the clouds of to-morrow,
Thus the gloamin of evening, the darkness of night.

The violece of his nature shocks—alarms me.
He woo's not as a man, but as a savage—
Would hale me, ruffian-like, to his embrace.
Rather embrace me torturing Death, than Ruthven.

(RUTHVEN, *having been gradually advancing and listening, joins her.*)

Ruth. E'en as you name him, Ruthven's here to thank thee.—
Sweeter each tone of that melodious voice;
Yea, though in anger breathed, than notes of seraphs.—
But why, proud fair! such scorn to greet *thy lover?*
(*Attempting to take her hand.*

L. Mary. Unhand me, Sir.—Still am I thus insulted?

Must I repeat it? This apartment's sacred.—
The Queen, my Lord, shall know you wait an audience.
[*Going.*

Ruth. (*Interposing.*) No, on my soul, you shall not thus escape me!
Determined am I here to press my suit,
For the last time, to learn your resolution.

L. Mary. I scorn thy proffer'd hand—start from its touch,
As from the deadliest pestilential grasp
Of loathsome plague, that fastens on the life—
Thou'rt answer'd, Earl; and leave—for ever leave me!

Ruth. (*ironically.*) Why, I can hear the girl, and smile.—Be calm——
Doubtful alone, how I may best requite thee.
Revenge and jealousy! They're savage terms,
O no, sweet Lady! we will none of them,
But rather honour whom thy choice enobles;
If, haply, we may greet the favoured lover,
Music hath charms! There's magic in the lyre,
The lute delicious! steals the fever'd senses!
Is't that way points? Thy taste enchants and charms me.
Worthy thine ancestry—a race of nobles!—
Now, on my soul, we'll banquet at thy bridal.
And what delights thy heart, shall gladden Ruthven's.
[*Exit.*

L. Mary. He threatens!—Daring man; he glanc'd at Rizzio.
Alas! when jealousy fires Ruthven's breast,
Revenge and hatred may, too sure, be dreaded.
[*Hearing Rizzio's step.*
Durst he return?———(*Listening.*)
O no—'tis that dear step,
Whose sound is sweetest music to my ear;
Beloved Rizzio!

* *A Chord from the Orchestre.*

DUET.—(*Rizzio entering.*)

Rizzio. Light as the Zephyr flies
To woo the Persian flower,—
I come, where beam those eyes,
That draw me by their power;
O! this beating heart!
Ah! ne'er reprove,
The warmth its throbs impart,—
'Tis love—'tis love.

Lady Mary. The Zephyr woos the rose
With soft, delusive sighing;
And lover's often close
Their vows of truth by flying.
O, this beating heart,
With fraud ne'er move;
The pain its throbs impart,
'Tis love—'tis love.

Rizzio. By all of lover's bliss
I swear———

Lady Mary. Yes, I believe thee——

Rizzio. O, by thy virgin kiss!
I never will deceive thee!

Both. O, this beating heart,
Will faithful prove;
Its throbs can ne'er be art;
'Tis love—'tis love!

Riz. Our soft Italian clime where love and music
Sublime the soul with rapture, passing art,
With warmth extatic, with a force of truth,
Unknown to those whose cold unbending minds
Conciliate with their stern forbidding regions.
Inspire an ardour thoud'st in vain rebuke.
Our skies give fire and feeling to our hearts.—
We live, we breathe but in the shrine of beauty.

L. Mary. Think not the hardy Caledonian's breast,
The throne of valour, less the seat of love.

Riz. Were Scotia's daughters all like thee, sweet maid!
Cheering the regions of their frost-bound seasons,
Their smiles would light eternal Summer round!—
But boasts the universe such charms as thine?—
Exists the man, like me to love, to prise them?

L. Mary. I do believe thee, Rizzio—know thou lov'st me;
And plight thee love's return. [*Giving her hand.*
Let that suffice—
One little moment only rests to warn thee,
Ere I attend our gracious Queen's commands:
A jealous Baron's hate pursues and marks thee;
For my sake, tempt it not—beware of Ruthven.

Riz. Ruthven! I fear him not.—The world in arms
Daunt not his heart sustain'd by love, by beauty.

SONG. (*Rizzio.*)

1.

Lovely Maid! banish fear from thy breast,
The bright shield of thy lover, thy charms!
Can the heart that is thine be opprest?
No, it beats but to love's soft alarms.
Thou art mine! and the world I defy,
Thy champion! my daring I'll prove,
Protect thee, or gloriously die,
Ennobled by valour and love.

2.

Lovely Maid! thou'rt as dear to this heart,
As his honour is dear to the brave;
Thy sweet smile can more rapture impart,
Than sweet Liberty's smile to the slave.
Thou art mine! and the world I defy,
Thy champion! my daring I'll prove,
Protect thee, or gloriously die,
Ennobled by valour and love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE FOURTH.

The Grounds behind Holyrood House.

Enter EARL RUTHVEN *and* M'WYLIE.

M'Wyl. Hoolie and fairlie, my good lord; your judgment may be premature.

Ruth. If eyes convey the meaning of the heart;
If soft confusion speaks the soul alarmed;
She surely loves him.
Yes, him!—of Italy the base-born spawn!
The troubadour, the minstrel ballad-monger.

M'Wyl. Nay, then, the world 's turned upside down. The Lady Mary, of such gentle blood! The pride of Scotland! This worm,—this grub, to feed upon the bloom o' sic a beauteous flower! Were he to cross my path— (*with affected enthusiasm.*)

Ruth. Scotsmen, when injur'd, wear—thou know'st the proverb—
Short patience and long swords!——What would'st thou do?

M'Wyl. Discharge some sma' part of that large debt of gratitude I owe you, my good lord.

Ruth. I know thy honest nature.—We discoursed
Erewhile, the farm adjoining Ruthven Castle.
The lease is out.—I've thought on't friend—'tis thine;
Mind me of the conveyance.—Speak thy meaning.

M'Wyl. O, you're too good, my lord,—I can't find words to testify half my acknowledgments.—The lease, my lord, is it for life?

Ruth. Aye, man, for life.—Be wary, and reflect;
I would not tempt you to extremities.—
To rid me of him would indeed be generous.—
But, mind—I counsel not a deed of blood.

M'Wyl. The Perthshire farm has laid these twa years fallow. To crop the land afresh, will tak me siller.——Weel, weel, I maun gae round my friends, and borrow 't.

Ruth. (*Aside*) Subtle patch!
No need of that—I'll see to 't.——But be firm.

M'Wyl. May be you'll let me hold the rents, I shall be gathering presently?

Ruth. Aye, any thing—e'en as thou wilt.
Gold be thy least reward, my worthy friend. (*insidiously, and discovering indignation to the audience.*)
Dispose my rival, and command my fortune. [*Exit.*

M'Wyl. (*Alone*) Yes, yes: I've touched the string that speaks maist music. But the farm and siller must be both earn'd; my honour's at stake. Honour! hang it, my thoughts maunna travel that gait, or I'se prove recreant to my liege laird; and wha's the Scot that dares desert his chief? Nae, nae, tho' I've no enmity to Rizzio, the laird's will is the clansman's law; sae let me first lime the twigs, and watch this singing birdie till he perch. Bide a wee: patience and perseverance win the world—as my old friend said in the Cano'gate.

* SONG.

1.

A Carl there dwelt in the Cano'gate,
And a wary carl was he;
He'd a frosty pow, and a crafty pate,
And *better*, he'd say, than *never was late*,
And his motto was—"*Bide a wee.*"

2.

He'd say, an ye gang to fish for trout,
  Why, a weary sport it be;
When ye cast the fly, then cast about,
Tickle the fish, and ye click him out,
  But it's a' by---" *Bide a wee.*"

3.

I took a leaf frae this auld Carl's book,
  And a Red-Book 'twere to me;
Wi' a dainty fly I dress'd my hook,
And never I cast, but my fish I took,
  Wi' a bait, and a---" *Bide a wee.*"

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE FIFTH.

[Omitted in Representation.]

" *Queen Mary's Apartment.—She enters by the Centre Door, attended.—Rizzio immediately entering by the Wing.—Kneels to her.*

" *Q. Mary.* Rise, honest Rizzio, friend and counsellor!
" Thy nervous measures have repress'd rebellion:
" Domestic feuds no more rend Scotland's bosom;
" And all our loyal subjects breathe in safety.
" *Riz.* Madam, your Majesty's own resolution—
" The glorious sight of Scotland's peerless Queen,
" With more than fabled Amazonian courage,
" Heading her armies, fir'd the soldiers' spirits:
" The broad-sword leaped spontaneous from its scab-
" bard,
" And back rebellion shrank, abashed and nerveless.
" *Q. Mary.* Ask of us, Rizzio, what reward thou wilt:
" Reign in our councils foremost—Mary's minister:—
" For we have proved thee just, and know thee wise.

Enter a Page.

" Madam, the King.

" QUEEN MARY *waves her hand.*——*Exeunt the Attendant Ladies by the Centre Door;* RIZZIO *and the Page by the Wing.*

Enter KING HENRY.

" *Q. Mary.* Henry, thrice welcome: all again is peace,
" And nothing now disturbs our happy reign.
" The daring malcontents' disloyal standard
" No more insults my choice; insulting thee.
" Our proclamation
" Has named thee King of Scots.—In our joint names,
" As King and Queen, run henceforth writs of law.—
" Can I aught more in proof of my affection?
" *K. Hen.* I owe thee every thing, beloved Mary!
" Owe thee, not only that which soothes and sweetens
" This rash, impatient, and discordant mind,
" Which makes me envied above mortal breathing;
" But I would owe thee yet, that to the world
" Should loud proclaim me more than Mary's husband—
" A very Monarch!—Yea, a King indeed!
" Refuse no longer then, my coronation;
" Let dignity substantial grace my brow,
" And seat me firmly on thy kingdom's throne.
" *Q. Mary.* Henry, reflect; thou know'st not half
" the dangers:—
" An act so violent would incense my subjects;
" In that I passed the boundaries of prerogative,
" To call thee King and partner in my state.
" Urge not beyond my sceptre's power to grant thee;
" Nay, rather shun the pain-inflicting diadem!
" Heavy it presses on the Monarch's brow:
" Cares are entwin'd, though costly gems conceal them.
" Be rul'd by Mary, love!—Nay, think no more on't.
" *K. Hen.* ——— Not think on't!
" Heavens! I think on nought beside. By day it fills
" My mind: by night my dreams present it still:
" And ever, by its side,
" The glitt'ring bauble with the which thou mock'st me;
" The baby sceptre that I seem to grasp,
" Surmounted then with no fine-water jewel;
" But, in its stead, with cap and tinkling bells,
" Waking to fret me.
" *Q. Mary.* For shame!—For shame!—Go to—these
" Thoughts are puerile.
" *K. Hen.* Madam, reflect: altho', as man, I love thee
" Beyond what man, with truth, to woman boasts;
" I, like thyself, may claim ambitious blood—
" Nor shal't be said that Darnley is degenerate.

" *Q. Mary.* My Lord, the love and duty of a wife
" I know and practice.
" But feel—aye, proudly feel—
" The honour and allegiance due
" To Scotland's Queen;—yea, even from her husband.
" *K. Hen.* Allegiance! name it not.—The grave of
" love.—
" The heart disdains superiority:
" Affection flies th' approaches of command,
" And seeks the humble roof where all are equal.
" Thence springs the jocund shepherd's happier lot;
" And thence makes Care her gloomy seat the palace.
" *Q. Mary.* O, plausible pretence! Weak, fruitless
" artifice!
" The guile of Ruthven bursts this thin disguise.
" Thou art his pliant tool:—he would undo thee:
" And I, to be thy friend, must rest thy Sovereign.
(Going.
" *K. Hen.* Stay, Madam! On my life, we part not so!
" Grant what I ask; or never see me more.
" My nature brooks it not, this contradiction.
" I live no longer subject to controul!
" *Q. Mary. (Ironically)* This gentleness in truth, must
" needs persuade me:
" What female breast such tender suit resists?
" Mine is not steel; and bends in fond compliance.
(With dignity.)
" What! am I still to meet these peevish humours?
" For shame! my Lord: you do debase your station.
" This heart beats warm to every touch of kindness;
" But to severity it is invulnerable.
" When cooler Reason re-assumes her sway
" O'er this same boyish wayward disposition,
" We may renew our conference; but here,
" If it so please you, Sir, till then, we close it. [*Exit.*
" *K. Hen. (Alone)* What! am I school'd!—refus'd!—
" and mock'd, and threaten'd!—
" Was it for this?——Heav'ns! I shall run distracted.—
" Yet I will gain the crown in all its splendour,
" Enjoy my power in its meridian influence,
" Spight of this opposition.
" But for the means.—I cannot doubt she loves me,
" And love works miracles.
" If I withdraw me instant from her court,

" Absence may prey upon her tender nature;
" She'll pine, and, sighing for, send to recal me,
" Then offering what I now demand in vain.
" Such is *the Sex*—caprice and contradiction!
" Who waits!———It shall be so.

Enter a Page.

" *K. Hen.* Go to Earl Ruthven; bid him to me straight,
" Leaving all minor matters—instant to me." [*Exit Page.*

[KING HENRY, *musing, follows him.*

SCENE THE SIXTH.

Rizzio's Study, Holyrood-House.—Cases with Books and Manuscripts.—Instruments, of various kinds, disposed about the Room.—Enter M'WYLIE, *stealing in.*

M'Wyl. Where's this? I lost my way, somehow, in the windings of these corkscrew stair-cases and passages! I thought I knew them better. Hey! this must be Rizzio's whistle-box,—his luting room. What have we here? (*taking up a rich-mounted dagger from the table*) Mischief never enters man's heid, but the de'il places the means t'accomplish it in his way. How rich its mountings! (*examining the dagger*) No the King's sel's armed half sae gallantly.——Gin he were here now!—and yet Conscience, somehow, grasps at my arm, while interest and the laird's orders bid me *on*. Gold! gold! thou tempting fiend! Kings are thy slaves; how then, can a poor vassal like mysel, resist thee?———

(Rizzio runs a cadence behind the scenes.

That's he!——There is a busy de'il aboon my heart—it's awsome like. I'll watch my opportunity, and may escape unnoticed; for not a living soul bides near they stairs—and here's a canny hiding-place.

(Goes behind the tapestry.

Enter RIZZIO, *with a Sheet of Music.*

Riz. The words my Mary's fancy has composed,
I've cloathed in harmony; and if it please her,
'Twill be applause more exquisite
Than the tumultuous flattery of the court:
Her fears of Ruthven, and his hate to me,
Induced the warning in this maniac's song.

(*He seats himself at the Virginals, a small kind of harpsichord of those days, and runs over a prelude.*)

* SONG.

(To his own accompaniment only.)

1.

Not darkness, can treachery conceal,
There's an eye that can pierce thro' the night;
On his prey the assassin may steal,
But that eye tracks his footsteps in light.

Tho' the victim unconscious may stand,
And the death-blow directed may be,
Beware! guilty wretch! there's a hand
Arm'd with light'ning to dart upon thee.

2.

Thus sang a wild maid in a wood,
Where brooding in darkness she stray'd;
On the spot soon a murderer stood,
Who a wandering youth had way-laid:

Rais'd his arm for the murder he plann'd,
But horror-struck fled, when sung she,
"Beware! guilty wretch! there's a hand
"Armd with light'ning to dart upon thee."

(*During the song,* M'WYLIE *steals out, and acts agreeably to its character—raising the poinard to strike as the words direct him; and dropping his arm with terror at* "Beware guilty wretch!" *He must steal on Rizzio to the music softly, at the lines favouring that action; and overcome by his feelings, replace the dagger on the table at its conclusion, and dart off, making his exit, as the scene closes.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Holyrood-house Gardens, with a Gothic Summer-house.

Enter LADY MARY, *by one of the walks, as the Symphony plays.*

BALLAD.

I.

Benlomond, O soft, at thy foot are the breezes,
And bleak blow the whirlwinds that sweep round thy head;
The snow on thy summit eternally freezes,
While gay from thy side, springs the hether-bell red.
Thou symbol of greatness that proudly aspiring,
Might envy the valley thou frownst on below;
Where the verdant turf warmth from thy shelter acquiring,
Seems smiling to pity thy garland of snow.

II.

Benlomond, like thee, above others while tow'ring
Ambition to envy the poor may be led;
They know not the storms, nor the clouds ever low'ring,
That gather and drive round his tempest-beat head.
Yes, blest are the lowly, just like the vale's flowers,
Which live undisturb'd on the spot where they grow;
While the great, like the pride of the parterre and bowers,
Are pluck'd but to wither the moment they blow.

My heart misgives me, 'tis a heedless measure,
But means to warn him of his threaten'd danger,
Except by this appointment, I had none.
And Rizzio's life, the life I prize, at stake,
Throws every lesser object from my mind.
It is not yet the time; I'll wait his coming.

(*Goes into the summer-house.*

Enter, on the opposite side, softly stealing in, and looking behind him, M'WYLIE.

M'Wyl. So so, my bonny Lady! you can make assignations it seems, tho' not with Lord Ruthven! She left a scroll, thinking nobody near, within the hollow trunk of the old weather-beaten oak tree, down you avenue, *(pointing off)* I've often wondered why she preferred that walk. To learn what *news* from *Italy*—that's all!—I'd just time to snatch a glimpse, and replace it when Rizzio came; they think they've found out a very safe *post*, but they forget there's no *office* without an *Inspector-General* on its establishment. At twelve then, in the summer-house! almost the time—and if we can bear off Lady Mary, at Ruthven Castle she'll come to I warrant me, when out o' hearing of this whistle-monger; and once married, her friends will be thankful for her deliverance from sic disgrace wi' an Italian piper. It's the Laird's orders, and I've my bra' Cadies a' ready, and at hand here.———Whisht! whisht! *(At the wing.*

Enter Three or Four Cadies.

M'Wyl. Whisht, whisht, Lads—come all near.

1*st. Cad.* Who is it we're to seize on?

M'Wyl. A bonny lassie; ye'll ken her weel eneugh by this, she'll gang bye and bye into that summer-house,—mind, in there, (*pointing to the building.*)

1*st. Cad.* 'Tis sorry work, but let's be sure you've warrant.

M'Wyl. What do you think of this warrant? (*shaking a purse of gold)* harken! dinna they gold-finches chirp merrily?

1*st. Cad.* Our scruples sleep. (*takes the purse.*)

M'Wyl. Weel, mark me, then. Puir thing, she's as I tell'd ye, craz'd in the upper story, (*touching his forehead.*)

[*Here* LADY MARY *looks out from the Summer-house—sees the Cadies—expresses alarm; and steals away unperceived.*

—Aye, she intends going there, as she thinks, daft lassie, to meet a young man she's in love with;—she'll call herself some court lady, no doubt; but she's my ain flesh and bone—sae dinna mind her. Its just three quarters

twelve, e'en now,—so take your stations. This way—ye know the rest. Wait for me twa miles past the Queen's ferry—The road to Perth.

(*He gose off softly—the Cadies following him.*

Enter JESSIE GOWANS.

Jes. If it be true, as my uncle hints, that George Douglas is playing the agreeable to the head gardener's daughter, I certainly will have no more to say to him:—They call her pretty: and she may be so—we don't all see with the same eyes: and I should be sorry to *see* with *hers*;—for they, I fancy, never see "VENUS'S *looking-glass*."—And as for him, I'm sure I don't care, for if he's false hearted, I'll treat him with all the contempt and indifference imaginable!—I'll tear his eyes out, I will. But I hear footsteps—I'll slip into this summer-house.

(*runs in quick.*

The CADIES *enter softly—observing her.*

1*st. Cad.* I saw her go in.
2*nd. Cad.* Yes, yes; we have her safe enough.
1*st. Cad.* Keep close, and follow me.

[*They go up to the Summer-house, and bring out* JESSIE, *throwing a large wrapping plaid round her.*

Jes. (*Calling out as they hurry across.*) My lady!—Douglas!——

[*The Cadies take her off.*

Enter, hastily, GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Geo. Doug. Sure 'twas my Jessie's voice! that way I heard it. [*He runs off.*

Enter RIZZIO, *with an open letter.*

Riz. Lovely Enthusiast! what again alarms thee?
"For my sake," writes she, "Seek not these apartments,
"Till I've apprised thee all my fears suggest.
"When the sun reaches his meridian height
"Expect me." Here she indicates the spot.
This the blest moment, when the glorious orb,
Refulgent beaming, lights the path of love.

[*Entering the summer-house, returns disappointed.*

Not there!——And art thou false?—Thou too, the pride
Of this fond breaking heart!---Then all's deceit---
Then truth is fled---Then dwells not faith in woman!

SONG.—(*Rizzio.*)

Scotch Air.

I.

Thou art false to love, thou art false to love!
Thou art false to love and me---*Mary!*
This throbbing heart thy scorn to prove,
Will break for love and thee---*Mary!*
Until this hour no grief I knew,
Since first I courted thee---*Mary!*
And welcome death, if thou'rt untrue,
Life's charms are fled with thee---*Mary!*

II.

Thou canst not sure, my wrongs endure;
Thou'lt come again to me---*Mary!*
Thy radient eyes these pangs shall cure,
And light to love and me---*Mary!*
Then every bliss thy smiles can yield,
Shall cheer this breaking heart---*Mary!*
Eternal truth the lover's shield,
And thine the world to me---*Mary!*

[*Exit.*

Re-enter GEORGE DOUGLAS, *hauling along with him one of* M'WYLIE'S *band.*

Doug. Your companions have escaped, but never shall you get out of my clutches, you rascal, till I know all your schemes.—I've earned you hardly; and if your head had not been as hard as your heart, my claymore had divided it, one half to each shoulder—who is the woman you carried off?

The Cad. She called herself Lady Douglas.

Doug. She must have been mad then; for Lady Douglas is an hundred miles off.

The Cad. Why she was given over to us as a mad woman.

Re-enter RIZZIO.

Riz. Douglas, what means all this?

Doug. A gang, of which this fellow is one, have just now carried off a female.

Riz. (*quickly.*) From whence?

Doug. From that building.

[*Pointing to the summer-house.*

Riz. Distraction! (*aside*) 'twas Mary!—Which way went they?

Doug. Yonder. (*Pointing off.*)

Riz. It is—it must be she—The Lady Mary!
Follow me to her rescue, or to death. [*Running off.*

M'WYLIE. (*Entering.*)

M'Wyl. What is all this about, Geordie?

Doug. I've no time to tell you now;—for I must not abandon my master in this moment of danger. Don't let this fellow escape. [*Runs after Rizzio.*

M'Wyl. He's off, and the coast's clear for us; by this time they'll have cross'd the ferry, and then they're fair on their road for Perth. (*aside.*) What a load's off my mind! O it's a bonny thing a clear conscience!——and no the poorer for it.——You've been paid in hard coin under yon fellow's sign-manual, eh laddie?

The Cad. Aye, faith—I shall remember Lady Douglas the longest day I have to live, and if ever you catch me engaging in any mad woman's affairs again———

M'Wyl. Hoot awa! The siller will mak an excellent plaister for your broken pate man, so get out of the way as fast as you can; play least in sight, and leave me to account for how you slipt through my fingers—awa man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE THIRD.

The Anti-chamber to Queen Mary's Apartment, Holyrood House.

Enter LADY MARY.

L. Mary. Wilt thou not call me weak and treacherous, Rizzio,
False to thy love, and faithless to my promise?

Enter JESSIE, (*Breathless.*)

Jes. O, my Lady!

L. Mary. Jessie, what means this breathless agitation?

Jes. I can scarcely find words to tell you, my Lady—I was seized and carried off by armed men, my Lady.

L. Mary. From whence?

Jes. From the summer-house in the palace gardens, my Lady.—But I'm sure they took me for somebody else.

L. Mary. I fear they did.

Jes. Yes—and I heard one of them say, they were going with me, to a castle, somewhere in Perthshire.

L. Mary. (*aside.*) To Ruthven Castle. Yes; the plan is obvious;
Abandon'd man!---And how didst thou escape them?

Jes. O, my dear George Douglas! he came with three or four brave fellows, and fought for me like a lion.

L. Mary.———Presumptuous Ruffian! (*abstractedly.*)

Jes. O, it's all over with me.

L. Mary. What is't you mean, girl?

Jes. That I don't know whether to laugh or cry with joy; but Mr. Secretary Rizzio will be here presently, and tell you all about it.

L. Mary. Rizzio!

Jes. Yes; he was there and fought. But O, I do wish you'd seen George Douglas fight. Pray permit me to go now, my lady: for if I don't go and ease my heart by crying my eyes out, it will break. Oh, oh! oh! [*Exit.*

L. Mary. Rizzio thou thought'st 'twas, Mary; and to rescue
Flew with the valiant ardour of the hero!
Blush, cringing courtiers! ye who scorn my lover,
And shrink before his name, whom worth ennobles.

Enter RIZZIO.

Riz. Forgive bright excellence!
That I, a creature nurtur'd by thy smile,
And living only as thy smiles supports me,
Ungenerous for a moment, breathed reproach;
I thought thee lost, but now thou'rt safe, thou'rt mine!
No more, delay a husband's right to guard thee.

L. Mary. Thou hast my heart—be satisfied—conten
thee
The Queen approves; but we must wait her pleasure.
Nay, but a little space—and thine for ever.

DUET.

Rizzio. I love you, sweet maid! with a passion as true,
As the fondest adorer can feel;

Lady Mary. And I have, dear youth! that affection for you,
The fond heart, not the lips may reveal.

Both. Together life's chequer spread pathway we'll range;
Ev'ry heart rending sorrow beguile;
Ev'ry glowing endearment delighted exchange,
And convert ev'ry tear to a smile.

Thus, summers bright sun-shiny happiness past,
We'll together the hill side descend;
Our winter conclude in contentment at last,
And our parting sigh mutually blend.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE THE FOURTH.

*The principal (West) front of Holyrood-House rathe
thrown into perspective, so that the Grounds may b
picturesquely described. Arthur's Seat in th
distance.*

Enter RUTHVEN *and* M'WYLIE.

Ruth. So end my hopes at once! a precious scheme
This thy wise brain engendered, and ends bravely.
M'Wyl. To get to a hundred, my good Lord, yo
must begin with one—ye mind what I said yestreen
Whisht—here comes the very man—Darnley hissel—
lose no this opportunity make him but red-wud jealous o
Rizzio, and the jobs done—See where he comes.

[*Exit*

Enter, from the Palace Gate-way—KING HENRY.

K. Hen. Ruthven, what news? Heard'st thou this bol
attempt?

Beshrew me, we had envied the rich prize,
This towering falcon pounc'd at, trembling dove!
The exquisite, the beauteous Livingstone.
Ruth. These idle tales of court, my Liege, I heed not,
Nor muse on Livingstone, nor trifle now
This bard of Turin, this Italian—Rizzio!
We must prepare to bend the knee before him,
No baron of the realm so priz'd, so favour'd;
K. Hen. (*starting.*) Ha! said'st thou, by the Queen (*apart*) but no she cannot,
I'll not believe't.—It is impossible!
Before thou glanced at this? Do'st doubt her honour?
Ruth. Doubt! my Liege, doubt!—I know my duty better. [*Aside.*
He takes the bait—more line—and we secure him—
But musics powers are boundless! sounds his lyre
To love attuned; or breathes his soft-toned reed,
Tears course each other down her beauteous cheeks,
And she dissolves in melting tenderness.
K. Hen. Man, would'st thou drive me wild? I'll not believe it—
Yet sure thou'st reason; speak, more plain discourse me.
These hints, these inuendos mad my soul;
They rouse a slumbering dæmon in my bosom,
Will haunt it hourly; rob my mind of peace,
Poison the cup that smiling fortune fill'd me,
And strike, with jealous fangs to pierce my heart;
Speak all thou knowest at once.—All thou conjecturest.
[*Here a Chord is struck, as on the lyre or harp within.*
K. Hen. Ha; heard'st thou?
Ruth. ———— Soft, my Liege; attend; he sings. [*Aside.*
Propitious Fortune! all my hopes are answer'd!
[*A Second Chord.*

SONG. (*Rizzio, unaccompanied from within—King and Ruthven listenining.*

Scotch Air.

1.

O turn thee, love, that heavenly smile!
O turn again to me.
With buoyant hope my heart beguile,
For thou art all to me,—Mary!

On Lybia's sands, o'er Icelands snows,
I'd traverse pleased with thee,
To Etna's fires my breast oppose,
Brave every risque for thee---Mary.

2.

Then turn thee, love, that beaming eye!
O let it rest on me;
When that dear bosom heaves a sigh,
O, let it heave for me---Mary!
Recal'd to bliss from deep despair
I'd envy none, with thee.
For what on, on earth, can man compare
To one endow'd like thee---Mary.

King Henry is about to rush forwards, half drawing his sword, but is restrained by Ruthven.

K. Hen. Withhold me not.—I'm wrong'd, and will revenge me;
With mine own hand despatch him at her feet
And glut my soul on her despairing agony.—
Ruth. (*Aside*) This wild impetuosity undoes us;
Nay, pause my Liege.—Nor like the eagle bleed,
Whose wing the arrow fledg'd that reached his heart;
So Scotland's nobles all, to vengeance rous'd,
An insult to their sovereign, and their pride
Would deep resent. Bethink—to morrow's hunt!
I'll seize the occasion. There, my Clansmen's swords,
Or, haply bent the good tough yew tree bow,
By accident may lull your fears, for ever.
K. Hen. Ha! said'st thou? True—the hunt; 'tis well remembered
We promised him the deep mouthed blood-hounds music,
A novel concert to Italian ears.
See all prepared——inspire his minstrel ardour,
Be sure he gain precedence at *the death.*——
Ruth. (*Aside.*) It has succeeded to my wish—kind fortune
Now will revenge be duty and obedience!
My rival fall, and all the odium Darnley's.
K. Hen. We'll to the Kirko'field. Degenerate Mary!
I see thee never more while breathes thy minion
Our Caledonion air. Along my friend,
We'd yet discourse thee more (*musing.*) What if we write

And press his exile, as a proof of love?
An only means to keep us yet from bloodshed;
Thou'lt be our messenger, we'll talk on't further.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GEORGE DOUGLAS, *and* JESSIE, *advancing as from the grounds behind the Palace.*

Jes. How ridiculous, George Douglas, to keep me here all day long, when you know I have to dress my Lady, that she may attend the Queen, teazing me with such nonsense.

Doug. Is it nonsense to say that you are beautiful, and that I am dying in love for you?

Jes. As far as *dying in love for me* goes—and if you have lost your heart, get the bell-man to cry it; if such a trifle deserves the trouble.

* SONG.

Jessie.

O, yes, lost a heart
Silly, sad and sighing;
Prone to play a foolish part,
Scarcely worth the crying.
Whoever finds it safe and well,
And brings it fair and true,
Shall have,---how much, I cannot tell,
Paid by---I don't know who!

O, yes! found, a maid,
Never melancholy,
After whom this heart has stray'd.
Laughing at its folly!
Who brings to her this heart of his
For no reward need call,
For only to its owner 'tis
Of any use at all.

Doug. Well, as long as *you* own my heart.

Jes. I own it! What do you mean? My uncle told me you'd given it to the gardener's daughter.

Doug. Your Uncle! Don't talk of your uncle—deny the relationship—you know he's no better than he should be; and, I could tell you much worse, I've found him out at last.

Jes. What do you mean, now?

Doug. Nothing but that we're going a hunting to

morrow; they've rare game in view, but I shall baulk their sport.

Jes. What sport?

Doug. Man hunting! my poor master! he had not the good luck to be born in Scotland, to be sure; but as he was born somewhere, he has a right to fair play everywhere.

Jes. (*alarmed*) They don't mean to kill Rizzio?

Doug. They mean to try. Your uncles' secret is in my keeping; I am to have your hand for assisting him and Ruthven, and he hinted something about the king, but I'll foil them; and if I am to have your hand as the reward of treachery, it shall be that treachery which unmasks the guilty, and preserves the innocent.

Jes. Have you put Rizzio on his guard?

Doug. I have hinted enough, but he treats it with such indifference; I dare not tell him all I know, or he'd be off to "*the queen*," and the pains and penalties of a royal curtain lecture to Darnley, would be a sly quietus to me—so don't you alarm Lady Mary, and I'll take care of Rizzio depend on't—and as for the gardener's daughter, don't by believing it, pay your uncle's sincerity a compliment at the expence of my character, and your own consequence. HERE I fix. [*taking her hand.*

* DUET.

Douglas. O, I'll be all you wish me, dear!
Loving tender and true,
Jessie. So we listen, and so we hear,
While one and one make two.
But when these two are join'd in one,
Douglas. Sweet thought! no more to sever!
O, then, the bliss of life's begun
To live, and love for ever.
Thus together
Cares a feather,
And feathers will lightly flee.
essie. Yet oft 'twill hap
They'll stick to the cap,
And cares no feather to me.
Douglas. Yes, I'll be all you wish me dear,
Jessie. No doubt you're wond'rous clever
But there's my hand,
Douglas. ——— a fig for fear,
We'll live and love together.
Both Yes, there's my hand; my heart's sincere,
We'll live, AND LOVE together.

[*Exeunt through the palace gateway.*

SCENE THE FIFTH.

The Queen's Cabinet. She enters with an open letter in her hand, attended by her maids of honour.

Q. Mary. And writes he thus to me? the man whose vows
Have breathed the warmest, purest, tenderest love!
Traitor to every vow, with every breath
Mov'd to some new unheard-of, heedless folly.
Admit Earl Ruthven. He shall bear our answer,
[*Exit a maid of honour.*
Tho' I despise, and know him for a villain,
All access else to Henry is debar'd;
So is my court beset with factious barons.

Re-enter the Maid of Honour, introducing Ruthven, and retiring to the remaining attendants. Ruthven kneels.

Q. Mary. Ruthven, thy heart's presuming, whilst thy knee
Bends, as in mockery, to thy sovereign.
[*She waves her hand, and he rises.*
I know thee, Earl; know all thy turns and windings,
And trace thy brooding mind, thy subtle counsel
Through each ungenerous line, that stains this paper.
Ruth. Madam, enraged, your nobles one and all—
My duty urges that I speak it boldly—
I'll brook th' intrusion of this foreigner,
So much prefer'd before them in your favour;
And, with the King, cry loudly—banish him.
Q. Mary Shame on ye, shame; insulting, dangerous men:
False to your oaths, disloyal to your Queen.
Her throne you'd trample on, embroil her realm,
Sap the foundation of your bleeding country,
And, basely glorying in its downfall, triumph,
To gratify your individual ends;
Enrich yourselves, and gain your short-viewed purposes.
Rizzio is in your way. O yes, we know it,
Between our throne he stands, and its assailants.
Nor shall your malice reach, your hearts remove him.

Mary her sceptre's dearest privilege guards,
Choice uncontrol'd in council, servants, friends;
Tell Henry this, and caution him he note it.
Ruth. I must in all obey your majesty.
Q. Mary. Thus much the sov'reign, but the gentle wife,
Would soothe the apprehensions of her husband.
Too easily love pardons love's offences,
Else would proud scorn indignant meet this calumny,
And vindicate a Queen's, a matron's honour.
But mark me, Earl, for I'm compell'd to trust,
And sure 'twould glad my heart to find thee honest.
Bear him, he'll gladly hail the pledge, this ring,
[*Taking one from her finger.*
This bridal interchange, meets this his eye,
Are Alpine cliffs, are ocean's waves between us.
He's bound by every fond connubial vow
To taste not rests, to seek not recreation,
To suffer not the hindrance of a moment;
But on the wings of love, t' outstrip the winds
And gain the shelter of his Mary's arms.
We charge thee give it; charge thee on thine allegiance.
Ruth. (*Receiving the ring.*) Your Majesty commands my life, my honour.
Q. Mary. For Rizzio, would'st thou prosper, be his friend—
Nor shall ye longer hold him in contempt.
Already patents pass our kingdoms seal;
Our will, creates him Baron of the realm,
With grants that may uphold his rising honours.—
(*Ruthven starts.*
Commend us to the King—so speed thee well.

(*Presenting her hand to Ruthven, he kneels and kisses it, —she retires, preceded by her attendants, through a communicating door, back of the scene, which is closed after her.*)

RUTHVEN, (*alone.*)

Ruth. Rizzio ennobled! first may Ruthven perish;
This act, base miscreant! doubly seals thy doom.
The ring shall be withheld 'till all's accomplished.
My rival towers—he climbs to court his fate.
Well; be it so. Be his the sculptur'd monument

Baronial trophies; all that marble gives,
So that his mouldering dust receive the homage.
They say the minstrel's lyre is sympathetic—
Rizzio's—Methinks I hear it—sounds his requiem. [*Exit.*

SCENE THE SIXTH.

CONCERTED.

A Forest—Hunters advance in groups through the trees.

CHORUS OF HUNTERS.

Hark forward, hark Jowler! the Stag is in view,
Hark forward, he flags; cheer the dogs and pursue.
He labours, hark to him; he's panting for breath,
They close on, they seize him; huzza, for the death.
[*Exeunt, crossing over.*

SYMPHONY.

Enter, agitated and looking about for Rizzio—GEORGE DOUGLASS.

George Douglas.

What, Rizzio! where is he? he falls in the snare,
Beware of the King, and of Ruthven beware.

Enter M'WYLIE.

M'Wylie.

George Douglas, where past he? did'st see him?

George Douglas.

——————————— Not I —

M'Wylie.

Thy dirk.---Be resolved. In pursuit let us fly.

George Douglas. (*aside.*)

I'll save him, or perish

M'Wylie. (*looking out.*)

——————— on this side he past,
I see him. He comes.—On your guard and stand fast.
[*They retire behind the trees.—A spirited passag*

Enter RIZZIO.

SONG. (*Rizzio.*)

What jocund delight! hark, the cry of the hounds,
Up the Burn, down the Brae, see they sweep;
Ruddy health leads the chase, glade and valley resounds,
While echo reverberates deep.
The hounds and the horns, and the hunter's shrill cries,
In spirited cadence of music, arise.
All nature joins chorus; the forest resounds
To the hunters, the horns, and the cry of the hounds!

KING HENRY, RUTHVEN, *and Attendants entering take up the last two lines in the Chorus:*

"All nature joins chorus," &c. &c.

They gradually approach, and crowd round Rizzio

M'Wylie, (significantly.)

Our game is before us, be ready—he dies!
(*Attempting to stab Rizzio behind*

Douglas, (*watching him.*)

At bay he beholds, and his hunters defies!
(*Appearing, also, to strike at Rizzio, beats down M'Wylie's dirk.*)

Rizzio, (*who had been looking out, as at the hunters in pursuit.*)
They lose him, at fault!—he has taken the Burn.

M'Wylie, (*significantly to the King and Suite.*)

They're still on his foot, and the scent will return.

King Henry and Ruthven, (*significantly.*)

Away then, hark to him; hark forward! he dies
By force, or by cunning; by stealth, by surprise!
[*Exeunt King Henry and Suit*

Douglas, (*apart to Rizzio.*)

Away, for your life!—from the forest, away—
Not the Stag, but yourself, they are holding at bay.

Rizzio starts, significantly shews that he understands George Douglas; appears to be going on the side

where M'Wylie stands, then abruptly turning round, retires quickly by the other. George Douglas, observing M'Wylie to be following, makes a feint, as if to detain Rizzio, and interrupts M'Wylie. At the instant a bugle sounds.

Douglas.

Hark! the King---

Douglas and M'Wylie.

——————— He recals us, his pleasure to know---
Enough; tho' deferr'd, not less certain the blow.

Bugle repeated.—Re-enter HUNTERS.

CHORUS OF HUNTERS.

The bugle resounding, shrill Echo replies,
Success crowns the Chase, for the Stag is our prize.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Interior of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood-House; Gothi with carved Oak Archways, or Galleries above.—Th middle Aisle, in the Gloom of Twilight.—An Antiqu Organ, centrically placed, the Keys towards th Choir, at the back of the Stage.—A Communicatio between the upper Gothic Archways and the Orga Loft, under which is the Entrance to the Choir, b folding Doors.

Enter RIZZIO, *(in his Cloak.)*

Riz. Henry withdraws from Court; his mind diseased
And Douglas hints mysteriously at danger.
I am apprised of subtle Ruthven's plans:
Hither he leads the King, when evening glomes,
To plot in solitude.
He thinks all safe and secret in these aisles,
The hallow'd habitation of the dead!
But living witnesses shall burst upon him,
The private entrance gives me ample means,
The bards and minstrels at my wish assemble,
And music's powers, the gift of Heaven itself,
Shall rouse his guilty conscience.———
Hark! they come.

(*He retires; and, on the opposite side,* KING HENRY *and* RUTHVEN *enter, concealed in their cloaks, o plaids.*)

K. Hen. Thou hast not yet reported Mary's answer;
Give it me, word for word. Is Rizzio banished?

Ruth. In all things, Sire, she doth commend herself
Unto your Majesty most lovingly.
As touching Rizzio,
She has found him honest ever—wond'rous honest;
A very trusty and right able counsellor;—
Should she unjustly banish him, 'twere sure

To take a brilliant jewel from her crown.
And marvel, then, it lack'd its genuine splendour.

(Here RIZZIO *is seen between the Aisle-Pillars, listening to their discourse.)*

K. Hen. That miscreant slave, a jewel in her crown!
By all my wrongs 'tis clear she loves the minion.
Ruth. For me *to think* so much, my Liege, were treason;
True, that his lyre breathes only amorous lays.
And, as its strains in dying numbers float,
The undulating zephyr's sigh forth Mary!
K. Hen. (*Starting*) Mary, for ever Mary! durst he thus
Make her the theme of his licentious song:
Encouraged not her wanton smile his boldness?
Ruth. What's in a name, my Liege? the Muse invokes it,
The minstrel raptures swell,—and all's ideal.
K. Hen. Must I, then, doubt my ears? deny my senses?
Ruth. One thing I'd fain conceal, but 'tis impossible;
The fact would force thro' thousand poisoning channels.
E'en while I speak it now, its utt'rance *choaks me:*
With grants of land, he takes his seat a Baron!
K. Hen. Ha! said'st thou?—He—that abject wretch a Baron!
To sit and beard, and taunt me in the council!
Perish the slave! No more procrastinate.
My soul's athirst.—His base, ignoble blood
Will barely slake its deep impatient vengeance.
Ruth. We pause, my Liege, but to mature our plans.
The tiger thus, insidious, marks his prey;
Retires, and eyes him at a wary distance.
Prowls unobserved in covert of the brake,
No wild impatience baulking his pursuit,
With rapid glance he marks his 'vantage-ground;
Collects his force, and springs at last securely.
K. Hen. By all my wrongs, I will no longer spare him.
Here, Ruthven, take my dagger.

(Giving one richly ornamented.)

See that it make acquaintance with his heart.
In this I honour him; his abject blood
Rests on a Monarch's blade.—A dread example
To all aspiring fools who climb to ruin.

The eagle's eye alone may brave the sun,
In its fierce blaze of full meridian splendour.

(During this speech, RIZZIO, *in his cloak, having disappeared from the aisle, is seen gliding from behind the upper part of one of the gothic archways round to the Organ Loft, and, as the King concludes, he strikes the keys.—A Prelude, to the Organ accompaniment.*

RIZZIO *unobserved.*

RECITATIVE.

Tremble when guilty thoughts arise,
Tremble! an Eye unseen pervades,
The only good are only wise,
Heaven wills! Man's art, man's treachery fades!

(The KING *and* RUTHVEN *stand momentarily awe-struck.)*

Ruth. (Recovering his presence of mind, and drawing his dagger) 'Tis Rizzio's voice;—Fate gives him to our daggers,
And Scotland and her Monarch are aveng'd.

(All is, for an instant, dark; they are rushing towards the Organ Loft, when, on a sudden burst from, or peal on, the Organ, the Choir behind it becomes suddenly illuminated.)

SONG.

(In Parts.—Organ accompaniment.)

(Bards, within, commencing PIANO.)

The heart exalt to Heaven in praise;
The Great First-Cause; the *only* Good!
The voice in adoration raise,
And bow the knee in gratitude.

(The folding doors of the Choir are thrown open, and [their song continuing] the Bards, bearing lighted torches, advance in procession. — The Orchestre takes up the music.—The KING *and* RUTHVEN *fold themselves in their cloaks, lean against the nearest pillows, and, as the Bards approach, retire; concealing their faces.—The procession reaches the front, and the Scene closes.)*

SCENE THE SECOND.

Rizzio's Study, Holyrood House.

Enter RUTHVEN *and* GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Doug. I do assure you, my Lord, my master has been with the Cabinet Council, on urgent business, this half hour.

Ruth. Am I to wait and dance attendance, then,
With grooms and laqueys?——
Yes: we have seen his bold unblushing front.
Pass him at once into the Cabinet;
When I, when Morton, the Lord Chancellor,
Were barr'd the presence! Is it be be borne?
Fellow! thou'rt in his secrets—art thou not?

Doug. That's a secret, my Lord; sink or swim, goes to the bottom with me. (*Bowing.*

Ruth. Insolent!

Doug. No, my Lord; only *faithful*—and in that I have the honour to imitate my master.

Ruth. I understand thee. Faithful to his love—
To Mary Livingstone, who smiles on him.

Doug. Does she? Well, that's good news, at any rate; A bridal fete would make Auld Reekie rock again!—Such lilting and footing!—Hieland reels and strathspays! —Don't you think, my Lord, the Queen will give us a ball?

Ruth. Peace, varlet!—mark me—and tell Rizzio this:
Our land of flood and mountain *likes him not;*
Fitter he seek his soft Italian skies.
Say I advise him thus.——And say too—mark me—
Be't at his peril he disdains my warning!
[*In a menacing tone.—Exit.*

Doug. Whew! A storm in a puddle!—But we may as well look to the tackle, and make yare the ship. Oh! here is my master.

Enter RIZZIO.

Well, Sir! the Noble Earl, your rival, this moment gone, has left you as pretty a piece of advice—with as pretty a

threat at the end on't—as you could wish for. If you dont set off directly for Italy, you are—Stay !—(*imitating him.*) "Be't at his peril he disdains my warning !"

Riz. Opprobious Lord ! I blush for your oppression.—
If crime attach, denounce me to your courts;
Let my head answer it, on proof of guilt---
But 'till there's proof, the laws maintain me innocent.

Doug. Aye; and, thank Heaven for it; our laws protect equally the Scotchman, the Italian, and the Englishman. [*Exit.*

Riv. I sink not with the spirit
That warm'd, in early day my native land,
When *Rome*, triumphant, sway'd a prostrate world !
Her rise, unparallel'd; her vast renown
Commensurate only with her fall. Debas'd,
Enervate, through luxuriant ease !
O ! for a muse of fire ! to burst her chains,
Rekindle honour's flame, and rouse to glory !

* SONG.

I.

Rouse, ancient spirit of the land !
Whose eagle built on freedom's tree;
Where conquering Cæsar bore command,
And Cato died for liberty !
Rouse, Italians, rouse ! redeem the story
Of ancient worth---of laurell'd glory !

II.

Rouse from thy dream to virtue's fires,
For syren-song whom graces crown;
Strike bolder chords than love requires,
Deep diapasons of renown !
Rouse, &c.

III.

"Rouse, by Cimmerian darkness bound !
"Inglorious sloth thy ruin seals:
"Oppression's frowns thy hopes confounds,
"And o'er thy fame oblivion steals.
"Rouse, &c."

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE THIRD.

Queen Mary's Apartments.—She enters, with LADY MARY LIVINGSTONE.

Q. Mary. Nay, cheer thee, sweet one! hence these sad forebodings:
Thy bridal hour, on pleasure's roseate wing,
Come breathing odours round;
The sun, with rising splendour hails thy nuptials;
The laverock thrills to Heaven's gate. Nature smiles,
Yet still the tear stands glistening in thine eye.

L. Mary. Afford us, gracious Queen! thy high protection—
Or thy poor servant's lost!

(*Is about to kneel. The Queen, affected, raises, and embraces her.*)

Ruthven pursues me, with remorseless hate,
For unrequited love. He vows revenge.
Ah, me! I fear my promis'd hopes are futile!
Joy's page is turn'd, and Sorrow's will be read!

Q. Mary, (*softened*) Wert thou like me, thou might'st indeed be troubled.——
O! of her sex the weakest, Scotland's Queen
Caught, like the love-sick girl, by outward shew,
To take the tinsel glittering foil for gold;
Impatient petulence, for warmth of heart;
Rashness, for noble daring; pride, for spirit;
And, deaf to reason's voice, and blind to truth,
Regard as virtue, every vice of Darnley

L. Mary. I rest not on my couch, but dream of murders!
The ruffian smile will never from my mind!
The scornful finger points at Rizzio's corse,
And seas of rising blood roll dark between us!

Q. Mary. Mere idle phantasies! Exert thy reason.
The slightest movement of a Monarch's anger
Would crush the trembling traitor to the ground.
Guilt makes the coward: he would crouch before us.
A tower of strength our name.—Let that assure thee,
And chase those gems of grief. Smile on thy lover.

(*Rizzio looks in, and perceiving the Queen, is about to withdraw---she restrains him.*)

Nay, draw not back; thy presence suits our leisure.
We would acknowledge, and reward thy service.
Thy new creation but awaits the seal:—
An act of common justice to thy merits—
More will we grant, when once assured the means,
And raise thee to the pinnacle of fortune.

Riz. Alas! my Queen, a dangerous elevation!
The wise man dreads it—to the unwise 'tis ruin.
Such as his fate, who aim'd to guide the sun,
Deserves thy servant, were his heart ambitious.
An humbler sphere be mine!---O! might I name it!---
The gentle Lady Mary bade me hope. (*He kneels.*

Q. Mary. She's thine, my friend! we give her to thee freely. (*Rizzio rises.*
Twice is bestow'd the gift, when granted soon!
This evening be thy bridal. (*Joining their hands.*
Nay, thank not here; for we must play the tyrant.---
And claim thy councel in our Cabinet:
Letters from England's Court demand perusal.
We rob thee, dearest, of some happy minutes,
To make those happier still when love restores him.
Meantime, see thou the bards and minstrels marshal'd
Our prize Harp, ready for the victor's lay.
We'll give thee, girl, a fete thy beauty merits.
(*Retires into her Cabinet,* RIZZIO *attending.*

L. Mary. (*alone.*) Away with doubt and fear; my heart beats lightly;
My bosom's tranquillized, my hopes are crown'd.

BRAVURA.

Yes! before was thy love my delight.
When obscure was accounted thy name;
Now thine honour, refulgently bright,
Gilds thy virtues, thy truth, and thy fame.

My dreams will be dreams of the blest,
My joys how substantial and pure!
My bosom no longer opprest,
With terrors too great to endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE FOURTH.

An Apartment in Holyrood House,

Enter M'WYLIE *and* GEORGE DOUGLAS.

M'Wyl. Haud your tongue, haud your tongue; you have play'd booty with us, and broke your word of honour.

Doug. And dare you profane the name of honour; you, who would barter your niece's hand for blood! Consent, this instant, that Jessie shall be mine, or——

Jes. (*entering.*) I'll go to my Lady, tell her all I know; she'll go to the Queen, and tell her; and I need not tell *you* what will be the consequence to yourself, uncle.

M'Wyl. (*alarmed.*) Bide a wee—and after a'—weel ken ye baith—I dar na hang back when the chief commands—Wha bides in Scotland a disgrace to his clan?—The Queen! Niece, niece, ye'd no be sae unnatural.

Doug. Unnatural! isn't it natural enough that she should follow the example of her dear *upright* uncle, and make all *sure?* So if you hesitate, run to your Lady at once, Jessie.

M'Wyl. Bide a wee—give me a little breathing time.

Doug. Give, give, give! is the burden of your song for ever; you old horse-leech; *give* for once yourself—that is—your CONSENT, the farm, and all the etcetera; or——

M'Wyl. Ye're sae hasty.—I were thinking——

Doug. So was I, and the subject was marriage or hanging; so if you don't give your consent to the one, prepare for the other; that's what I call "*multum in parvo*," or coming to the point.

M'Wyl. It's no' a point to contest I see, I've nae help for't—and I'll sign and seal. Jessie, Jessie, ye're a jade, a vixen! there's my comfort; ye'll gar him wish himsel at the Deil in a fortnight, and blow his brains out, if he has any, at the years end. About it, Lassie, about it—and my Benison t'ye. Geordie, I gie ye joy!

[*Exit—sneering at them.*

Doug. An old scoundrel, to prophesy such—but hang him, Jessie, we've carried our point; and I set horns, aye and tongues, too, at defiance; tho' women's tongues, you know, proverbially sound in our ears.

Jes. So do music, and a great many other agreeable things.

* DUET.

Jessie. Women's tongues, they greet the ears
Like the music of the spheres;
Like soft flutes to love-tunes going,
Douglas. Rather like harsh trumpets blowing.
Jessie. Like the harp, when play'd *piano.*
Douglas. Like the bag-pipes play'd *Soprano!*
Jessie. Like, as the lutes soft melting's come,
Douglas. Like, as at fairs, the fiddles strum.
Jessie. Hold, hold, hold!
Douglas. When they scold,
O, then they're like the double drum
Jessie. Like linnets singing.
Douglas. Like bells a ringing.
Jessie. But when for a wedding they ring?
Doug. That alters the case,
For, I vow on this place
By that pretty face!
No music so sweet you can bring.
Both. Then let's get married so merrily,
All harmony concert and glee!
No music a gamut has verily
Like sweet MARRIAGE MUSIC for me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

The Picture Gallery Holyrood-house, furnished with a long series of the old Scottish King's Portraits, and arranged for a Banquet, brilliantly lighted.—QUEEN MARY *on her Throne, in her Robes of State, and crowned—attended by her Court*—RIZZIO *seated opposite—the Bards present—The Prize Harp conspicuously seen—and the table served.*

* FINALE.

Chorus of Bards.

Strike the lyre!
The song inspire
Hail thee Queen, with love and duty!
Hail the day,
Homage pay
To sov'reign worth and peerless beauty.

SONG AND QUARTETTE.

(Rizzio and Bards.)

MRS. OPIE'S WORDS.

Caledonia's daughter fair
Rich in braids of yellow hair,
And in eyes than stars more bright,
Beaming now with azure light;
Hark! for you the minstrel prays!
Bless them, Heaven, with cloudless days!
Bid around each beauteous brow,

Happy love's bright roses glow!
Rizzio round the world has gone,
Eager all its joys to prove;
And to him this truth is known;

Life's a blank unblest by love.
Caledonia's daughters fair,
Rich in braids of yellow hair,
And in eyes of glossy blue
Thus your minstrel prays for you.

* SONG.

Freedom, the hardy Thistle sought,
In Scotia's clime she found it.
From Papho's isle the Rose she brought
And planted guardian Thistles round it.

CHORUS.

Thus, while Scotia's brave sons her paladium compose
Their shields wear the Thistle, their bosom the Rose

Q. Mary. Bards of the court, and minstrels of the border,
Whose varied lays have soothed your sovereign's cares,
As dews and sun-beams raise the drooping flowers,
Whether to chivalrous deeds aroused the lyre,
Or, in soft-breathing strains, attun'd to love,
In each, in all, in every change successful;
Returning to your native regions, bear
Our warmest thanks, our warmest admiration;
Adjudge yourselves the victors prize of song.
Be his, who gains, to animate the Harp;
Sweep with a master hand its fervid chords,
Thrill once again, with melody, the heart
Assuage its anguish, and restore its ease
Chief Bard. Rizzio, the chief of song, hath taught our lays
A polish, known but to his southern climate.
Unanimous to him, the minstrel stranger,

The bards of Caledon adjudge the prize.
Invest his brow with the victorious laurel,
Hail him their chief, and crown him as their masters

[*He delivers a Laurel-Wreath to Rizzio, who, receiving it from him, and keeping it in his hand, makes obeisance to, and addresses the Queen in*

RECITATIVE.

Rizzio.

In Superstition's gloomy day,
The victim, thus with garlands bound,
In Molock's blood-stained temple lay,
For sacrifice, with chaplets crown'd.

* SONG.

O, Scotia, I swear, by thy nature so brave,
For thee I ne'er harbour'd deceit;
My hand for thy glory would cling to the glaive,
As my heart, for thine honour would beat.
That heart abhorr'd ever to thy trust to bewray'
That hand never grasp'd at thy spoil,
And perish the man who a land would betray,
When fed ON THE BREAD of its soil.

Q. Mary. Fear nothing, Rizzio; by my throne I swear
Against the world in arms; thy Sovereign guards thee.
Approach us, honoured in our presence ever
Rule at our board, and regulate our banquet.

[*As he is approaching the Queen's Table the sound of clashing armour is heard without. The characters look round disturbed; a Page runs in breathless and agitated, pointing to the back scene.*]

Page. Treason!

Rizzio (abruptly.)—one strong Chord—no Symphony.

* SONG.

They come, they come, the die is cast!
Yet guilt has ne'er undone me;
Revenge has found his prey at last,
And murder glares upon me.

* SONG.

Rizzio—No symphony.

Save me, O save me from their swords
For life—for life I cry!
Give me the shield thy power affords
Or, innocent, I die.

[*Further clashing of arms heard.*

The Queen descends from her Throne and Rizzio catches her robe. King Henry, Ruthven, and the conspirators rush on through the centre door, in complete armour, their faces concealed by their vizors—Lady Mary Livingstone faints.

Q. Mary. Hence! on your allegiance hence, or dread
The sentence of your daring; Traitors hence!

[*The Characters in confusion come forwards.*

K. Hen. (*taking off his helmet*) Behold your king! his voice commands submission.
Rebel! against the state, against mine honour,
Loose thy infernal hold.

[*Snatching the Queen's robe out of Rizzio's hand, he throws his arm round her waist, and holds her fast; while the conspirators tear Rizzio away, and drag him through the centre door,—Ruthven directing.*

Q. Mary. Guards there; my guards!
——————— haste;—fly to save him.

[*King Henry interposes.*

L. Mary. (*recovering*) Where is my husband, Rizzio.

[*Throwing herself on her knees.*

——————— Gracious Queen!
Your promise! O, protection for my husband!
K. Hen. (*releasing the Queen*) Her husband!
L. Mary. ——— Rizzio! Yes, he *is* my husband.
K. Hen. A dreadful, horrid mystery clears before me.
Conviction flashes on my tortur'd mind.
Hold, Ruthven, hold! hold thy assassins hand.

[*Rushing thro' the centre door.*

L. Mary. Quick, let me pass.

[*They endeavour to prevent her.*

Death only bars my way——

[*following, finds the door locked*

Q. Mary. Preserve him, Heaven! but, falls he by their daggers
Dread, Ruthven, dread the laws avenging sentence.
The innocent blood cries from the ground against thee,
And justice strikes, and mercy flies abhorent.

[*The centre door is thrown open—Rizzio seen mortally wounded—Lady Mary sinks in agony beside him—Ruthven is held a prisoner—The king absorbed in remorse.—The Queen faints—and, to a striking tablean representing* THE DEATH OF RIZZIO—*the Characters grouping appropriately,*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

FINIS.

W. Flint, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street.

Zuma;

OR,

THE TREE OF HEALTH:

AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1818.

(THE MUSICK BY MR. BISHOP AND MR. BRAHAM).

BY T. DIBDIN,

Author of the Mouth of the Nile, Jew and Doctor, Birth-Day, Naval Pillar, Five Thousand a-Year, School for Prejudice, Cabinet, Family Quarrels, English Fleet, Will for the Deed, Thirty Thousand, Il Bondocani, Guilty or not Guilty? Five Miles Off, Harlequin's Hoax, Two Faces under a Hood, White Plume, What next? Past Ten o'Clock, St. David's Day, Horse and the Widow, Princess and no Princess, Don Giovanni, Vicar of Wakefield, Tom Jones, Metrical History of England, &c. &c. &c. &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

To that liberal Public which has sanctioned so many of the Author's attempts, he ventures to say, in defence of his *intentions* with regard to the present Opera, that it has been so transformed, transposed, and altered in various ways, for the sake, no doubt, of improved musical subjects and situations, that it may be not improperly compared to the production of a provincial Scene Painter, who having commenced the representation of a grove, was so assailed with hints, commands, and advice from every part of the Theatre, that in consequence of unavoidable acquiescence with all, his intended landscape became a street.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Carlo di Cinchona (Viceroy of Lima), ...	Mr. Abbott.
Doctor Bonoro, ...	Mr. Fawcett.
Picquillo (a young Spaniard),	Mr. Liston.
Sancho, (a Valet in the Palace),	Mr. Denning.
Cæsar, (a Black Servant), ...	Mr. Blanchard.
Ximeo, Father of Mirvan, ...	Mr. Chapman.
Mirvan, (Husband of Zuma), } Indians	Mr. Braham.
Azan, (Mirvan's Enemy), } Indians	Mr. Isaacs.
Zamorin, (a Child, Son of Mirvan and Zuma), ...	Miss Boden.
Zegro, } *Peruvians*, ...	Mr. King.
Guatamoxin, } *Peruvians*, ...	Mr. Penn.
Garcia, } *Peruvians*, ...	T. Matthews.
Zoro, } *Peruvians*, ...	Miss Healy.
Oriana, (the Vice Queen), ...	Miss Foote.
Beatrice, (her Duenna), ...	Mrs. Davenport.
Inisilla, } *Attendants on the Vice*	Miss Matthews.
Clara, } *Queen*, ...	Mrs. Sterling.
Zuma, (Wife of Mirvan), ...	Miss Stephens.
Chinchilla, (beloved by Picquillo),	Mrs. Garrick.

Spanish Ladies, &c. &c.
Female Indians, &c. &c.

SCENE—*Lima.*

PERIOD—*About the Year* 1640.

ZUMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A romantic Valley, surrounded by Mountains—In the Centre, the Quinquina Tree, *on which the Moon shines, so as to make it the principal object in the Scene. A peep at the Sea, between the Hills, in the distance.*

CHINCHILLA *and* ZORO *discovered.*

GLEE.

Chin. The silver queen, whose cheerful ray
Illumes the stream with seeming day,
Can warm this wakeful, anxious breast,
To meet my love, when others rest.
Zoro. By yon pale moon, the signal soon
Chin. Shall sound no longer drearily.
Zoro. Ere night is done, ere morning sun,
Both. Then will the shell sound cheerily.

AZAN *and* ZEGRO *Enter.*

Azan. When the fire-fly lights his cold, pale lamp,
And the storm-bird sleeps on the sedgy swamp;
When the moon-beams o'er the waters play,
Then will our tribe no longer stay.
Chin. By yon pale moon, the signal soon
No more shall sound so drearily!
Azan. Ere night is done, ere morning sun,
All. Then will the shell sound cheerily!

[*Exeunt* Azan, Zegro, *and* Zoro.

Chin. I'm glad they're gone. I expect my dear Picquillo here; and tho' its my duty to hate all Spaniards, there can't be much harm in loving one out of ten thousand.

Enter PICQUILLO.

Oh! Picquillo! my dear friend, how truly do I long for the time when day-light may smile upon our mutual affection.

Picq. You don't long for it more than I do, my dear Chinchilla! besides, I have a few of my country's prejudices, and in Spain, we should think meeting by moonlight is—is—

Chin. Is what?

Picq. Indecorous!

Chin. And what's indecorous?

Picq. Meeting by moonlight.

Chin. Nay, now, you are ever taking advantage of my simplicity.

Picq. And if ever I *do* take advantage of thy simplicity, may the tortures which some of my rascally forefathers inflicted upon *thine*, be doubled upon *me*.

Chin. Alas! it is to the remembrance of those cruelties we owe the hatred of my brother to your race. If he knew I loved a Spaniard, I should be burnt alive.

Picq. And if my poor Spanish Aunt, Donna Beatrice Leonora Gusmano Alfiera Superba Gonfaliera, Duenna to the Viceroy's Lady, knew I was enamoured of an Indian, she'd be as hot as an Auto de Fe.

Chin. Why, Picquillo?

Picq. She'd say you had bewitched me. There's a Tree grows somewhere in this country, from which you Indians extract slow poison, and she'd think you gave me some of that—'tis said the old Viceroy died of it; and though my master, the new Viceroy, and his Lady, have done all they can to make your people happy, the Vice-Queen is lingering under a malady that baffles the skill of all our physicians, and we cannot help suspecting—

Chin. Who, me?

Picq. Thee, my Peruvian Pickaninny? Oh, no! you saved my life from the fury of your brother,

Azan; besides, I have heard you females are not entrusted with the power of doing mischief till you marry.

Chin. And then we are also entrusted with a remedy for it;—one tree produces the poison; another the cure.

Picq (Pointing to the Quinquina). One tree produces the poison— that tree, for instance, I suspect that tree,—there's such a pestilential sort of prettiness about it.

Chin. Are all pretty things so dangerous?

Picq. I hope not; for if thou wert ever so dangerous, thou shouldst kill me with kindness, to prevent my dying for love.—*(A hollow blast, as if of a shell, is heard).*—What's that?

Chin. The signal of some nightly meeting of our countrymen, at which it is death for any unsummoned to be present.

Picq. Let's get out of their way.

Chin. But whither: they come on all sides; if I pass them alone, they will not notice me; but should they see a Spaniard—

Picq. They'll cut his throat—well, they shall not see a Spaniard if I can help it—is there no hole? no hiding place? The foliage of this tree is thick, and may protect me—it isn't poison, is it?

Chin. Oh no; but should you move—

Picq. They'll think the branches are shaken by the wind, and an ill wind it was that blew me hither—

Chin. To meet me, Picquillo?

Picq. No, to—*(Shell).*—By St. Jago, I shall be too late! I came from Spain to get promotion—it was foretold my rise would be rapid; but when a man gets up in the world so suddenly, the danger of his fall is double.

(He ascends the Tree while speaking).

Enter AZAN.

Azan. Sister, why remain upon this sacred spot? do you not respect our ceremonies?

Chin. I don't know—you never asked me yet to see them.

Azan. Heard you not the sacred shell?

Chin. Yes.

Azan. And would you stay?

Chin. Yes, if you'd give me leave.

Azan. Curious sex! this is to us an interesting spot; is there not something in that tree attracts you?

Chin. Yes; is it wise to make a secret of it?

Azan. Certainly, when you are married I will be the first to offer you the advantages it contains.

Chin. And then I shall be very much obliged to you.

Azan. Till then be patient—away! and remember 'tis your duty to hate all Spaniards.

Chin. I remember. (*Going*).

Azan. Stay—I have some reason to suspect you. Swear there is no Spaniard on Peruvian ground, for whom you feel affection.

Chin. I swear there is no Spaniard on Peruvian ground with whom I am in love.

Azan. Your thoughts should be higher.

Chin. They are.

Azan. And you will never alter?

Chin. No; I shall always think as I do at present.

March—Piano.

[*Exit* Chinchilla.

(*March continues during a Picturesque Entré of Indians, Male and Female, headed by* Ximeo *and* Mirvan—*the rear closed by* Thamiro—*they form a Semi-circle at the back of the Tree, and down the sides of the Stage* —Zuma *and her Son, led by* Mirvan, *are in front).*

Chorus commencing in a sort of whisper, and swells by a gradual Crescendo, to a burst of grandeur and terrific effect.

MARCH *and* CHORUS.

Soft let the Lamla* sound,
To guide our cautious feet,
And then each tribe around,
The muffled Bambam beat.

Pass the word in accent low,
Unheard by proud, oppressive foe!
Here, from prying traitors far,
Loud proclaim the future war.

After the Chorus, XIMEO *comes forward.*

Ximeo. Friends! a new tyrant is sent from the land of our detested invaders, to reign over our once rich cities and fertile provinces. Let us repeat our oaths of just revenge!—Alas! we dare utter them only where we are surrounded by darkness! Unhappy Children of the Sun! we are reduced to conceal ourselves amidst the shades of night. Let us, Mirvan, renew around the Tree of Health, the awful contract which binds us to conceal its secret virtue.

Chorus. By fell Pizarro's guilty fame!
By murder'd Montezuma's name!
The dreadful oath shall be—

Mirv. We swear never to discover to the Children of Europe, the divine and healing qualities of this only treasure which remains to us! The pulverized bark of this sacred Tree is a powerful and universal remedy for the evils of our climate, which Europeans never must partake!

Chorus.

By all our wrongs, and by the blast
On which revenge shall come at last,
The dreadful oath shall be—

Ximeo. Should a traitor arise among us, we swear to pursue and exterminate him, tho' he should be our parent, our brother, or our son! We swear to pursue in him, his wife, his children, that his guilty race may cease for ever to exist!

* The Author has most respectfully to apologize for this and other imaginary names of Peruvian Musical Instruments.

Azan. Should there be an Indian capable of betraying us, he shall perish, were the partner of his heart beautiful as her whose hand I seize; were his offspring lovely as the infant she caresses, yet would I plunge this dagger in their hearts.

(*With corresponding action he seizes the hand of* Zuma, *and points to her Child*—Mirvan, *surprized and agitated, interposes*).

Mirv. Azan, it is possible to fulfil a duty without possessing your ferocity—no one here is capable of perjury—your menaces therefore excite no terror, and are useless. We all know, that in excuse for cruelty, *you* never want a traitor to pursue, or a crime to punish.

Azan. Let traitors only fear then. Mirvan, your wife is in favour with the Vice-Queen!—'tis said the Spanish dame is tainted by our climate, or haply, by our vengeance. Beware, lest Zuma dare deceive us, and administer that remedy which Heaven denies our enemies.

Mirv. Your jealousy, your disappointed passion—yes, envy of that day which gave her virtue to these grateful arms, would bid you gladly seize a feigned occasion to blight that love it was not yours to gain, and ruin him whom you could not supplant.

Ximeo. Mirvan, this heat, unguarded—

Mirv. Chief, I *know* the subject of my anger, and I know my *duty*;—to satisfy those minds in whom his zeal may raise a doubt of Zuma's truth, or my fidelity, here, at the altar of my country, I offer ye a sacred pledge—I offer you my child!

AIR—MIRVAN.

His dearest mother's joy;
His anxious father's pride,
This pledge, our much-lov'd boy!
We to your care confide.

(*To Zuma*).

Nor let a fear be felt by you,
For he is safe, while we are true.

(To the Child).

Adieu! my boy, adieu!
Your mother's speaking charms
Reflected thus in you,
I press within my arms!
His mother's dearest joy, &c. *(Da Capo).*

Zuma (*comes wildly forward*). Mirvan! my child!

Ximeo. Peace, daughter! we accept the sacred pledge. Zuma's attachment to the Vice-Queen, demands on her part, this test of firmness in her country's cause!

(Mirvan *embraces* Zuma, *and advances with dignity, leading his Son towards* Ximeo).

Mirv. Father of her I love, dear countryman! into thine honour'd care I give this child; as *we* act, deal with him. Thy stern virtue will, to our brethren, guarantee his death, should we be faithless; our loyalty will equally secure our darling's safety!

(Ximeo *takes the Child, and retires*).

[*Exeunt Indians.*

Zuma. Mirvan, from thee I little did expect this cruelty! Alas! you love not Zuma!

DUET.

Zuma. When shaded by yon spreading palm,
Your vows I first receiv'd,
The moon shone bright, the scene was calm,
And I those vows believ'd!
Mirvan!

Mirv. Nor think that time will e'er undo
That bond, which gave to me
This hand, for which my heart so true,
Will ever beat for thee!
Zuma!

Both. Then, by this hand so dear to me,
O! guard / I'll guard } our infant boy!
Depriv'd of love, of him, or thee,
Cou'd { Zuma, / Mirvan, } taste a joy!
Never!

[*Exeunt.*

XIMEO, AZAN, *and the Child.*

Ximeo. Azan, thy sullen humour disunites the band that binds us 'gainst the Spaniard.

Azan. Didst thou not promise Zuma should be mine?

Ximeo. I knew not then she was another's, Azan.

Azan. Yet the solemn vow you made, ne'er to forgive her union with the man you disapprove—

Ximeo. Was an impiety, which Heaven will absolve!—Believe me, Azan, the parent who shall to his child's love prove inexorable, when that love's placed upon an honest man, can never, when he supplicates the Gods, expect that mercy he denies his offspring.

Azan. And if that offspring should again offend, her hostage there—(*Pointing to the Child*).

Ximeo. Would perish by *her* act, not *mine;*—and hear, stern chief, this truth—the mind that sees a speck in every beauty, and ceaseless views each virtue with suspicion, should yield good proof that, inaccessible to mortal frailty, it never fell below the rigid line it dares prescribe to others!—Here is my daughter's child—what better surety would'st thou?—

Azan. Perish the means by which she might offend—Let instant fire consume, throughout the province, each Tree that—

Picq. Oh! oh! (*With suppress'd voice*).

Ximeo. What voice!—

Azan. Thy superstitious apprehensions only—and since thou failest in thy duty, learn that Azan dares in thy despite, to seize the justice that's denied him.

(Azan *runs to seize the Child*—Ximeo *interposes*).

Ximeo. Or quit the boy, or by the light of heaven—

(*Strikes at* Azan, *who is obliged to defend himself, and retreats fighting, till both are off—the Child, frightened, hides his face with both hands*—Picquillo *descends rapidly from the Tree*).

Picq. And if I remain to be broil'd among the branches of this spreading specific, may I lose all the useful knowledge I've gain'd! The pulverized bark of this sacred Tree, is a powerful and universal remedy, which shall make my fortune!—I've put some of it in my pocket.—Come to me, my pretty dear!—And now,

If I hav'nt picked up something worth carrying to the Viceroy, my name's not Picquillo!

(*Runs off with the Child*).

CHINCHILLA *Enters on the opposite side, goes to the foot of the Tree, and calls.*

Chin. Picquillo! Picquillo! the coast's quite clear, the moon's on the decline, and as the sun will soon be up, I'd have you come down as quick as possible. Why, he's fallen asleep sure—(*noise without*).—Ah! some one approaches!—We shall be discovered.—(*Retires*).

Re-enter XIMEO *hastily.*

Ximeo. So—I've tamed, I've humbled him; and now, my pretty little—Gone!—should he fall into that ruffian's hands—perhaps he has but wandered—Ah! Chinchilla! I revive—yes, yes, you've hid him—I forgive you—only tell me where.

Chin. (*Aside*). He means Picquillo!

Ximeo. No hesitation! speak!

Chin. I hid him in the Tree—I meant no harm—and now I come to look for him, he's gone!

Child. (*Without*). Mother! Mother!

Ximeo. It is his voice! it is his voice!

[*Exit, in great agitation.*

Chin. Well then, if it is his voice, I never knew any thing so much altered in all my life—no, that cannot be my Lover—Where has he fled? Picquillo! Picquillo! have you then left me?

AIR—CHINCHILLA.

O, where is my lover, so fickle and frail?
He vow'd he'd be constant to me;
Yet haply, now tells to another the tale,
Oft whisper'd near yonder lov'd tree!

Those dew-sprinkled branches by nature must fade,
Those blossoms will soon wither'd be;
But affection once plighted to man, or to maid,
Should prove firm as the root of the tree.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* SANCHO.

Sancho. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Iss, Massa.

Sancho. Don't you think you are highly honour'd, in being brought all the way from Spain to wait on me, who have the honour to wait on the Valet of the Gentleman of the Major Domo, who attends the Steward of our Lord the Viceroy, who represents His Majesty, who serves every body?

Cæsar. Iss, Massa; some poor man get but one Massa—Cæsar got great many, all top o'one t'other, like stairs from the kitchen to the grand saloon.

Sancho. True; and how dost thou like this country, Cæsar?

Cæsar. Fine place!—all gold!—but poor devil people—no black and white, like you and me, poor tings—all brown and red—bad colour, and no Christian.

Sancho. No Christians! no religion!

Cæsar. No, not even black man's; know no more of Benamuckee dan they do of the Pope.

Sancho. Yet, they're as proud as Lucifer.

Cæsar. Bad ting, Massa—Cæsar hate pride—wou'dn't be one of dem poor people for all Spain.

Sancho. I hate pride myself—Get out, Cæsar—here's a lady coming, and I don't like to be seen in your company.

Cæsar. What, she!—Inisilla! she dam proud; only white chambermaid, and won't let Cæsar give her a kiss. (*Retires*).

Enter INISILLA.

Inis. Sancho!

Sancho. Signora!

Inis. I'm going out—attend me.

Sanch. Yes, Signora; Cæsar, my hat and sword. (*Consequentially*).

Cæsar. Iss, Massa.

Inis. No matter—I've changed my mind—Her Excellency the Vice-Queen has ordered Donna Beatrice, her Duenna, to request me, to desire you would bid somebody tell them to fetch Doctor Bonoro.

Sancho. The Doctor is here, Signora.

Inis. I wonder Donna Beatrice will condescend to be waited on by those Indian slaves, as if we of the old world were not good enough.

Sancho. I flatter myself, Signora, that we are vastly superior.

Cæsar. Oh, iss! we—

Sancho. Hold your tongue, you black dog!

[*Exeunt* Sancho *and* Cæsar.

Inis. (*To* Sancho). Silence! Oh! that I had never left old Spain for the promised charms of this sad new world.

Enter Donna BEATRICE *preceded by Slaves with fans, and a Gentleman Usher, and led by Doctor* BONORO, *who is followed by three Servants, one bearing his hat, one his cloak, and a third, his cane.*—INISILLA *and* CÆSAR *bow most respectfully to her, which she slightly returns with a distant nod.*

Beat. I say, Doctor, it is against all form—the chamber of a Vice-Queen should never be entered even by a physician, until every grade of ceremony has been duly complied with.

Doctor. Permit me, however, to observe, most excellent Donna Beatrice, that Hippocrates was decidedly of opinion, that, should a patient be in such danger, that, if the trifling delay of knocking three times at nine different doors in the way to her chamber, might occasion death, it would be a pity not to dispense with ceremony, and save her life, even though she were a Vice-Queen.

Beat. And when did Signor Hippocrates say this?

Doctor. Two thousand years ago—added to which, it is somewhere mentioned by my old friend Galen, that if ladies in ill health walk too much by moonlight, the consequence may be fatal.

Beat. Her Excellency walk by moonlight without my attendance!—all wrong.

(*Muses, and talks to herself*).

Doctor. Very; for the cold exhalations of——

Beat. (*Abstractedly*). That favourite Indian hussey, who never quits her——

Doctor. May occasion an access of disorder, which——

Beat. Will one day or other turn me out of my office.

Doctor. And if she was to die in consequence——

Beat. I shoud'nt be in the least sorry for it.

Doctor. Madam!

Beat. Signor!

Enter ZUMA.

So, Zuma, it must be you, I imagine, who have been advising her Excellency to walk by moonlight.

Zuma. I am too humble to advise any one, and have not had the happiness of seeing the Countess to-night.

Beat. Indeed! and (*to* Zuma) how dare you be absent without my permission?

Zuma. I was honour'd with permission by the Countess.

Beat. (*To her Attendants*). Here's violation of form!—Inisilla, watch that dangerous woman, there's mischief in her—she's collecting poison in her eyes.—Doctor, question her closely, on what we lately spoke of, while I go and rebuke your patient in due form.

(Sancho *and* Cæsar *return*).

(*Exit* Beatrice, *led by her Gentleman Usher, preceded by her Slaves—*Zuma *leans melancholy against a pillar—the* Doctor *seems to fix his eye on her with a curious, but not unkind regard*).

Inis. Sancho! strictly observe every motion of that Peruvian; it is of the greatest consequence she should not be out of your sight, nor would I trouble you with the office, but that I know you are trust-worthy, and scorn to quit your post. [*Exit.*

Sancho. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Iss, Massa.

Sancho. Keep an eye on that girl—particular business calls me hence for an hour; but if you stir from this spot, I'll have you flay'd alive. [*Exit.*

Cæsar. Tank ye, Massa—my affair only take me *half* an hour, and I come back before you. [*Exit.*

(Zuma *and the* Doctor *advance towards each other*).

Zuma. (*timidly*). Signor, I have long wished to say something to you, of our dear mistress.

Doctor. The wish has been mutual, pretty Indian; I myself have, of late, felt something approximating to a sort of indication to converse on a most interesting subject, with the finest female specimen of—of the Indian species.

Zuma. Although taught much by the liberality of the Countess, I know too little to comprehend all that is said by gifted men like you; but tell me, and tell me truly, is the Vice-Queen in danger?

Doctor. Imminent!

Zuma. From what cause?

Doctor. (*looking earnestly at her*). Slow poison.

Zuma. Who is suspected?

Doctor. You—nay, not you alone, but every Indian in the palace—don't be alarm'd—means may be found to save her; if not, all her native attendants will stand a chance, as Donna Beatrice would say, in due form, to be strangled.

Zuma. Alas! there may be bad hearts; but we, who are about the Countess would die for her, for she's all goodness; and, in proportion as Indians love revenge, they never are ungrateful.—(*Taking his hand earnestly, he draws back—she recollects herself*).—Pardon! I had forgot myself.

Doctor. So shall I too, if I stay with such a sweet, charming——Pray, my dear, did you ever hear what Hierophilus has said on these matters?

Zuma. I hear nothing, see nothing, but the Countess's danger.

Doctor. Poor thing! she does not see her own;—that great man, my love, says, somewhere, I can't tell exactly where—that the idiosyncrasy of the body is connected with the state of the mind, for the health of which, virtue is the best physician. If you are innocent, a few drops of the spirit of conscious rectitude

will support you; and should you ever want a friend, command an old man, who has taken a liking to you, as Asclepiades, had he written on the subject, would have said; not so much because good folks speak well of you, as from having heard you abused by the envious and the wicked.

Zuma. Good! good man! for my innocence, I can only appeal to Heaven—on earth, I am deserted and alone.

AIR.—ZUMA*.

Hope disappearing,
No voice endearing,
With kindness cheering,
Where can I fly?
Oh! then believe me,
Pity, relieve me,
Poor Zuma!

Sorrows degrading,
Foes, stern, upbraiding,
Friends all unaiding,
Leave me to die!
Oh! then, believe me,
Pity, relieve me,
Poor Zuma!

[*Exit.*

Doctor. By the powers of Paracelsus, that girl has decomposed me. And she is suspected to be a hypocrite, while old Donna Beatrice, who never opens her mouth but to be wicked, (in due form), is held up as a prodigy of honour and integrity. Sweets do produce acids,—Caustics may produce comforts; but to call that Indian girl malignant, and the Christian lady good-natured, were to pronounce Assafœtida conserve of Roses. Poor, poor Zuma! the heart must be harder than a pestle and mortar, which could resist thy tears. Mine is made of softer materials, as my poor lost wife knew how to profit by.

* The irregularity of measure in several of the Songs, has been occasioned by adaptation of the words to Music; in lieu of retaining those better attempts at verse which belonged to, and grew out of the Story of the Piece.

SONG—Doctor.

Learned men,
Now and then,
Yield to very odd vagaries;
And, tho' grave,
Still I have
Whimsies of my own.
Palpitations,
Sweet sensations,
Skip about my heart like fairies.
Who, viewing
Beauty suing,
Can its power disown?
For learned men, &c.

By surprise,
Flora's eyes
Caught my fancy at Toledo;
When we wed,
Neighbours said,
"What a charming pair!"
Flora scolding,
Soon beholding
Nought to conquer me could she do,
Took to crying,
I complying,
Kiss'd the weeping fair.
For learned men, &c.

Flora died!
How I cried!
And I vow'd that I'd live single:
Some said, I,
With one eye
Cried, and laugh'd with t'other!
But Lucetta,
Who knew better,
Came, her sobs with mine to mingle;
Talk'd of Flora,
And wept o'er her,
Till we wed each other.
For learned men, &c.

SCENE III.

A beautiful Pavilion in a spacious Garden, by Moonlight.

The Countess *and her Ladies discovered—The* Countess *reclines on a Settee, the other Ladies are placed in elegant groups around, accompanying with Lutes and Guittars, a Dance of Indian Girls, who finish by offering Fruits and Flowers to the* Countess.

Count. Who are these little girls?

Clara. Children of your bounty, Lady; every sun that lights your palace, smiles on the prayers of these young innocents, who, by your goodness, learn not not only gratitude to you, but to that beneficent Power which animates your actions.

Count. (Coming forward). I could almost fancy the sight of their happiness more effective than the best arrangements of our worthy Doctor. Some countenances carry a charm with them—Where is Zuma?

Clara. I will seek her, Madam. [*Exit.*

Countess. The sight of her always does me good; indeed, I feel much better now; but there *are* faces, perhaps I am unjust, which, by their stern, and mortifying features—

(Attendant entering).

Attend. Donna Beatrice, your Excellency!

Countess. I am not so well again. *(Resumes her her seat).*

Enter Beatrice, *attended as before—she makes a profound reverence to the* Countess, *who, smiling, bows in return.*

Well, Governess?

Beat. Your Excellency beholds the humblest of your servants, who, with profound respect for your person, and reverence for your vice-regal state, most respectfully begs leave to say, that no lady ever acted with half so much imprudence as your Excellency.

On the part of your physician, I further take leave to observe—

Countess. I wish you would take leave, Beatrice, unless you could contrive to come in a pleasanter humour. I had just begun to be happy, and happiness leads to health.

Beat. Aye, when properly introduced; but health does not attend invitations by moonlight.

Countess. Well, in obedience to you and the Doctor, the kind arm of Zuma shall support me to the palace—Didn't some one go to fetch her?

Beat. Being under my protection, I have, with great respect for your Excellency, ventured to forbid her appoaching you this evening; her familiarity fatigues you.

Countess. You are too good—Poor Zuma!

Beat. Madam, there is not one of your Ladies but has observed the ascendancy which, by some magic fascination, she has gained over your Excellency.

Countess. My Ladies are much too condescending, and you are—

Beat. Yes, my Lady, I know too well what I am; *(Affecting tears)* and when your poor dear Lady mother died—

Countess. She left me to your care—but could she behold you, levelling the shafts of littleness and envy against a defenceless female, because I dare to love her, that Parent would resume the trust reposed, and turn with indignation from advisers who think my weakness equal to their own. *(Goes up).*

Beat. (*Crying*). Poor dear girl! I'm sure I love her as much as any one in the world—Speak, Ladies, did you ever hear me say, that ever I—

Ladies. Never! never!

Countess. Fie on your ready tongues! I have no power to rebuke you as I ought. Governess, your hand—be just, be kind, and you shall ever find your mistress so.

Beat. Somebody shall pay for this—in due form. *(Aside).*

(Trumpet).

Re-enter CLARA.

Clara. Madam, my Lord the Viceroy is arrived, and hastens to salute you.

(*Trumpets*).

Attendants with Torches precede the Count, *who enters, followed by Nobles, &c.*

Count. (*Runs to embrace the* Countess). My love! my dear Oriana! Two days' absence has seemed as many years. Our good physician delights me with the hope that you gain health and strength; and yet I learn'd with terror—(*embracing her*)—

Beat. Aye, aye, the Doctor has made some discovery from Zuma, and will do her business, though I can't. (*Aside*).

Countess. What was the object of your terror?

Count. That this time of evening is most dangerous—

Enter ZUMA.

—Beatrice, you and your Ladies have my thanks for thus assisting to amuse your Lady.

Beat. (*Half crying*). I'm sure I never was so happy in all my life, my Lord; and those dear little innocents, and Zuma, that darling Peruvian—I assure you, my Lord—

Count. I doubt not your sincerity, your honest tears proclaim it.—Come, love.

FINALE.

(*During the first Chorus the Indian Girls dance before the* Count *and* Countess, *who go off*, Beatrice *following*).

Zuma. Let the lively Banja play,
Let the voice of mirth resound,
While to measures light and gay
Nimble footsteps print the ground.

Chorus. Let the lively, &c.

(*During the Chorus*, MIRVAN *enters*, MIRVAN *apart, unobserved by all but* ZUMA, *in an under-tone*)—

Mirv. Zuma! dear Zuma! you must stay.
Zuma. My duty calls another way.

Mirvan (*in a short Recitative*).

If e'er your infant's life was dear,
A more imperious duty calls you here.

TRIO.

Mirvan.

While mirth, without alloy,
Here, in every breast may burn;
You must quit this scene of joy,
And with Mirvan quick return.

Together.

Tho' the lively Banja play,
Tho' the voice of mirth resound,
Zuma. } I
Mirv. } We } must to other scenes away,
Where perils dread our child surround.

Zuma and Inisilla.

Pleasures sweet without alloy,
Here, in ev'ry breast shall burn;
While we hail with purest joy
Our Lady's health, our Lord's return.

Chorus.

Let the lively Banja play,
Let the voice of mirth resound!
While to measures, light and gay
Nimble footsteps print the ground.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Rocky Pass—in front is the mouth of a Cave, near which is a large moveable Stone.

PICQUILLO *enters from the Cavern.*

Picq. There he lies, poor little boy, tired to death, lull'd to sleep with crying, and as ignorant of the road as I am; for in trying to avoid these rascally Indians, I've lost the only track I knew,—and how I shall carry the important secret I have learned, by the discovery of this wonderful medicine, to the Viceroy, and restore poor Zuma's boy, puzzles me not a little. This shady retreat, where I have sheltered him to sleep, secure from the beams of the rising sun, may also afford a siesta for myself; but if any wild animal should surprize me, mercy on us!

Enter CHINCHILLA.

—St. Jago be praised, its my dear Chinchilla—you look alarm'd.

Chin. My countrymen surround us, but I'll defend you. Why have you left the right path?

Picq. For fear of those very blood-thirsty rebellious Indians; but as they are thy countrymen, I'll not abuse them. A set of unreasonable fellows, who, when we Spaniards have come all the way from the old world to relieve 'em of their paltry gold, and make 'em happy, whether they will or no, have the intolerable impudence to be discontented.

Chin. Look, Picquillo, that cave is a branch of those mines your countrymen cut through our hills in search of gold; the other end of it, at a short distance, opens near the Viceroy's Palace. (*Going towards the Cave, he stops her*).

Picq. Don't go in there—you'll disturb—

Chin. Some animal? A sleeping lion, haply, or a serpent.

Picq. Not quite so dangerous.

Chin. Shoot it. (*Pointing to* Picquillo's *Pistols*).

Picq. Not for the world—'tis a little boy.

Chin. A little boy! how came you by a little boy?

Picq. No uncommon consequence of quitting the right path;—but I will preserve him for his mother, at the hazard of my life.

Chin. His mother! who is that mother?

Picq. Zuma, your friend—nay, don't be jealous. Hark! I thought I heard his sweet, outlandish tongue, which calls on his parent incessantly—come with me; he'll be pleased to see an old acquaintance.

Enters the Cavern—Chinchilla *is following, when* Azan, *with a Party of Indians, who had entered at the back during the last line of* Picquillo's *Speech, intercept, and seize* Chinchilla,—*and at a sign from* Azan, *they roll the stone to the mouth, so as to close it up*).

Azan. So, traitress! thy footsteps have been watched;—take her away!—The Spaniard is secure; he'll scarcely thread the mazes of that cavern without a light or guide; then let him perish, another victim to our injured gods.

Chin. (*on her knees*). My brother, dearest brother! Zuma's infant is also there, and—

Azan. Ha! have I then once more the detested offspring of my rival in my power? Let her hated husband come, and save it. Take my degenerate sister hence!

(*She is forced off*).

—And, by your country's wrongs, I charge you, guard that cave, while I seek obdurate Zuma—her compliance now, alone can purchase the safety of her boy.

[*Exeunt Indians.*

—Now for revenge, or love!

AIR.—Azan.

As when the lion, in pursuit of prey,
Prowls o'er the forest drear,
The timid trav'ller on his way,
Recoils, the monarch of the woods to hear.
Thus let the victims of my wrath beware,
For fiercer than the lion's rage,
The war which slighted love can wage,
Inspired by fell despair!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A remote boundary of the Palace Garden—Near the centre, is the decayed entrance to the Shaft of a deserted Gold Mine—Dilapidated Steps at the mouth of it.

Zuma *enters, looking for* Mirvan.

Zuma. Mirvan not here! Why has he thus called me from my duty, and left me in suspense?

ECHO DUET.

Zuma. Whither, whither is he straying?
Soft he whisper'd in my ear,
Hasten, Zuma! no delaying,
Mirvan soon will meet thee, dear!

Mirvan (without).

Mirvan soon will meet thee, dear!

(Zuma *goes out*—Mirvan *enters*).

Mirv. Thy voice now near, and now retreating,
Yields alternate hope and fear;
Echo, that sweet voice repeating,
Charms thine anxious lover's ear!

Zuma (without).

Charms thine anxious lover's ear!

(Zuma *enters during third Verse*).

Mirv. This way!
Zuma. This way!
Both. { 'tis he! / 'tis she!

Zuma. Why did you leave me, Mirvan?

Mirv. I thought, in passing, I heard the voice of your child. How shall I tell you, Zuma, he has disappeared?

Zuma. Say not he's lost! My Zamorin! my child! the wicked Azan has destroyed him surely; or, haply, down some dreadful precipiece, wanting a mother's guard, he may have fallen! Oh! Mirvan! Mirvan! why did you consent to yield our countrymen a pledge so precious?

Mirv. Through each woodland wild, mountain, or dell, our friends have spread themselves, and must succeed in finding him. I came in anxious hope he might have been by thee conveyed away, and even then to blame thee for the deed.

Zuma. Begone! lose not a moment; bring me back my boy, or ne'er see Zuma more.

Mirv. Wilt thou await me here?

Zuma. No; I too will seek him—if he did but breathe his anxious mother's name, Nature will freight some zephyr with the sound, to greet that mother's ear. [*Exeunt* Mirvan *and* Zuma.

(*As* Zuma *goes off*, Cæsar *peeps on from next Entrance, after* Zuma).

Cæsar. Ah ha! dere go Missa Zuma! Lucky Blackee found right way at last! Cæsar no lose sight, fear he get Massa Buckra big bamboo. (*Going*).

Enter Sancho.

Sancho. Cæsar! Cæsar! I say, thou little villain, with a great man's name, where is the girl I bade you not lose sight of?

Cæsar. Dere, Massa, dere she go—look! pretty creature for all her ignorance, poor devil, eh, Massa? Great beauty, for all she know no better.

Sancho. Cæsar, you're no bad judge. I'm glad

she's found—stay here, and I'll just follow, and have a tête-a-tête with her. [*Exit.*

As she goes off, INISILLA *enters.*

Inis. Where is that Madam Zuma, I bid your trust-worthy master watch?

Cæsar. Dere, Missee, dat way—Massa good man—do him duty what you bid—didn't go away from post no more than Cæsar—shabby ting to leave post!

Inis. Peace, impertinence! Who is that Peruvian Chief, who passes yonder?

Cæsar. Eh! oh! dat Missa Zuma's chum-chum—dey two marry, poor ignorant devils!

Inis. Stay here, Cæsar, and I'll go offer him a little good advice on his wife's conduct. [*Exit.*

Cæsar. Eh! fine to learn much good tings like white man! Blackee, and poor pagan Peru-man, no talk to oder man's wife. Black Squaw and Peru woman tink shame to talk to oder woman's husband—poor ignorant devils!

(*Child's voice heard from below*, "*Mother!*")

—Eh! what dat? Talk of de devil and he come, I fear. Oh, no!—not noting—ittle bit wind tickel tree, and make him talk. Dis be mouth of old gold mine; all workee, workee empty—Stairs go down. Ah! me know where gold grow in my poor black country—beautiful place for all that—ups and downs!—poor Cæsar! once a prince, now a slave.

AIR.—CÆSAR.

Warlike mother Cæsar had,
Negro song her valour speak;
Yet her temper not so bad,
For she only kill a man a week!
Cæsar daddy, mighty king,
Drink and fight, and dance and sing,
Chickarack,
Carawack,
Ho, ho, ho!
Dingle, jingle, ting, tang, taro!

King of Congo make great strife,
Cæsar dad, him life to save,
Pickaninny, crown, and wife,
Sell poor Cæsar for a slave!
Cruel ting of Congo King,
But Cæsar dry him tear, and sing.
Chickarack, &c.

Little black Cupid shoot him dart,
In de land where Cæsar come;
Neger lady touch him heart,
Love her most as well as rum.
In her nose she stick a ring,
And promise, when we meet, to sing,
Chirarack,
Karawack,
Ho, ho, ho!
Dingle, dangle, ting, tang, taro!

Cæsar. Nobody come back, den me no stay.

(Child heard to call "Mother," distinctly, from the shaft of the Mine).

—Eh! what! he call mother again! Somebody down here—Cæsar rub two sticks, make light, and go look, if de devil come.

(He breaks a stick of Spice-wood and rubs it,—it takes fire, and he goes down the steps with the light).

Enter BEATRICE *and the* Doctor, *attended.*

(The Attendants remain at the back).

Doctor. My dear Signora, you have walked me to the very confines of the Viceroy's grounds, merely to tell me what I knew before.

Beat. But if we should lose the Countess, what would become of that poor, but arrogant, Peruvian, Zuma?

Doctor. She would suffer a complete complication,—but to change the subject—Where is your sprightly nephew, Picquillo? I hav'nt seen him these two days.

Beat. And if he was seen no more, it wou'dn't matter; his grovelling ideas not only destroy my repose, but, vile, calumniating Jezabels, jealous of my high favour with her Excellency, have dared report—would you imagine, such insufferable scandal?—that he is not my *nephew*—I tremble while I speak it—but my *son!*

Doctor. By Esculapius, I am petrified!

Beat. Aye, Signor, what would Harpocratus, and Hieronymus, and Anonymus, and all your great friends say, were they told that Donna Beatrice Leonora Guzmana Alfiera Superba Gonfaleora, pattern of punctilio, and terror of all the incorrect in Spain, had had a son!

Doctor. (*With affected solemnity*). Between you and me, such an accident could never have happen'd, unless *in due form;* and if *I* had any doubts on the subject, I'm sure the earnestness of your manner, almost amounts to their complete extirpation.

Beat. Almost! not quite convinced! then, hear me swear—

Doctor. O, fie!

Beat. Yes, St. Bridget, St. Ursula, and every prototype of purity, hear a most ill-used virgin thus declare—(*Dropping on her knees*),—that if the shocking imputation be correct, I do invoke the sable dæmon of mischief to ascend, and bring a living witness, if my—

(Cæsar *ascends from the Mine, with the Child in his arms, which exclaims,* "*Mother!*" *The Ladies scream;* Beatrice *falls on the astonish'd* Doctor; Cæsar, *in surprize, keeps his attitude, and after a momentary picture, the following Concerted Piece commences*).

Cæsar. Here he is, and his daddy not far off.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Cæsar. What de matter, lady bright?
Pickaninny do no harm.
Doctor. Sure, I can't believe my sight,
'Twould Old Nick himself alarm—
By rising up thus, like a sprite, from the grave,
You've kill'd the old lady, you devil, you have!

Cæsar. Massa Doctor, true me tell,
How it happen all;
Down de well,
Metink he fell,
Moder loud him call.
Blackee go
Down below,
Fetch him up, dat all!

Picquillo (*Beneath*).
Halloo! Halloo!

Doctor. What's next to do?

Cæsar. More children! I go see.

(*Gives the Child to the* Doctor, *and descends again*).

Doctor (*Looking at the Boy*).
This face divine
Is none of thine,
That's plain enough to see.

ZUMA *enters, followed by* SANCHO.

Zuma (*entering*).
Cease your coward attempts my firm faith to destroy!

MIRVAN *enters, followed by* INISILLA.

Mirvan (*To* Inisilla, *as they enter*).
Fair Lady, these arts you but vainly employ!

Mirvan (*Seeing* Zuma).
My Zuma!

Zuma. Dear Mirvan!

Both (*Perceiving the Child*). Ye powers! my boy!

SEPTETTO.

With rapture transported, with gratitude wild,
What joy! thus beholding our beautiful child!

Inisilla and Sancho.
With wonder transported! indignant and wild!
With scorn thus insulted, no more I'm beguil'd!

Clara, Doctor and Garcia.
With rapture transported! with gratitude wild!
What joy, thus regaining, in safety, their child.

(*A pistol heard below*).

Sancho. Mercy on us! they've undermin'd the palace!--

Doctor. Some mephitic explosion, and as Hermes Trismegistus justly observes, Cæsar may be blown to atoms. Hark ye, Pagans! Savages! in your ear a word at parting—Zuma, (*in an under tone*), I respect, and believe you to have the heart of an angel—Mirvan! (*harshly, then in a softer tone*), take care of your wife; there's such a dangerous cabal against her, that, as Thessalus would have advised, run away with her as fast as you can.

(*The* Doctor *says the above with the appearance of anger in his looks and gestures, but with a significant glance of good nature to them*).

[*Exeunt all but* Mirvan *and* Zuma.

Mirv. Come, Zuma!

Zuma. Mirvan, my Child is safe with thee; but Zuma is accused of dreadful crimes, and flight would sanction the black calumny.

Mirv. Whilst thou dost keep sacred the fatal secret, we are all safe; and lest thy keen anxiety impair thy strength, receive this potent and balsamic produce of the Tree of Health.—(*Gives a powder*).—No ill is proof against its wondrous virtue: it is permitted to be given for thee, and for thy Child. But yet remember, by thine oath 'tis sacred to Peruvians only.

Zuma. Keep but my boy from Azan.—(*Kissing the Child*).

Mirv. Rely on me, nor fear thy Mirvan's love for Zuma.

SONG—Mirvan.

The sun, his bright beams may withhold, love,
Unreflected the moon-beam may be,
But, ne'er till this bosom be cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee!
For thou art the joy of my heart, love!
All beauty, thy beauties outvie!
And ere with thy image I'd part, love,
Thy lover, thy husband would die!

The Spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
To Autumn's sad colourless hue,
And Winter, like Summer, may burn, love,
Ere lessen my ardour for you.
For thou art the joy of my heart, love, &c.

[*Exit with the Boy.*

(*As* Mirvan *goes off*, Inisilla *comes from behind unobserved by* Zuma, *who remains anxiously looking after* Mirvan).

Inis. I cou'dn't overhear what they said; but, that powder which he gave her—she must be cunning indeed, if she eludes me!—(*Comes forward*).—So, my beautiful Peruvian, your plans are taking effect, I overheard.

Zuma. What, Inisilla, have you overheard? The heart of Zuma shrinks not from enquiry.

Inis. No, some people have large latitude of conscience; but, for my part, were I to keep a young Peruvian in conversation so long as you have done—

Zuma. You might be better employed, than in joining to destroy one, who never yet wished to offend even a Spaniard.

Inis. Indeed! it might be Donna, or Signora, at least in some people's mouths, when they address their betters. You'll follow to the Palace, Madam! I'll not lose sight of her however. (*Aside*). [*Exit.*

Zuma. I was to blame to answer with such scorn; but my thoughts were on a more important subject: Yes, surely I may save my dearest Lady, and neither endanger the safety of Mirvan or my Child! Surrounded by the shades of death, she did not forget her faithful Zuma. I heard her lips pronounce a blessing on my name! Yes, by the sacred light of the sun, I swear, I will preserve her.

AIR—ZUMA.

Aid me, Heav'n, the means to give,
Of life renew'd, of peace and joy!
To bid the soul of virtue live,
And care's fell reign destroy!

So shall the blessings I bestow,
Returning on this troubled breast,
Hush ev'ry plaint, heal ev'ry woe,
And soothe each care to rest!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Rocky Pass as before, with the Stone at the entrance of the Cavern.

Enter AZAN, *and Partisans.*

Azan. Countrymen, within yon cave we hold two hostages—one, a Spaniard, whose friends will buy his life with ransom of some fifty of our tribe;—the other is the child of Zuma, whose stay with us will secure his mother's faltering faith—Approach! remove that barrier, and behold the young Peruvian cherub!—(*They remove the Stone*—Cæsar *peeps out*).

Cæsar. Tankee, Massa.

Zegro. A young Peruvian cherub!

Cæsar. Who! me! poor ignorant davils!

PICQUILLO *enters.*

Azan. (*ferociously*). Where is Zuma's infant?

Picq. Can't say—lost him in the cave, where, tumbling over a fragment, my pistol went off like lightning; the cavern roar'd like thunder, and I tore my doublet as if heaven and earth were coming together!

Azan. Where is the infant?

Picq. I don't know, as I'm a Gentleman!

Cæsar. How should he, poor white animal—no child dere—Cæsar save child—go back for white man—he fire him pistol for signal—light go out—hear your voices in the dark, and you let us free.

Azan. Outcasts of nature! whose black and pallid hues, unknown to the sun's offspring, proclaim ye monsters, prepare for death! Away with them! On your lives keep them safe! [*Exit with Peruvians.*

Picq. Here's another turn of fortune! even the powerful panacea in my pocket will fail to preserve me in a case like this; and 'tis doubly hard to meet with death while looking for the Doctor!

Cæsar. Never mind, Massa! good luck come yet.

[*Exeunt, guarded.*

Enter CHINCHILLA.

Chin. In custody of Zegro! he's but a shallow head, though a good soldier, and he loves me—that may somewhat help us—my poor Picquillo! something must be done! yes, I will die, or save thee!

[*Exit after them.*

SCENE V.

A Peruvian Habitation.

Enter ZEGRO, *and* PICQUILLO.—ZEGRO *lays down his Helmet and Mantle.*

Picq. How long must I be detained?

Zegro. Till you are sacrificed to our Indian Gods.

Picq. Where's my companion?

Zegro. Within, guarded as you are.

Picq. More comfort! here comes that seducing devil, who shut me in the cave.

Enter CHINCHILLA.

(Picquillo *goes up the Stage*).

Chin. There he is, and if he speaks kindly to me before my countrymen, he'll ruin all. Zegro, you know how angry my brother will be, should you let that Castilian escape; but he's very harmless—my brother needn't have rolled a stone before the entrance of the cavern to detain him.

Picq. (*Apart*). Her brother closed the cave then.

Chin. (*To Zegro*). Convey him to the dungeon beneath; there is no one here who will attempt by stealth to give him freedom—(*Significantly*).

Zegro. I hope not—We've got but two fat victims out of three, to sacrifice to Vitzlepulti; and, after a little feeding, he would just do for the third.

Chin. And I dare say, if a plan of disguise struck a dear, anxious little damsel all in a moment, you wou'dn't take the trouble of popping on a long Peruvian mantle like this—(*pointing to* Zegro's

mantle, which he has laid on a seat)—and hiding your head in a helmet like that.

Picq. Why, as to that, nobody will suspect me of preferring a pretty girl to being fatten'd for the feast of Vitzlepulti.

Chin. And now, Zegro, suppose you were to go, and examine the dungeon below. Lend me your axe, and I'll answer for the prisoner.

Zegro. Aye, but first, to make all safe, I'll fasten this cord round him, and for greater security, keep hold of the other end myself.—(*Fastens the cord round* Picquillo).—You're sure you're not afraid of him? If he resists, call out, and I can pull him to me thus—(*Pulls the cord*).

Picq. By St. Jago, if ever I get to Lima, you shall pay for this!

Chin. Silence, or you die! (*Brandishing the Axe*).

(*Zegro exit through the recess, and is seen to go down.*—Chinchilla *with her Axe, cuts* Picquillo's *cord, keeping the severed part in her hand*).

—Here, quick, quick, quick! (*Assists him to dress*).

Azan *and Chorus burst in, as* Picquillo *retires unobserved by the Indians.*

Azan. Now! where's the Castilian?

Chin. Safe enough, I hope! (*Trembling, and shutting the Dungeon-door*).

FINALE.

Azan. Where is our country's mortal foe?
Chinch. The enemy is safe below! (*Bolts the Door*).
Azan. Away! depart! the sacred rite
Of vengeance may not meet thy sight!
Chinch. You'd save the youth,
Not I, in truth!
Azan. Begone!
Chinch. With joy I go!

[*Exit* Chinchilla.

FULL CHORUS.

And for his death, the signal be,
Revenge! Peru! and Liberty!

(*As they approach the Door of the Dungeon the Act-drop falls*).

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter the COUNT, BEATRICE, *and the* DOCTOR.

Count. Your suspicion is so monstrous, that I must have stronger proof. You, Doctor, seem to be a secret advocate for the girl; for every second sentence you utter, destroys the probability of what precedes it. Come, once more let us hear your evidence, which I, as Judge, will sum up impartially.

Doctor. And, oh! what calamity for that country, where there is no Jury to relieve the Judge from the misfortune of being able to do as he pleases. (*Sits*).

Beat. Then I, Beatrice Guzmana—

Doctor. Et cetera, et cetera—never mind your pedigree.

Beat. Do beg leave to ask three unanswerable questions.

Doctor. And who will be able to reply to them?

Beat. Are not the Indians in arms against your Lordship?—Did not your predecessor die of poison?—And is not the disorder of your Lady attributed to the same cause?

Count. What advantage could result to Zuma, from the Vice-Queen's death?

Doctor. (*In the affected tone of a Barrister*). Advantages innumerable! In the first place, she'd lose a mistress, who lets her do just as she pleases; secondly, after a much less formal trial than this, she would be permitted the honour to die by a Spanish executioner; and thirdly, should she be able to escape, she would exchange the paltry accommodations of this great palace, for beautiful brown moors, polished rocks, cool caves, raw roots, and running water! and in spite of my learned coadjutor, who is an honour to her *gown*,—I do say, if this girl be not *guilty*, she must be *innocent!!*—That's my case!

Count. And learnedly delivered!

Beat. My Lord, it is the general belief, that should the Vice-Queen die, an Indian husband could be easily removed, and poor dear persecuted Zuma would be——

Count. Silence, detractor.

Beat. Can your Lordship become her advocate, when no other in the whole palace will speak for her?

Count. When the poor accused wretch cannot find an advocate in the bosom of his Judge, the sacred resemblance of that Judge's seat to the Court, where all must be arraigned, ceases to exist, while meek-eyed mercy mournfully retires to breasts more worthy of her influence.

Beat. Had it been a Spanish Lady, I shouldn't have been astonish'd; but an Infidel, and an Indian!

Count. Spaniards I am sent here to govern, the Indians 'tis my duty to protect! and the Infidel will never be so likely to change his stubborn disbelief, as when he sees superior virtue practised by a Christian.

Beat. I see the complete triumph of the Peruvian Princess; and, by the first ship, I humbly solicit my passage from this beautiful New World, to what I suppose you will call, the dreary, bigotted, and less enlightened shores of native Spain.

Enter INISILLA, *as if in great agitation.*

Count. How now?

Inis. Oh! the Saints preserve my Lady!

Beat. Let us fly to her!

Count. What mean you?

Inis. I have watched her—I saw her savage husband give a fatal powder—I followed—

Count. Who?

Inis. The serpent you have cherished in your bosom, and who is now gliding to the apartments of the victim she has already stung, full charged with venom, for a last, and fatal blow! On the great staircase she is now, on her way to the Countess's dressing-room, which has been purposely left open.

Count. And shall I condescend to—

Doctor. Do, my dear Lord! do for heaven's sake! it is only by probing a doubtful disease, that a cure can be effected.

Count. And Oriana's danger admits of no delay.

[*Exit* Count.

Beat. Now, Doctor, you will be all convinced—

[*Exit with* Inisilla.

Doctor. Of Zuma's innocence, I hope! should it prove otherwise, I'll give up all practice in the study of human hearts, follow the old Duenna to Spain, and, like her, make my exit from Peru—in due form.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Elegant Boudoir—the door, half opened, shews a magnificent Staircase.

ZUMA *is seen crossing it at the top, and descends into the Apartment. In recesses in the Room, are Ornamental Slabs and Tables, with Ladies' Work, Books, Music, Shawls, &c. lying on one of them; on another stands a beautiful Crystal Vase, Indian Cups of Gold, Porcelain, &c.*

Zuma. And can it be, when at the hazard of my life I am about to do a benevolent action, and preserve the existence of a benefactress—can it be that I should tremble and forbode disaster? Yet is there not cause? The curse of my countrymen, and the death of my darling infant, would attend the knowledge of this act; and therefore like a thief does Zuma steal, to place with an unsteady hand this balsam in her Lady's

cup—(*Takes the Paper from her bosom*).—This is her daily drink, and now contains that which will set at rest her every pain.

(*The* Count, Doctor, Beatrice, *and* Inisilla *descend the Staircase during* Zuma's *speech, and enter the apartment just as she repeats the last line of it*—Zuma *having poured the Powder into the Vase, takes it from the table, and speaks as she is proceeding from the door*).

Zuma. Yes, I will myself administer thy slow, but certain influence on her, who—(*Meets the* Count, *&c. and stands as if petrified*).

Count. (*in a tone of grief and horror*). Zuma!—

Zuma. (*Drops the Vase, which is shivered to pieces by the fall*). Then I'm indeed undone!

Count. "Zuma will administer the slow, but certain influence, to set at rest her Lady's every pain." A guard there!

Enter Soldiers.

—Prepare for instant trial! nor hope past feelings of compassion will recur, to interpose betwixt thee and thy certain sentence. I charge ye, disclose not to the intended victim of her atrocious guilt what has occurred. Oriana's feeble frame, torn as it is by these thy murderous practices, would not survive the knowledge that such a specious form inclosed a heart black and polluted with that worst of vice, ingratitude!

[*Exit* Count.

Beat. The Count now can find no words for his amazement; but he shall find some to make me an apology. Come, Signor, leave that wretched woman to her fate!

Doctor. I can't—she wants me now more than ever, and the stronger the necessity, the greater would be the shame did I desert her! Come, come, you have a woman's heart, in spite of the coarse nature of your features!

Beat. To shew you I'm not her enemy, I'll send and procure the attendance of the holy brethren and sisters from the monastery, to convert her on her way to prison.

Doctor. And for any other kindness—

Beat. Ask it there! (*Pointing to the relics of the broken Vase, and goes off, followed by* Inisilla).

Doctor. Ask it there! I will—I'll have these remnants analized. (*Going to pick up the pieces*).

Zuma. (*interposing*). Oh no!—do not—it will not save me—my doom is fixed.

Doctor. What if I should discover it were no poison?

Zuma. No discovery can help poor Zuma!

Doctor. Then she indeed is guilty. (*Retires mournfully*).

Zuma. (*Apart*). I shall now perish!—but I fall alone! Were the truth discover'd, my countrymen would know how I meant to apply their secret, and not only Zuma, but my husband and my boy, would be sacrificed! Good man, adieu!—if possible, think I am not so guilty as I seem.

Doctor. I can't think, I can't speak—I—Farewell! your face, your eyes, have no symptom of guilt—pulse temperate—look serene—your fate is near its crisis, and your Doctor won't give you over while the slightest shadow of a hope remains.

(*She falls at his feet—he raises and embraces her, kisses her hand, covers his face with his cloak, &c. then goes off in great agitation*).

[*Symphony heard.*]

(*Officer orders his men to advance——at the same time a Procession of Monks and Nuns descend the staircase—*Zuma *is marched round to meet them—They commence the succeeding Chorus*).

CHORUS.

Daughter of Error, hear!
Hear, tremble, and obey!
And may the penitential tear
Fall, till thy guilt be pass'd away!

Zuma.

Hour of death, and hour of terror,
Firm, thy coming I await!

Chorus.

We call thee, hapless Child of Error,
Think how near thy certain fate!

Zuma.

And see, a cherub seems to smile!
And, hark! his heavenly note I hear!
As if it said, "yet, yet awhile
"Endure the storm, 'twill quickly clear!"

FULL CHORUS.

Daughter of Error, hear!
Hear, tremble, and obey!
Oh! may the penitential tear
Fall, till thy guilt be pass'd away!

(Zuma, *overpowered by her feelings, falls senseless in the arms of two Monks, and the Scene closes*).

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter PICQUILLO.

Picq. Escaped, happily escaped! join'd by Chinchilla, but can no where find the Doctor—He shall pay well before he shares the secret—Oh! how lucky, to get up in a Tree while the Children of the Sun were meeting by moon-light, to find such fruit as this! What a fortune should I make, if I had it in Europe! who shall I try it on? Never long'd for an experiment so much in all my life—every body in the Palace looks so plaguy well, that—Oh! here's the Doctor at last! and, bless us, he looks ill enough too—but he knows better than to take medicine, I dare say.

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. Get out, I tell you, or——
Picq. Don't you know your friend, Picquillo? but

come, I've such a secret to impart, that—do you know any body that's very ill?

Doctor. The Countess is very ill—poor Zuma, I fear, is worse—and I am——

Picq. Very ill-looking indeed! but, let us lose no time—the Countess being your patient, I didn't look so high—but, come with me—make it worth my while, and I'll cure you all!

Doctor. That will be scarcely worth *my* while.

Picq. You have heard of the Indians' secret, which they hide from us—I have got it—'tis here!—I've enough of it to ruin all the Undertakers in Lima.

Doctor. Bless us, bless us! what an alteration it must produce in the practice of medicine!

Picq. If the Countess should recover——

Doctor. *We* shall be rewarded.

Picq. Should it do any mischief——

Doctor. *You'll* be hang'd.—But come, I'll soon find out whether it contains mischief; and, should it be merely harmless——

Picq. It will be just like your own medicines.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

XIMEO's *Habitation.*

Enter MIRVAN.

Mirv. Yes, I must seek reconciliation with Azan, howe'er against my nature—the paramount duty of uniting in defence of our darling liberty demands it.—Rise then, my countrymen, Children of the South, arise! join hand, heart, and soul against the miscreants, who would rob you of man's best, and dearest privilege!

PARODY.

Peruvians, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid ye rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their Tears, and hear their cries!

Shall fell invaders, mischief breeding,
With Spanish hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright, and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath,
March on! all hearts resolved
On liberty, or death!

Oh liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can Spanish bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirits tame?
Too long Peru has wept bewailing,
The savage power her conquerors wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield!
And all their arts are unavailing?
To arms, &c.

Enter AZAN *and* Peruvians.

Azan. The Spaniard has escaped; and woe to those who saved him from our vengeance!

Mirv. Why this useless anger, Azan? if your prisoner has escaped, he was my child's preserver, and I rejoice.

Azan. Thy child, thy father, and thyself shall pay, and dearly, for his ransom.—Chiefs of my tribe advance!—*(Peruvians take different sides).*

Mirv. (*stopping the Combat*).—Hold, Azan! thy arms and mine are equal to decide our proper difference.

Azan. My sword shall speak my thanks.—(*they stand forward*).

XIMEO *suddenly enters between them.*

Ximeo. Brothers, and children, 'tis no time for warfare 'twixt ourselves; if e'er you lov'd Ximeo's name and race, oh! join in means united, to preserve my age's hope, my child, my dying Zuma!

Mirv. Zuma!

Ximeo. Accused of mixing poison in the Vice-Queen's drink, she not denies; and the sun must set upon the dreadful death to which she is condemned.

Mirv. Never! oh, never! 'tis my fatal love has plunged her in this gulph!—for her own use I gave the sacred bark, and surely she has been anxious to impart its aid to her beloved mistress;—I dare not hope permission to disclose——

Azan. Never!

Mirv. Then, at least swear by the sun's radiant beams, that, (if we keep the secret inviolably) after our death, my boy—(*leading forward the Child*) shall be in safety.

Azan. Yet, must his life be the forfeit of the least indiscretion?

Mirv. We shall know how to die and save him!

Ximeo. Yes; and henceforth prove your love for Zuma upon the Spaniard's heads.

[*Exit, followed by Peruvians.*

Azan. Mirvan, your hand. My hatred of our invaders is still stronger than that which, as my rival, I bear thee. Terrible indeed must be that enmity, which would not change to friendship, in the cause of woman and liberty.

DUET—AZAN *and* MIRVAN.

When rous'd by invasion of all we hold dear,
What bosom can yield to the dictates of fear?
What impulse to glory can stimulate more,
Than the freedom we love, or the fair we adore?

Would you nobly aspire to a nation's applause,
Let each man unite in what's ev'ry man's cause,
This bond of best union the grave shall not sever,
For freedom who falls, shall in fame live for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

Grand Square of Lima—In the centre, at a distance, the Funeral Pile—Priests, &c. discovered.

The Viceroy *enters, attended.*

Count. Bring forth the condemn'd!—(*Zuma brought on by Officer and four Soldiers*).—For the last

time I would interrogate—should she confess her associates, the manner of her death shall meet with mitigation.

MIRVAN *rushes on.*

Mirv. Viceroy! 'tis I am guilty! Zuma, I voluntarily share your fate—let us die in silence, let us die with courage, and our child will live!

Zuma. Nay, hear him not—we are both innocent!

Count. Why did you use that powder then? did you mean it as a salutary remedy?

Zuma. As a remedy.—(*looking at* Mirvan, *as if desirous of permission to declare the truth*).

Mirv. Beware, Zuma, beware!—(*in a low tone*).

Zuma. Alas! I know of no salutary remedy—I know of none!

Count. It was poison then! you confess it?

Zuma. I confess nothing! alas! I am compelled to be silent!—(Ximeo *rushes on*).

Ximeo. Let the aged father share his children's fate!—where is she, cruel Spaniards?

Zuma. Oh, my father, live! live for our child!—Oh, save him! love, protect him!

Ximeo. No, tyrants! bring here your chains.

Count. Take hence the madman!

Mirv. Let us not accuse them of cruelty; they deliver us from a horrible yoke! soon shall we cease to feel the bonds of slavery.—(Ximeo *is forced off*).

Count. Do you confess, and life, perhaps——

Mirv. Viceroy, no! even did'st thou promise the life of Zuma, you should not draw from me another word—to thee, I speak no more.

Count. I leave you to your fate then! light yon pile! and as I hasten from the dreadful scene, my prayers shall be, that heaven will pardon the ungrateful Zuma! [*Exit attended.*

Mirv. Courage, Zuma! our death is in itself, revenge! and will render our secret more inviolable.

Zuma. I wish for no revenge!—I would, had it been possible, have saved her!

(*The Pile is seen to burn at a distance*).

Mirv. Our sufferings will be short—behold those clouds of smoke! their suffocating powers will save us from torture.

Zuma. (*With terror*). Alas! I only see ascending fire! nothing but flame!

Re-enter XIMEO, *with the Child.*

Ximeo. Will not this plead with Spanish hearts?

(*Kneeling, presents the Child to Officers, who are leading* Zuma *away—she darts from them, with an hysteric scream—clasps the Child, and falls senseless*).

Officer. Hence, Indians, hence! Mirvan, exert thy last courage—bid them take hence the Child!

(*The Child is taken off—as they approach, a flourish and shout is heard*).

(*Voices without*). Room for the Vice-Queen! hold your hands! stop!

Officer. Who orders? Who prescribes?

Doctor. (*Rushing on*). I prescribe—'tis my business! I disapprove of all that's done—I've call'd in the Vice-Queen to my assistance—had a consultation, and she agrees, that saving the lives of others, may lead to the safety of her own! Long live the Vice-Queen!

[*Trumpets.*]

(*The* Vice-Queen *is brought on in a magnificent Litter; all the Indians throw themselves on their faces, the Guards salute, the Cypress Branches are lowered. When the Litter comes in the Centre, the* Vice-Queen *gracefully raises her Veil—a dead silence for an instant*).

Countess. (*To Officers*). Miraculously recovered, out of gratitude to Heaven, I take these unfortunates under my protection. Yes, Zuma, you, whose gentle form spoke a celestial soul! you too, whom I so dearly loved! I forgive your intent with a willing heart!

Zuma. I cannot, cannot bear—

Mirv. Let us be silent! the voice of the Vice-Queen will bring down the truth from Heaven!—the power she invokes, may yet save her, and proclaim our innocence!

Re-enter the Viceroy.

Count. Is this the road, Oriana, you have taken?

Countess. It is the road to happiness, my Lord! Oh, pardon! Oh, pardon for the guilty!

Count. Their cruelty aim'd at thy life, Oriana—pardon's impossible!

Countess. But my dear Lord, the Doctor, who has, as 'twere by miracle, relieved me, he, too, asks only Zuma's life for recompense—can you believe her guilty?

Count. Did I not see her mingle the fatal venom in thy very cup? Did I not hear the dreadful purpose owned? the horrid words yet vibrate on my ear! and dar'st thou think of pardon for a wretch?—

Enter Doctor, Picquillo, *and* Chinchilla.

Doctor. Who is no wretch, but an angel! She was accused of an atrocious crime, and the fears of this heroic couple for the safety of their child, made them endure with firmness the aspect of a dreadful death. Yes, she who would have given you life, by the same means which has done such wonders.

Countess. My heart deceiv'd me not! but say how! how!

Picq. I can tell you how! I've been a courting, and met with a little boy and a wife,—got up in a *Tree*, and there concealed,—learned from the surrounding Indians, that it contains a most wonderful specific for all possible disorders! I put a sample in my pocket, and the Doctor can prove——

Doctor. That it perfectly agrees with the analized contents of the broken vase! The Philosopher's Stone is nothing to it! Doctor Picquillo here has found out the mighty secret without the aid of the Indians—the culprits are cleared, the Countess shall recover, and the virtues of this Panacea are so extraordinary, that with its powerful assistance, even Beatrice may become good-natured.

(The Countess *rushes into* Zuma's *arms—a Picture is formed—a great shout heard—*Azan *and Indians rush on).*

Azan. Liberty, and Zuma's safety! or death, and terrible revenge!

Mirv. (*Advancing to them*). Indians! the virtues of her you would so generously relieve, have sealed the bond of freedom you demand—The providential discovery of your secret, frees you from a cruel oath, form'd by revenge! Instead of hidden enemies, you will become the open benefactors of the Old World!

Count. To render you happy will henceforth be, not merely the duty of humanity, but of gratitude! Zuma! behold your child!

(*Taking the Child from* Ximeo, *who enters, and placing it in* Zuma's *arms*).

Indians! you are free! Virtue has effected your liberation, and the Tree of Health, known and enjoyed by all, shall flourish o'er the land we share among ye!

FINALE.

Inis. Pray, be delighted,
Since, by you slighted,
Each leaf is blighted
Of our Tree of Health!

Chin. For your smiles striving,
From them deriving,
(This night surviving),
All we own of wealth!

Chorus. Pray, be delighted, &c.

Doctor. Critics, ne'er quarrel,
Yield us good for ill,
And change to a laurel
Our sick Tree of Health!

Mirv. Rapture o'erflowing,
If plaudits bestowing,
You sanction the growing
Of our hopes of wealth!

Chorus. Pray, be delighted, &c

Zuma. Bending before ye,
With the old story,
Grace we implore ye,

For our mock Peru!
False all our pleasure,
Worthless our treasure,
Poor beyond measure,
'Till assay'd by you!
Chorus. Pray, be delighted, &c.

THE END.

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IN

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ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1818.

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TO

MR. R. B. PEAKE,

TREASURER OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA.

DEAR SIR,

As a Dedication is a common appendage to the printed copy of a Dramatic production, the very long acquaintance I have had with you, will, I am convinced, *authorize* the liberty I take, in inscribing this trifle to you—Indeed apology is unnecessary; since I am fully assured that I have your kind permission to do so. Had I not received such sanction, I should have been induced to act in the same manner, from a conscious feeling, that there is no person in existence to whom I could have offered such an effusion with so much propriety.

Allow me, Sir, with the utmost gratitude to thank you for the friendly zeal and solicitude, with which you attended the getting up of my Piece; and publicly to acknowledge the many judicious hints and alterations you made during its rehearsal.

I am also under great obligations, for the extreme punctuality and alacrity with which you executed the duties of your office, in obeying the orders of the Proprietor of the English Opera House, in regard to the emolument accruing to my very humble labours.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your very sincere Friend,

And ardent Well-wisher,

THE AUTHOR.

Sept. 4th, 1818.

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AMATEURS AND ACTORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Garden—A part of ELDERBERRY*'s House visible—Morning.*

Enter DULCET (*cautiously*).

Dulc. Not here! I am before my appointment—just six o'clock.—That is her window, and luckily the remainder of the family sleep at the other side the house—I will give the promised signal, for there is not any time to be lost.

(*Sings*) "Whither, my love,
"Ah! whither art thou gone?"

—Her window opens—Mary, 'tis I—Hasten down, my dear girl, the morning is fine, and the moment propitious!

Mary. For Heaven's sake, do not speak so loud—I tremble!—

Dulc. Nay! no time for trembling now—rely on the love and honour of your devoted admirer—hasten down, or *you* will be the cause of discovery.

Mary. I will not be a minute. (*Disappears*).

Dulc. Dear enchanting girl!—Now should I feel certain twinges of conscience, but that I know my designs are honorable, and this my only mode of snatching the fair prize.—Three years have I existed upon her smiles—three months has she been wavering how to act—three weeks has she promised to put herself under my protection—three days will unite us—three hours will carry us safe out of reach—and yet three minutes may overturn our whole plan! This delay is dangerous—Why does she linger thus?

SONG—*Dulcet. (Composed by Mr.* PRICE.)

Let pining swains, their love revealing,
Sing the melancholy lay;
More bright the flame my bosom feeling,
So my song shall be more gay.

Why should lovers talk of dying,
Hope inspiring all the while?
Love was never won by sighing,
Since he wears a rosy smile.

Come then mirth in joyous measure,
Let me all my heart reveal—
Source of bliss and cheerful pleasure
Is the love I ever feel.

—What can thus delay her?—I'll break open the door—and—hush, she comes!

*(*Mary *is seen coming down the Stairs—Window).*

Tim. (Within) Let me unbolt it for you, Miss.

Dulc. D—nation! an intruder!

Mary. (Within) Pray don't trouble yourself, Mr. Timkins.

Dulc. Mr. Timkins! Now who the devil is he? Oh! her Guardian's Factotum—Well, as I cannot bribe, I must strangle him, the moment the door is opened—I shall be discovered. (*Retires*).

Enter MARY *and* TIMKINS.

Tim. Nice *murnin,* Miss—all *nater* seems gay—No answer—hem!

Mary. I must get rid of this coxcomb (*Apart*)—Eh! have you called Mr. Elderberry?

Tim. No, Miss; he is, as the poetrys say, still in the *arms* of *Murphy.*

Mary. (*Aside*) Fool!—Will you have the goodness to go to his room—

Tim. Yes.

Mary. And—(*Aside*) I tremble while I give it—and when he comes down—this Letter is for him—but—eh! not till he comes down.

Tim. Oh aye! I know—(*Winking significantly*).

Mary. What do you know?

Dulc. (*Behind*) I will look for a spade, and dash his brains out—if he has any.

Tim. Lord bless you, I know what you going at.

Mary. Indeed! (*Alarmed*).

Tim. You mean it as a surprize to him—Lord! how you look—Well, I'll go up and tell him all about it. And he shan't have the Letter till he comes down, when I will deliver it, as your French Master says—"*Avec buckkup de pleasure Maddeminsel.*" [*Exit into the House.*

Mary. Discovered! (Dulcet *comes forward*).

Dulc. To prevent your further interference, my learned Theban, I'll just take the liberty to lock this door—Here, my dear Mary, is your trunk—(*Shuts the door*)—There!—The chaise is close under the garden-wall, and now we decamp boldly by broad day-light, and Fortune be our guide—Nay, my love, do not be downcast—you fly to love and happiness—Come!

"Liberty in every blow:
"Let us do or die."

[*Exeunt hastily through the Garden Gate.*

Tim. (*Within*) Hollo! some *Damon* of Mischief has fastened this door—Well, I can go round to the other.

Eld. (*Within*) Mary! Mary! Miss Hardacre!—My goodness!—can't you hear?—are you coming to pour out the tea?—Mary!—(*He goes up the stairs*)—it is very odd—

Re-enter TIMKINS *from the back.*

—(Elderberry *appears at the window*) Mary!—Where is she?—bless my soul! I never was so hungry in my life—Ha! Timkins—Have you seen Miss Hardacre?

Tim. Yes—and when you come down, I have got a Letter for you—such a surprize!

Eld. A surprize!—My goodness! (*Disappears*).

Tim. Hollo! this door locked outside—must get it opened against Master comes—I think of every thing—a clever, good, confidential servant—I declare I am quite a *lusus natura!*

Enter ELDERBERRY.

Eld. Hoity toity! where's the Letter?—In her hand-writing, sure enough—(*Breaks it open, and reads*)—"Dear Sir, I fear you will never "pardon the act I have committed."—My mind misgives me—I've been a little *harshish* or so lately—"Your unkind conduct"—My goodness! hope she ha'n't dropp'd into the fish-pond or tan-pits!—"Your unkind conduct, in "refusing the only wish of my heart, has occa- "sioned my present unhappy absence."—Murder!—Timkins!

Tim. Sir?

Eld. Here's a row!—(*Reads*)—"Prompted "alone by an honorable affection"—My goodness!—"an honorable affection, I have been compelled to"—(*To* Timkins)—saddle Captain!

Tim. Yes, Sir.

Eld. Stay—"I have been compelled to seek "my only resource, and quit your house with" (*To* Timkins)—a pair more horses—

[*Exit* Timkins.

—(*Reads*)—"quit your house with my future "husband!"—Husband! my goodness!—"and "have been driven to—"—the devil! Put the chaise to; I'll pursue her!—Here's a sweater—give me a cup of tea, with a thimble-full of brandy in it—Hoity toity! why did my old partner, Hardacre, when he quitted business and this world, leave me his daughter to plague *my* life out?

Re-enter TIMKINS.

Tim. Sir, there's a *po-chay druve* off like any thing!

Eld. Bless my soul! run after it—catch it! —No, that won't do!——Tell 'em to stop it at the turnpike—No, that won't do!——Go the other road, and break the bridge down—No, that won't do!—my goodness!—Zounds and the devil, why don't you tell me what will do?

Tim. If you gets into your gig, I'll drive you —we may get some information of them.

Eld. Fiddlestick's end!—No, Timkins, I'll go by myself.—Come along—poor unfortunate *creter*, what will become of her? but only let me overtake her, and she shall catch it—Come along—oh! my goodness! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BUSTLE'S *Lodgings—several Doors leading to different Rooms.*

Enter GEOFFRY, *carrying a Table with various Theatrical Articles, Books, &c. upon it.*

Geoff. Well! if ever I *see* any thing like this *a*fore: the queerest things—wigs, whistles and walking-sticks—bugle horns *what* won't blow, and pistols *what* won't fire off.—They say, this here room belongs to the Manager, but I don't know what a Manager be—(*takes a book*) P i z izzard—a R R O—Pizarro—now what's that? French, I dare say—my eye! what a life I have on it! a *sarvent* of all-work here, and receives no wages—I'll sit down a bit, for I'm as tir'd as master's arm after a hard morning's flogging; and worser than that, I don't get enough to fill my belly—old landlady too, 'cause she had me from the parish-school, fidgets me about like a ferret after a rat—no comfort—gadzooks! here's some more of these things to get—(*goes*

to the side) here's some musical hurdy-gurdy (*with a crash*)—and here's—(*with a helmet*) here's a *goold* bonnet—d'rat it, how fine a body would look in it—I'll try him on—(*puts it on*) Lord! if the beadle could but see me now—and this music too (*turns the handle—a tremendous noise.*)

(*Bustle without*) Hallo! there!—who's above?

Geoff. It is I, Sir!—No, Sir—nobody—O Lord! (*alarmed*).

Bus. (*Without*). The parts must be copied and delivered—three pound of spangles will be enough—alter that cloak into a pair of breeches.

Geoff. O—how he'll leather me!

Enter BUSTLE.

Bus. Hey! hollo! sirrah! how dare you thrust your ugly-shaped head into the helmet of Alexander the Great?—off with it—and if I catch you at this fun again I'll—What are you doing with my Crash?

Geoff. Crash?

Bus. Yes, Crash—with this machine we knock down towns and towers—break bridges, and upset tilburys! (*Turns it*)—What's your name, sirrah?

Geoff. Geoffry!

Bus. Geoffry what?

Geoff. Geoffry Muffincap—the boys call me Mr. Muffincap, because I'm the oldest in the parish-school, where I have been as long as I remember.

Bus. Who were your parents?

Geoff. Never had any!

Bus. O! a child of chance—

Geoff. No, I'm a *Horphan!* I'm hired here as a servant for eighteen-pence a week, which the master of the work-house pockets—I scours the stairs, fetches the beer, makes the brass plate on the door look bright—waits on the lodgers, only they never gives me nothing—but a great deal of trouble—

Bus. You grumbling orphan! call that having much to do!—now if you had half my employments—an't I a manager, principal performer, prompter, painter, and property-maker!

Geoff. O! criminy! I'm glad of that—

Bus. Why?

Geoff. You must be so rich, as you're a property-maker.

Bus. I must let you into a few of my jobs—you shall have the honour to clean russet boots, brush managerical black *inexpressibles,* deliver calls, warm sise-pots, and lay in flat colours—I dash at scenery, landscape! water-fall! Gothic screen! light and shade! breadth!

Geoff. Yes, but I—

Bus. Keep your distance!

Geoff. Keep my distance?

Bus. Low tones!

Geoff. Be'an't I to speak loud, then?

Bus. Silence! our next performance must go off better—don't know how we shall get on tho', for at present, we are all backward behind: now before, we were forward — Lady Thingo'me there, is not quite the thing—a perfect gentlewoman, but often imperfect—has Jacks, the smith, sent the thunder?

Geoff. There be an iron pair of sheets come.

Bus. Well, pack the thunder off in the first cart—but take care it does not rub a hole in the new wind,—wrap the elephant in the green

curtain, and put the last drop in the water-fall —Has that person been here again with his piece?

Geoff. Piece!

Bus. Piece, yes—that he wanted to show me.

Geoff. (*Apart*) I'll show him one I have written,—here it is—perhaps he'll look at it—Mr. Bustle, I have got a piece of my own writing.

Bus. You write a piece!—Ha! ha!—What, a Tragedy, I suppose?

Geoff. No, a Christmas piece—

Bus. Oh! a Pantomime.

Geoff. (*Producing from his Pocket*) Yes—here it is—Large text, small text, round and running hand—the comet at the top, and a swan all flourished at once at the bottom.

Bus. Psha! your school-piece!

Geoff. Yes—gentlemen, when they looks at it, sometimes gives me sixpence.

Bus. Do they?—Well, Geoffry, I'll see if I can't keep up the character of a gentleman—there's a shilling.

Geoff. Thank'ye, Sir—now I'll be your friend—you shall look at it whenever you like, for nothing.

Bus. O! I'm on the free list.

Geoff. Yes, Sir, and I'm at the free school—I must go down stairs now, for if the cross old landlady don't hear me cleaning the knives, winding up the jack, giving the cat some milk, or doing something, I shan't get no dinner by no means. [*Exit* Geoffry.

Bus. That's a comical *old* boy! but odso! I forgot the Actor I am about to engage—I think he is in that room—I am in momentary expectation too, of my Tragedy Heroine from Town—

for tho' I have to superintend Private Theatricals, I am compelled to engage professional persons to assist—Mr. Wing, Mr. Wing!—

Enter WING, *shabbily dressed.*

Wing. "Who calls so loud?"

Bus. 'Tis I—Well! Mr. Wing—

Wing. Sir, I have to thank you, and congratulate myself, for the glowing comfort to my internals, occasioned by a bason of hot tea.

Bus. I am glad to find an old acquaintance with some warmth in him—but to business, Mr. Wing—I shall shortly have the pleasure of introducing you to my employers—liberal patrons, but barbarous murderers of the Drama—We want a Romeo—you can do it—eh?

Wing. I am universally studied—I will do the Romeo, tho' you may think I am a better figure for the Apothecary.

Bus. At present, you are a better figure for Surgeons' Hall; but I am sure you will be useful—Ha! ha! to be sure, we who know something of the matter, must laugh at private performers. As Garrick observed, one easily sees when the Amateurs are acting, that there is not an *Actor* among 'em.

Wing. Very true, Mr. Bustle; and 'twould be hard indeed if the Children of Thespis, whose lives have been devoted to the laborious study of their profession, could be suddenly eclipsed by any new made votary of the buskin, who may chuse "to strut and fret his hour"—no—his minute on the stage, and then, to the great satisfaction of his friends, be heard no more.

Bus. Quite just, Mr. Wing; and that opinion is very well among ourselves—but there

we'll keep it, you know—you understand me—mum—

Wing. Yes, yes, it isn't our interest to run down the Amateurs, at least as far as their *acting* goes; tho' 'tis now so much the rage amongst all classes, that we may expect in time to see the fictitious personages of a play performed by their prototypes in real life, from "Duke and no Duke" to the "Citizen;" and from the "Two Noble Kinsmen" to the "Apprentice."

Bus. If indeed these stage-struck heroes would direct their attention to cultivate the art, and patronize it in the professors, as in the days of the good old school, some advantages might be derived by the public from their efforts.

Wing. Why, so they do—Haven't we now-a-days Amateurs, from a laudable zeal for the Drama, forming themselves into Committees, and Managing Sub-Committees, and subdividing themselves into Special Committees, and all for the good of the profession?

Bus. Fie, Mr. Wing—Fie!—you forget that I'm engaged myself, at this very moment, by a Committee—so don't be sarcastic, I entreat.

Wing. By no means—the sarcasm is your application of my words—you suspect my praise to be unmerited, and that

"Praise undeserv'd is censure in disguise"—

—But, Sir, I appeal to your own judgment, whether the uniform success that attends such management, is not the certain test of the good taste, good sense, and good feeling with which all such concerns are sure to be conducted.

Bus. Well, well, the Gentlemen are novices—gad, 'tis like putting young horses in the mail;

but one or two of us old stagers, will keep them in the right road—talking of that, did you come by the coach?

Wing. No, I came on foot.

Bus. O, a walking gentleman!—What brought you upon the stage?

Wing. Why, I became enamoured of the profession—

Bus. So you *embraced* it.

Wing. Ha! ha!—Heigho!

Bus. Why do you sigh?

Wing. A Performer is such a singular machine—

Bus. So far singular, that he goes upon a self-acting principle—that should not make you melancholy.

Wing. You know I am married—

Bus. Ah! I forgot!

Wing. Do it once, and you'll never forget it!

Bus. Where is Mrs. Wing?

Wing. I have not, at present, the felicity of knowing—I one day remonstrated with her on the subject of her vagaries and my finances—She replied that I was a bad manager, and she would cancel her engagement!

Bus. Well?

Wing. Well! She took herself off next day, accompanied by Mr. Attitude, our Harlequin, (a pretty man with extensive whiskers)—Ah! it does not much matter, she was such a vixen! Do you know, Sir, that one night, performing Millwood to my George Barnwell, she wished the play had really finished with my hanging!

Bus. Ha! ha! ha!—Well! you may think yourself lucky that she is discharged from *your company*. Besides, losing your better half, what other success have you had?

Wing. O! intolerable!

Bus. Benefits?

Wing. "Flat, stale and unprofitable!"

Bus. What, this last season?

Wing. No, not so bad—don't let me disparage—this year they were decent—I only lost ten shillings!

Bus. Lost?

Wing. Yes, and very well off too—last season I was minus the matter of one pound fifteen!—

Bus. Mighty beneficial! well, you are at the same time, the most facetious Tragedian and melancholy Comedian I ever met with!—However, I always thought you a very promising Actor.

Wing. So my friends the critics have long told me; but it seems that I must have broken my promise, if I may not by this time of day be considered "a *Performer.*"

Enter GEOFFRY.

—Well, what do you want, with your mouth open like Ophelia's grave?

Geoff. Please—here's a Lady come down by the High Flyer.

Bus. Ah!my Tragedy Heroine, I suppose—what did she say her name was?

Geoff. Mrs.—Mrs.—O, it was Mrs. something!

Wing. Explanatory as a drunken prompter.

Bus. Elucidate—

Geoff. No, 'twasn't Lucy, at all.

Bus. Was it any thing like Mrs. Mary Goneril?

Geoff. That be the very one!

Bus. She is, I hear, a first-rate Actress—a star, and a great favourite of the public and the manager.

Geoff. Bless you, I just peeped into her bundle, and there I saw a bloody dagger—a crown—a cat's paw *kivered* with brick-dust, and a long tail of black hair like the parson's poney—Here she be! (Wing *retires up the Stage*). [*Exit* Geoffry.

Enter MRS. GONERIL.

Bus. Mrs. Goneril!

Mrs. G. I presume I am addressing Mr. O. P. Bustle?

Bus. I am Mr. O. P. Bustle.

Mrs. G. You perceive, Sir, I am punctual—I started from the coach-office at five in the morning—an early hour for our profession; but it is my maxim never to keep *the stage waiting*.

Bus. No, Ma'am; if you do that, you stand a chance of *losing your place*—He! he! pardon my pun! I trust you are not too much fatigued to afford me a little specimen of your talent, as I must return an immediate and very exact report to my employers, respecting your manner, person, action, delivery!

Mrs. G. I shall esteem myself honoured in giving an opportunity for the very able criticism of Mr. O. P. Bustle!—Juliet, Sir, is my favourite part, and, supported by a tolerable Romeo, I have played it to a fountain of tears!

Bus. That must have been refreshing—kept the House so cool!

Mrs. G. Yes, Sir, there was not a dry eye in the Theatre—not even the constables!

Bus. Well, I've a Romeo in my eye for you —yonder he stands—(*pointing to* Wing).

Mrs. G. (Aside) What a figure of fun!

Bus. I must introduce you to each other— Mrs. Goneril, give me leave to present (Wing *comes forward*) Mr. Wing to you—*(She shrieks)*—very well! bravo! a very natural tragedy outcry!

Wing. (*Aside*) By all that's uneasy! 'tis my run-away wife!

Mrs. W. (Aside) The figure of fun is my forlorn husband—he is as wretched and ragged as ever—I mustn't know him.

Wing. (Aside) If she won't discover the acquaintance, curse me if I do.

Bus. Now Madam, and Sir, we will have a specimen of your mutual abilities—be kind enough to go through part of a scene—I shall then be able to judge—Come, the Garden—now Romeo, begin—

Wing. (*Confused*) Sir—I—I am very unfit —I cannot at present—

Bus. Psha! nonsense.

Wing. (*Apart*) How embarrassing—the fact is, Mr. Bustle, I—scalded my throat with your hot tea.

Bus. D—n it, you seem determined to throw cold water on it.—Now, Ma'am, please to begin at the part in the garden—(*takes out a book*) Your cue is—" shall I speak to this."

Mrs. W. (*Aside*) A pretty situation I am thrown into—Hem!

" 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy!
" What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
" By any other name would smell as sweet."

Bus. Beg pardon for stopping—but I think you are a little too affected.

Mrs. W. It is very pathetic, and I ought to be affected, you know.

Bus. Yes, Ma'am, but you mince the words to atoms—now observe me—distinct—"Romeo! quit thy name"—sonorous, yet tender, you see—

Mrs. W. No, I don't see—but I hear—

"Romeo, quit thy name,
"And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
"Take all myself."

—(*Aside*) The dirty sinner! I would give five pounds to be rid of him.

Wing. "I take thee at thy word—
"Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
"And never more be Remeo."

—(*Aside*) She looks the tiger-cat, as much as ever!—

Bus. Now, Ma'am, a little more earnestness!—

Mrs. W. "What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night,
"So stumblest on my counsel?

—(*Aside*) Stumbled on me, sure enough! poor devil!

Wing. "I know not how to tell thee who I am—
"My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
"Because it is an enemy to thee."

Mrs. W. "If they do see thee, they will murder thee!

Wing. "Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
"Than twenty of their swords—look thou but sweet,
"And I am proof against their enmity."

Bus. Bravo! bravo! this will do admirably! a little too much of the familiar, but that is the new school, so let it pass—consider yourselves

both engaged—O ! how the fashionable Dramatists will be delighted—I expect some of them presently—

Mrs. W. " I would not for the world, they saw thee here :
" By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?"

Wing. (*Apart*) Yes, I wonder what unlucky devil brought me here—

Bus. If you two do not astonish them, I shall be surprized—perhaps, Ma'am, you would like to refresh yourself—that room—now come, one more touch of the tender, at parting—look lovingly at each other — friend Wing — " I would I were thy bird."

Wing. (*Throwing himself into an attitude*) " I would I were thy bird"—

Mrs. Wing. (*Half aside*) If you were, I'd wring your neck off ! [*Exit into a Room.*

Wing. There's a touch of the tender—Mr. Bustle, the sight of that woman has thrown me into an irritation—I must be gone—

Bus. Eh ! go—what is the matter ?

Wing. Your Juliet——is—my wife !

Bus. The devil !

Wing. The devil indeed.

Bus. Psha ! don't run, man—do not fret about her re-appearance—depend upon't she has a more substantial protector than you could be —I heard a something about a Manager ! mum ! ha ! ha !—the very cut of your coat is a safe-guard to you—

Wing. (*Looking at his Clothes*) I don't know whether it is a safe-guard, but it strikes me to be very blackguard.

Bus. Do not despond ! tho' " thou art a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife"—To change

the subject, I am in momentary expectation of Mr. Berry, another Performer, the gentleman who is to do the heavy business:—Do you sing?

Wing. Yes—I have introduced "*Together let us range the fields,*" in Young Meadows, before now.

Bus. (*Goes to the Table*) Well then, here's an original song for you to study—it was written and composed by one of our Amateurs—he will be here in half an hour, and I should like you to sing to him—he is a cursed tenacious old fellow tho'—so be perfect.

Wing. (*Hums the tune*) I have heard that air before—Ah! it is by one of the *Amateur Composers,* and that accounts for it. I'll go to my room, and—(*sings*)

"When Cupid was made, first lord of the heart."

[*Exit* Wing, *singing.*

Bus. Ah! that will do for the present—Let me see, what properties do we still want (*takes out a paper*)—"List, list, oh list!"—(*Reads*) "A brace of pistols and a snow storm"—"Harlequin's wand," and "a tinder-box"—"a diamond ring," and "a red cow for John Bull"—"a pair of russet shoes," and "two of Foote's pieces"—Well! of all the varieties—a private play is the most amusing.

SONG.—*Bustle.*

The rehearsal is call'd, the Performers are met,
And parts are distributed—what a gay set!
Here's Romeo, here Richard, and Buckingham, cousins,
Here Hamlet, and Hotspur, and Henrys by dozens!
Here Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, Pantomimes,
With Operas, Interludes, Epilogues, Rhymes!

'Midst this Tyro-Dramatic profusion,
Safe hous'd from the wind and the weather,
Such a scene of confounded confusion,
Lords and Lampmen are jostled together.

We want Lady Teazle,
Penruddock and Weazle!
Oh, I'll play Othello,
I'll do it so well O!
Mr. Crop is a Brutus
I think will quite suit us.
Silence! oh! silence!
I hear you a mile hence!

Study Romeo, Second Dromio, Corps de Ballet, Lying Valet.
Admit no Orders, Lower borders, Do the Fops, Take up drops.
Alarms without, Jerry Grout, Timour Tartar, Real Water!
Chorus sing, O. P. Wing, Ring in Band, Music Grand—

No pay, we play, so gay, all day—
Curse the expence, chase care away!

Let *Hastings* make *haste*, as Jane *Shore* has just *landed*,
And by my Lord *Sands*, from her carriage is handed.
Refreshments send round—take some coffee to Lear—
Bring great Alexander a glass of small beer!
But where is Queen Kath'rine—has Cromwell yet sought her?
She's gone to fetch Wolsey some warm rum and water!

And nobility quickly creating,
A Count is transform'd from a Cook!
The Lacqueys are made Lords in waiting,
By a mark in the Prompter's red book!

O! let me play Ranger—
You're cast for the Stranger;
And here is a Rolla
Will beat 'em all hollow.
Here Mertons and Mingles,
And *one* for *Three* Singles—
Silence! oh! silence!
I hear you a mile hence!

Who plays Hector? Castle Spectre, Dick and Brass,
Light up Gas,
Famous Rover, Farce is over—Give the word—Act the
Third—
Embroider'd coats, Play Wild Oats—Exits, crosses,
Basket-horses,
Father Paul, is too small—Success is certain—Drop
the curtain.

No pay, we play, so gay, all day—
Curse the expence, chase care away! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

BUSTLE'*s Lodgings—Table, Chairs, Crash, &c. &c.*

Enter GEOFFRY.

Geoff. Lauk! how they hurries me about—that nasty ill-*naterd* old landlady has lock'd up the pantry, and I am as hungry as a *grunter*—what a small sight of *wittles* I contrive to *persist* on!—There's a short dinner again to-day: O Lord! I am sure I shall come off but poorly, 'cause I took such a *wery* little beef-steak-pye to the bake-house—I must ask Muster Bustle not to eat much, that I may have a chance of getting a bit at second-hand.—They say, a Song

lightens labour, and makes merry a sad heart—
I'll sing one I heard once.

AIR.—*Geoffry.*

One morn, whilst I was brewing,
My thoughts each thought pursuing,
First malt and hops, next Molly Popps:
Thinks I, I'll go a wooing!
Chance in my brew-house brought her—
"Dame Popps, I love your daughter,
And feel inclin'd to tell my mind,
And cut my *longing* shorter!"
Tum ti, tol de rol, &c.

Says she, "refrain your twitters,
If your mind does not fit her's—
As like the beer, would be your dear,
She sometimes *smacks* of *bitters.*
My daughter's fair to view, Sir,
But she may mischief *brew*, Sir,
And few can vie with her black eye,
But *your's* may be so too, Sir."
Tum ti, tol de rol, &c.

My Molly dear now came in,
Whilst love my heart inflaming—
Her mother said, "the lad's afraid
His passion you'll be blaming."
Cried Moll, "You stupid rash cub,
Think I'd marry such a scrub?
Your hopes desist"—so with her fist
She sous'd me in the mash-tub!
Tum ti, tol de rol, &c.

(*A loud knocking without*).

Enter BUSTLE *hastily.*

Bus. "Open locks, whoever knocks"—Geoffry, Why the devil don't you fly to the door?
Geoff. Fly, Sir!—I'm tir'd—fly, indeed!—

If this fag goes on, I shall die!—then, mayhap, I may be a *cherrybum*, like them there on the tomb-stones—then I'll fly!—

Bus. D—mn your sentimentals—go and open the door, there's a good lad—I expect several people.

Geoff. I'll go, Sir, as you speak sweet humouredly; but I don't know what you means by *my regimentals.* [*Exit.*

Bus. That's a charity boy! but curse me, if it would not be a charity for any body to throw him into a well, or tie him to the sails of a windmill!—Hollo! (*Looking out*) Mr. Dulcet and Miss Mary Hardacre! What can bring them here together?—An elopement!—mum, they enter.

Enter DULCET *and* MARY.

Dulc. Ha! Bustle, my hero! my Dramatic Chronicle, how are you?—give me leave to introduce you, my dear, to a perambulating Playbill!

Bus. Miss Hardacre, I am proud of the present honor.

Dulc. Not a word of this young Lady's first appearance here—Bustle, I can trust you—we were early friends—you know my sentiments:

(*Sings*) "Give me but this, I ask no more
"Than my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher."

Bus. Why, ha! ha! we are all here except the pitcher!

Dulc. Miss Hardacre's Guardian and herself did not agree—You are acquainted with him?

Bus. Never had the pleasure of seeing the Gentleman.

Dulc. Never saw him?—Oh, he is a captious Country Magistrate—knows as much of the world as an Otaheitean infant—Don't think he was ever inside of a Theatre in his life.

Miss Hard. That I am sure he never was.

Dulc. Well, how goes on business—have you sent to Town? My noble relative, the Patron of Private Theatricals, anxious to bring forward our performances as perfect as possible, desired you to engage some professional persons to assist.

Bus. The principal Tragedy Lady has arrived, Mrs. Mary Goneril—(a namesake of your's, Miss) an exquisite Actress—fine eyes—good teeth—well shaped leg—

Dulc. Ha! ha! bravo—

Bus. Then there's Mr. Wing—he is a provincial;—a barn-door fowl—he has also arrived, and will be useful—

Dulc. There's another Actor too, for the heavy parts?

Bus. For the serious business, I have written to a Mr. Berry—an elderly man—he is in the neighbourhood, but I have not yet seen him—but excuse me; I am very busy, for you must know my *property*-man died intestate last week, and I am obliged to look after his concerns—going now to the umbrella shop, to buy three pounds of swan-shot and a gross of tenter-hooks, to make a shower of rain—therefore good bye—(*Sings*) "The word"

Dulc. "Good night!"
Both. "All's well!"

[*Exit* Bustle.

Dulc. Ha! ha! that's a notable fellow—but my dearest Mary, you are serious!

Mary. It is the consideration that I have been guilty of an act of folly.

Dulc. Nay, a very trifle—why should an ignorant and morose Guardian prevent your pleasure?

Mary. With all his oddity, he is a simple, good-hearted man—I feel averse to causing his unhappiness; but actuated by love (so often the destroyer of duty), I must e'en obey its impulse—

SONG.—*Mary*—(*Composed by Mr.* CORRI).

You ask me why my heart's oppress'd,
While fondly by your love caress'd?
It is, that I still fear to be
Too quickly torn from love and thee.
Dear youth! how blest would Mary prove,
Protected by thy sanction'd love.

Then ask not why with crimson hue
My cheek's suffus'd when press'd by you;
No fear or doubt my breast can share,
'Tis love that spreads his banner there.
Dear youth! how blest would Mary prove,
Protected by thy sanction'd love.

Dulc. Psha!—My relatives will be rejoiced to receive you—you shall take a part in our projected play; and when we appear on the stage, the whole audience will exclaim

(*Sings*) "Ah, sure a pair was never seen," &c. &c.

Mary. O, I should be dreadfully alarmed! I could not look them in the face.

Dulc. Then will I say,

(*Sings*) "My fair one's like the blushing rose," &c.

Mary. Ah, you have a method of softening error by levity—Had we not better proceed to

the Hall? It is hardly correct, that I should *yet* be seen in a strange place with you.

Dulc. (Sings) "In truth, lovely tear,
"It strange doth appear,
"That we should be both here together."

Mary. Come, let us depart to your home.

Dulc. (Sings) "Dulce, dulce domum."

Mary. Nay, come—
Dulc. I obey, and will shortly prove
(*Sings*). "How much, dear maid, I love thee."
[*Exeunt into Room, singing.*

Re-enter BUSTLE, *followed by* WING.

Bus. I tell you I am very angry—confounded asses! unless one has an eye to every thing!

Wing. Have patience!

Bus. Patience; exemplify the word!—Patience! take a rod in your hand, and go a-fishing—there's patience! or take a rod in your hand, and keep a school—there's patience! but a Manager! alack, he is broiling on a red-hot gridiron from morning till night.

Wing. Poor fellow! and so he is indeed! especially if he happens to be an Author too; for what with the Audience before the curtain, and the Actors behind—with sometimes a morning dose of critical severity in the newspapers, he may think himself well off, if, having perchance escaped the King's Bench, he does not end his uneasy days in Bedlam. But what's the particular matter just now?

Bus. Matter!—a matter of magnitude! would you believe it? A stupid rascal of a

tailor has been stuffing King Richard's hump with hay instead of horse-hair!

Wing. Fie! Mr. Bustle, keep your temper—don't set your back up, about a hump—when a man gets into a passion he's apt to lose his temper; and a Manager without temper is like a Tragedy Actor without talent, sure to get laugh'd at by the *company*.

Bus. Such arrant stupidity!—when I was younger I undertook every department in a Theatre, and never failed—*videlicet*, "Stuck bills, kept box-book, white-washed Pit entrance, counted checks, scower'd Gallery stairs, lit lamps, assisted in first music, dressed Prince Edward and the Duke of York, kept places, spoke occasional address, prompted play, then on for Buskin in the Farce—(Bustle *here imitates the best Imitator in the world*).

Wing. Ha! ha! you're an excellent mimick, Mr. Bustle. I should advise you to go to London in the winter, and be "*at Home*" at the English Opera House.

Bus. I would, only I'm afraid if *I* was to be "*at Home*" the Public would find *me* OUT.

Wing. Well, I hope you'll always find *yourself* at home there.

Bus. Are you perfect in your song?

Wing. Perfect! my modesty forbids reply—but I have it pretty nearly—

(Sings) "When Cupid was made first, lord of the heart."

Bus. Ah! that will do—wait till the Composer comes, and be sure you sing it to him, for his good opinion is worth having.

Wing. What? is he one of your *Amateur Managers?*

Bus. To be sure—a man of great importance!—stands on the stage at rehearsals, and beats out of time to the band.

Wing. Oh, I dare say I've heard of the Gentleman—a great Economist, and a Member of Parliament—talks of discharging the whole Orchestra, and supplying the music by a barrel organ—sometimes ventures on a stage direction, of which he doesn't understand even the common technicals, and one day, in a furor of dramatic dictation, instead of saying "*exit P. S.*" he bounced off the stage, exclaiming "*exit M. P.*" [*Exit* Wing.

(Geoffry, *without*) Take care how you turns your old body up the crooked stairs.

Bus. Who have we here? my other Actor, I suppose.

Enter GEOFFRY, *introducing* ELDERBERRY.

Geoff. There, that be Muster Bustle.

[*Exit.*

Eld. My goodness! Phew! what a waddle have I had after this ungrateful girl.—I have tolerable information, tho', that she came into this house. (*Apart*).

Bus. My old Actor is commencing with a soliloquy—Servant, Sir.

Eld. Servant, Sir—your name, I understand, is Bustle?

Bus. Yes, I expected you—

Eld. O, then you know the affair I come about—serious business! Mr. Bustle.

Bus. Yes—*the serious business*—you are willing to undertake it?

Eld. Sir!—I have undertaken it.

Bus. Ready enough, however—your name, Sir, is Berry?

Eld. Elderberry!

Bus. O, the elder Berry—how is your Son, Sir?

Eld. Sir? I never had a son, Sir.

Bus. A Nephew, perhaps, or a younger brother—beg pardon—but where have you principally acted?

Eld. Sir?

Bus. I mean, where have you been?

Eld. (Apart) Strange fellow, this; I fancy I have been principally in this neighbourhood, and have done a deal of business.

Bus. The very person I want—yet I don't recollect you—had you your own name in the bills?

Eld. To be sure, why do you ask? and I flatter myself in some *pretty large bills too.*

Bus. He must mean the *posters,* only he does not know how to express himself.

Eld. Now, Sir, to business—

Bus. With pleasure.

Eld. No, I never let pleasure interfere with business.—You are aware, Sir, that Miss Mary Hardacre has arrived privately at your lodgings.

Bus. (Apart) What can that be to him?—Yes.

Eld. Accompanied, as I have been informed, by Mr. Dulcet?

Bus. (Aside) D—n it—he is one of us—O, I had better tell him—I say, Berry—

Eld. (Surprized) Berry!

Bus. I'll let you into a secret, as you are now a party concerned—Ha! ha! they have set off

together from a plaguey old leather-headed Guardian.

Eld. (*Aside*) Leather-headed?—My goodness!

Bus. And, ha! ha! he means to play with her to-morrow night.

Eld. Dash it!—the devil he does?

Bus. Come, it is time now to ask for a specimen of your abilities that way.

Eld. I, Sir! Sir, I always abhorred the character of a seducer.

Bus. (*Apart*) A humourist, I perceive! Ah, I understand, not accustomed to the lovers' parts—Ha! ha! what d'ye think of Justice Woodcock?

Eld. I have not the pleasure to know him—(*Apart*) Dash his impudence!

Bus. What a very fine low Comedy mug you have.

Eld. This fellow is laughing at me! I'll astonish him a little—he spoke of some Justice—I'll let him know I am one—(*To* Bus.)—I perhaps, Sir, have filled a Magistrate's chair, myself.

Bus. Don't doubt that, if you sat in it—had him there—(*Apart*) O, the quiz means, he has played Sir Simon Rochdale in John Bull—I say, old Berry—

Eld. Old Berry?

Bus. We are going to get up John Bull!

Eld. My goodness! what does he mean by getting up John Bull?—He will not understand me—Sir, I think I have a document in my pocket-book which will prove—

(*Takes out his book*—Bustle *snatches it*).

Bus. Now Act 5th, Scene 2nd—now for a touch of honest Job Thornberry.—You are Sir Simon.

Eld. No, I'll be d—n'd if I am—odd's bobs!

Bus. Come, no nonsense! We'll suppose this "Burn's Justice"—you say, "*How dare you take up that Book.*"

Eld. (Enraged) How dare you take up that book?—

Bus. (Imitating) "*Because you laid it down*"—bravo! you are admirable as a testy old man—very well indeed! I think this will be a hit.

Eld. (Clenching his fist) A hit, yes, dash it, I think it will presently—impudent scoundrel—I—

Bus. Stop—now don't gag too much—my dear Berry, put your venerable arms down for the present—you've come to the right place.

Eld. (Apart) O, then perhaps she is here after all.

Bus. By way of compensation, Mr. Dulcet will make you a handsome remuneration.

Eld. Sir, I—

Bus. Five guineas in your pocket will set all straight.

Eld. Which of us two are out of our senses?

Bus. My dear Berry—

Eld. My name is not Berry, but Elderberry.

Bus. D—n your quizzical mode—well then, Berry Senior, if you will have it so—sit down for five minutes—nay, I insist (*Pushes him into a Chair*) You shall have the money the moment the business is concluded—I am going to Mr. Dulcet about it now—excuse me; and as Da-

niel Dowlas says, I'll be back in the "*twinkling of a bed-post.*" [*Exit* Bustle *hastily.*

Eld. My goodness! the strangest personage I ever met in my life—I'd give a halfpenny to comprehend the head and tail of all this!

Mrs. Wing *recites* (*within*)

"And madly play with my forefather's joints,
"And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
"And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
"As with a club—dash out my desperate brains."

Eld. Dash it, what's that? "madly"—brains—fore-fathers!—bones and *jints!*—My goodness! hollo there—

Enter GEOFFRY.

—Pray, my boy, my man, I mean, do you belong to this house?

Geoff. Yes, and trouble enough I have in it.

Eld. An't the inhabitants, very funny sort of folks?

Geoff. Funny!—to my thinking, they be all mad!

Eld. Mad! I thought so, I thought so. This then is a receptacle for lunatics—I suppose you look after them.

Geoff. If I didn't look *arter* them, they would look *arter* me—

Eld. My goodness!—what a job! To keep the house even in tolerable order, I presume you are obliged to use coercion—

Geoff. Missus will have it kept in order—so we uses *soft soap.*

Eld. (*Aside*) A technical term for a good *lathering*—a pretty place for my Mary—I say,

my boy, my man I mean, go down and ask the Governor—

Geoff. I don't know what you means—I'll send Missus—

Eld. Fiddlestick's end! go down and ask your Mistress then, whether the Lady who came an hour ago is still here.

Geoff. O — yes — I'll go and ax — *gemini cracks,* if he isn't going to give me as much trouble as any of the others! [*Exit* Geoffry.

Eld. Mad! (*Goes to the Table on which are the Stage Properties*)—What have we here!—Fetters!—poor devils!—a whip!—cut and come again!—dear dear—and that must be (*looking at the Crash*)—that, tho' I never saw one—that must be a strait waistcoat!—Dash it, tho', if these people run about wild here it is dangerous. —But poor Mary is in this house, and perhaps does not know what a place it is—I hope I shall not meet any of these gentry.

Enter WING, *with a Sheet of Music.*

—Dash it—here's one of 'em.

Wing. (*Apart*)—O, here's the Composer, I dare say—I perceive he has marks of genius in his face, and music in his soul!

Re-enter GEOFFRY.

Geoff. The Lady that came an hour ago is still in the house—(*pointing to* Mrs. Wing's *Room*).

Wing. (*Apart to* Geoff.) Geoffry, do you know whether that is a musical gentleman?

Geoff. May be so—he said *summut* about a *fiddlestick* just now. [*Exit* Geoffry.

Wing. O, it must be the Composer of my song.

Eld. That fellow looks out of his wits, and has stuck himself just before her door—here's a pretty scrape!

Wing. (*Aside*) *Scrape,* oh yes, it *is* the Composer—Sir, I beg your pardon—a little thing here—Sir, I wish to crave your assistance, as it is my earnest desire to *escape* without censure.

Eld. Escape—eh!

Wing. And if you would give me an idea of these bars—

Eld. Bars!

Wing. As I feel rather confined—

Eld. It is as I suspected—keep off, I'll have nothing to do with you.

Wing. Sir, allow me to request—

Eld. Stand off!—*(Flourishing his stick).*

Wing. How very singular!—will you allow me to look at your score?

Eld. My score! he means my head! What d'ye mean by my score?

Wing. Why, pray, Sir, are you not a Composer?

Eld. Compose yourself.

Wing. Impossible—I cannot—but I must insist upon singing this song to you—if I am incorrect, you can check me.

Eld. (Aside)—Sing!—Well he can't sing and bite at the same time, so I must listen to his lunatic screeching!—Sir, I attend to you.

Wing. I have to beg your indulgence—for singing before such a musical genius has thrown me quite in a twitter.

Eld. (*Apart*) Poor devil!

AIR—*Wing.*

When Cupid was made *first lord* of the heart,
A *place* which he held o'er us mortals below,
With tyrannical rod of hard iron—a dart,
He rul'd, and 'twas no *sinecure*, we all know.
The sly little *Minister*'s wit was well train'd,
Tho' Caution *oppos'd* every *motion* he brought,
Yet Cupid the best of the argument gain'd,
And so many *Ayes* for him, made the *Noes* nought.

QUINTETTO.—*Wing, Bustle, Elderberry, Mary, and Dulcet.*

Eld. A very good song,

Enter BUSTLE.

Bus. And very well sung—

Enter DULCET *and* MARY.

D. and M. Now let us depart.
Eld. Hey?
Bus. (*To D. and M.*) Hush! hold your tongue!
Wing. "When Cupid was made first lord of the heart."
Eld. D—mn the Song—there's enough—
D. and M. How shall we depart?
Bus. Now must I contrive to get them safe out,
For, zounds! its the Guardian!—O here'll be a rout!
Wing. "But Cupid the best of the argument gain'd."
Eld. Curse your Song—
Bus. Let me see, can disguise be obtain'd,
Mary. How plaguing! we're caught!
Dulc. O what a surprize!

(Bustle, *taking up two Cloaks*).

Bus. I must endeavour to throw this disguise!

(Bustle *throws two Cloaks, which hang on one of the Chairs, to* Dulcet, *and motions to* Wing *again to employ the attention of* Elderberry).

Wing. "When Cupid was made first lord of the heart,

Eld. Curse that Song—there's enough—

(Dulcet *and* Mary *have disguised themselves*).

D. and M. Now let us depart.

Eld. (*Seeing them*) Hey! hey! what are these? why not keep 'em in bed?

Bus. This couple, good Sir, very shortly will wed—

Eld. Poor creatures! poor wretches! O let 'em depart.

Bus. Fly quickly to church, and be of good heart.

D & M. Blind Guardian, so easy to let us depart,

Wing. "When Cupid was made first lord of the heart."

Chorus. All away—fal lal la!

Eld. Lack! a day!—

[*Exeunt* Dulcet, Mary, *and* Bustle—*and* Wing *to his room.*

Eld. Well, thank Heaven, they're gone—a pretty situation I am thrown into—I declare, the only rational *creter* in the house is that *charity-boy-looking-man*;—and luckily he is here.

Enter Geoffry.

—Well, Sir, have you enquired after the Lady that you've got in one of your plaguey coops?

Geoff. Coops!—The Lady that came an hour ago is still here—in that there room.

Eld. Then she is in d—n'd bad company—Stay, don't be off yet—wait here a few minutes.

Geoff. Bless you, I got a hunk of bread and butter below, that I couldn't leave for all the world. [*Exit.*

Eld. Well, it is of no use dilly-dallying here —I must get her out—(*Goes to Mrs.* Wing's *door*)—Mary! Mary! I say—Mary!

(Wing *peeps in from his Room*).

Wing. Mary! "That well known name awakens all my woe."

Eld. My dear Mary, it is I, your old protector.

Wing. Her old protector! an old rogue!—then he cannot be the Composer (*Aside*).

Eld. Mary, I have followed you hither:—I forgive your running away, though you did not like my management.

Wing. Management! O then, it is the Manager come from Town after her—

Eld. I'll pardon your cruel elopement—come to the arms of one who always had an affection for you—She don't seem to hear me—Mary! I I say—(*Seeing* Wing)—Zounds!—again here! —Why do you stay fixing your lunatic eyes upon me?

Wing. A pleasant rencontre—So, this is one of the embellishers of my unhappy forehead!

Eld. His unhappy forehead!

Wing. I'll have it out with him tho'—Sir, you seem to be acquainted with the Lady in that room?

Eld. I ought—She lived with me some time.

Wing. (*Apart*) Lived with him! I was correct—who would have thought such a punchey old fellow could have been a libertine?—You, Sir, are not the only person she has *lived* with!

Eld. This poor wretch's memorandum-book is in a sad state—(*touching his head*)—perhaps it will be as well to occupy his mind a little (*In a tone of compasston*)—I say, go in, and make yourself a straw pair of boots!—

Wing. What the devil does he mean by a straw pair of boots?—Harkye, you hoary-headed sinner!

Eld. (*Aside*) I don't half like his looks!—They say, if you intimidate these crack-pated chaps, you are safe—I'll try and frighten him at once—I'll make him believe I belong to the house!—

Wing. (*Advancing*) You assert, Sir, that the Lady lived with you some time?

Eld. My friend, take care what you are after,—I am one of the Keepers—

Wing. I know it—

Eld. O, then I'm safe! (*Apart*).

Wing. But this is rather too bad to one's face—Are you aware, you vile seducer, that the female in that room is my wife?

Eld. Mary, his wife!

Wing. Yes, Mary, my wife!—she that eloped—Have you no dread of a suit for *crim. con.* old Gentleman?

Eld. (*Apart*) I'll stretch a point, and terrify him at once—(*Points deliberately to the Crash*)—Do you see that strait waistcoat?

Wing. I've found it out—he's as drunk as a piper!—

(*Mrs.* Wing *within*)

—"Oh! thou curst Friar—patience?
"Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me?"

Enter Mrs. Wing, *rehearsing—comes down the Stage quickly to* Elderberry, *and lays hold of him.*

Mrs. W. "Here he is still, and I will hold him fast,
"They shall not tear him from me."

—bless me, Sir—humbly beg pardon, but I took you for the Manager—(*Curtsies, and retires*).

Eld. Dash it, you tiger cat, I don't care what you took me for—you have torn my best frill—

Wing. Astonishing! she does not know him then—if that's the case, I have behaved very rude to the gentleman, and some apology is necessary—(*Approaching bowing*)—Sir—

Eld. Well, you deranged lunatic?

Wing. I humbly beg pardon, but I took you for the Manager—(*Bows and retires*).

Eld. Curse me, if I shall not be as mad as any of the squad!

Enter BERRY.

Ber. Sir, I come in consequence of a letter I received from you, respecting an engagement.

Eld. Don't bother me—I know nothing about it.

Ber. Beg pardon, Sir, but I took you for the Manager.

Eld. Fire and confusion! Bedlam's broke loose!—I know what I'll do—I'll give the next person who speaks to me something for his trouble—(*Tucking up his cuffs*).

Enter GEOFFRY *running.*

Geoff. O! please, Sir, there's a lot of folks below axing for—are you a Manager, Sir?

Eld. (*Giving him a slap*) I can manage to give you that, on your old-fashioned charity chops—

Wing. (*Aside*) Ha! ha!—Manager's *box!*

Geoff. O criminy!—strike one of your size—(*Cries*).

Enter BUSTLE.

Bus. Ha! ha! hey, old Berry—still here—behold your Manager!

Eld. Sir—to be serious—if you are the master of this asylum, pray be kind enough to endeavour by a little good example on your own part, to drive one grain of sense into the heads of every person present.

Bus. Fie! Berry Senior, you are so d—n'd satirical—but hold, I see two members of your family approaching, and I must refer you to them for an explanation.

Eld. My family?

Enter DULCET *and* MARY.

—Oh! my dear, dear Mary—*(Embracing)* You naughty puss!—od'rat it, how glad I am to see you again.

Wing. Mary!—not my Mary—mistake upon mistake—

Eld. Oh, why did you trot away, and cause me such uneasiness, and get me into such scrapes?—Why did you leave your old friend—and—my goodness!—who the devil is that there young chap that's tickling the tips of your fingers?

Dulc. (Bowing) Mr. Elderberry, allow me to inform you, that for the last ten minutes I have had the honour to be this lady's husband.

Eld. Dash it! why you an't Mr. David Dulcet, are you?

Dulc. Yes, Sir, and tho' I have gone rather *a round-about* way to arrive at the fair object of my pursuit, having now obtained it, I will use my best endeavours for the future to continue in a *strait line* of conduct.

Eld. My goodness!

Dulc. No, Sir, it is *my goodness*—I wish, hereafter to prove—and, my dear Mary—

(Sings). "Thou and I will be first in the throng," &c.

Mary. We are indeed married, dear Sir, pray forgive me—I will never do so any more.

Wing. (Musing) I will never do so any more!

Eld. Well, well! I suppose I must consent.

Bus. Come, come, it is all made up—let us prepare for our Theatricals with alacrity—should they be fortunate enough to please our patrons, Mr. Wing will ne'er again complain of famine or other inconveniences, as Mrs. W. his *cara sposa* is about to coach it to town for a long engagement.

And now, may we hope that there will be found present, numerous *Amateurs* of our *Actors*.

FINALE.

"*Hark the bonny Christchurch Bells.*"

Ladies and Gents, our Farce is o'er, pray give us your
applause,
'Twould sound so sweet, so wond'rous sweet,
And send us home so merrily.

Say, shall we all your favour gain,
To-morrow to repeat this strain?
Come, come, come, come, come, come, and sit
In the Boxes, Gallery, or Pit.

Dingle, dingle, dingle goes the prompter's bell,
To say our Farce is o'er—
But the de'il a man be happy can,
Unless you cry *encore!*

THE END.

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REVENGE,

OR

THE NOVICE OF SAN MARTINO,

A TRAGEDY.

By MAJOR BROOK BRIDGES PARLBY,

Of the Hon. East-India Company's Service.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

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1818.

CHARACTERS.

LUDOVICO CARANTANI—*A Nobleman, Father of Victoria and Olivia.*

DUKE OF MILAN—*Designed by Ludovico as Victoria's Husband.*

FLORIAN DE ROSALBA—*A young Nobleman, loves Olivia.*

BONARIO—*An ancient Kinsman of Florian's.*

MARCHESE DE CELESTINI—*An empty Coxcomb to whom Victoria is attached.*

FATHER ANGELO—*The Abbot of San Martino.*

JEROME—*A Monk.*

PRIORESS OF SAN MARTINO.

VICTORIA.

OLIVIA.

EMILIA,
ANTONIA,
AGATHA,
BERTHA,
} *Nuns.*

SCENE.—*Chivazzo.*

Time supposed to elapse during the course of the action about thirty hours.

REVENGE,

OR

THE NOVICE OF SAN MARTINO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Chapel of the Convent of San Martino.

(As the curtain rises lights are seen through the windows of painted glass. The organ sounds, and the vesper hymn is chaunted at intervals. FLORIAN, *who was concealed behind one of the pillars, comes gradually forward during the performance of the hymn. The front of the stage darkened.)*

THE busy race of day is done,
The sun his golden course hath run
And sunk beneath the wave;
Dun night her banner hath unfurl'd,
And sleep hath spread o'er half the world,
The silence of the grave.

Oh, may we so our days employ,
As in the sleep of death to joy,
The symbol of our rest;
Rememb'ring that the righteous dies,
In sure and certain hope to rise,
With glory 'mongst the blest.

Florian *comes forward with a letter in his hand.*

This is the place Olivia named, the hour appointed.
Sure the deep gloom that shrouds these ancient aisles,
Has shed its influence o'er my drooping spirit.
Does listless torpor suit with the occasion,
When even-handed fate her feathered balance holds,
Apt for bold enterprize, or sloth inert?
When by the very deed and purpose of my mind,
My all's restored, or lost to me for ever?
Ye pitying pow'rs, that watch o'er faithful love,
Oppose a father, whose ambitious daring
Would tear asunder two devoted hearts,
And force his child, a sad unwilling victim,
To utter vows abhorrent to her soul.

[*Goes to a marble pillar, and places the letter in the hollow of it.*

Thou silent messenger, if thou couldst but impart
A thousandth portion of th' impatient ardor
That burns with thy inditer, each character should be
A spear of fire to strike down all opponents,
And thy bright eloquence should sound a larum
On the slackened ear of moody deafness.

[*The chorus is again heard from the chapel.*

'Gainst guilty thoughts the barrier close,
While our frail bodies take repose
Beneath thy sheltering wing:

And wak'd each morn in holy frame,
May hearts accord, while lips proclaim,
Hosannah to our King.

[*Lights appear in the back of the scene.*

FLO. Love moves with lingering pace
When from the heart's dear idol parting.

[*The convent bell tolls.*

But hark, I must retire.
Olivia, soon may this slowly-swinging bell
Or hail thee mine, or sound my passing knell.

[*He withdraws.*

The Prioress, Nuns, &c. pass over the stage, OLIVIA *last. She loiters behind the rest and comes forward.*

OLIV. Oh that this swelling heart would burst its fleshy bonds,
And loose a wretch who lives but to despair.
These cloister'd walls bear witness to my groans,
These holy steps are water'd with my tears;
And as I nightly press my couch of straw,
No whisp'ring seraph breathes the notes of peace,
But the deep sigh, forc'd from my laboring breast,
Mournfully echoed thro' the vaulted cell,
Repeats anew to my unwilling ear,
Tidings of sad interminable woe.—
Florian, dear Florian, would I had seen thee never.
Or, having seen thee, that 'twere possible,
With some oblivious draught, poppy or hemlock,
Drowsy mandragora, or Lethe's clouded stream,
To sweep from this fond, foolish, lovesick bosom,
All traces, records, and false lingering hopes,
That memory loves to feed on.

To this stern sacrifice cold prudence bids;
Yet, like the moth that flutters round the flame,
I fly to that which shines but to undo me,
And from its marble prison draw the hoarded prize,
Welcome as cheering blaze midst Zembla's snows.

[*She stoops and takes up the letter, which she opens and runs over to herself.*

Rest there, brief pledge of truth and constancy,

[*Putting the letter in her bosom.*

Where he that trac'd thee will for ever dwell.
Come back my scattered thoughts, aid me ye counsellors,
Whose bright intelligence can pierce the mists of error,
And in the very strife of angry passions,
Opposing reason's shield, bid all be still.
How best to steer in this dark sea I know not,
Here love, in whispers soothing to the soul,
With honied accents woes my softened heart.
Obedience there, in icy mantle clad,
His frozen wand displays; and at his nod,
The rising thought, with dreams of rapture warm'd,
Recoils upon itself, and starting, shews
The deadly halo of a father's curse.
I ken no succour till that grizly king,
Whose outstretch'd jaws for ever wait their prey,
Shall seize this form for worms to revel on,
And from its prison loose my troubled spirit.

Enter Father Angelo.

Ang. (*aside.*) Revenge, thou art a harpy, whose foul ravenous claw
Delights to pounce upon the daintiest morsels: else why this quickening pulse
At sight of yonder maid? Hold! think upon her house—

(*Aloud.*) Save thee, daughter. These lengthened vigils
Do well bespeak the pious inclination,
That leads thee to prefer our church's service
To the vain pleasures of a giddy world.
Our sisterhood the passing hours beguile
In social converse, whilst thou alone art found
The pensive tenant of these sober walls,
Fit haunt for holy meditation.
I hail these fair and prosperous beginnings;
And if I augur well, seed sown thus early
Shall yield a glorious harvest.

OLIV. Reverend father,
The awful tie, that to our holy church
Must soon unite me, well may claim
Large portion of my thoughts. And yet
Methinks I read thy meek and lowly words,
Gently rebuke me for thus ling'ring here
(A place unseemly for a tender maid),
When night and solemn silence reign around.

ANG. Not so, my daughter. Better far I deem
The humblest footstool in these hallowed courts,
Than on the throne of ermin'd majesty to sit,
Mingling in wanton wake and revelry.
If that my counsels can avail thee ought,
Freely demand, what gladly I'll bestow.
(*Aside.*) Her silvery tones seem music to my ear;
In eloquence more apt than tongue can tell,
These plaintive lengthen'd melancholy notes convey
The stifled anguish of a stricken heart.

OLIV. (*aside.*) Time moves apace; 'twere best I leave him.
(*Aloud.*) Father, I'll chuse a more convenient season
To ask thy ghostly counsels, now farewell;

Duty instructs me promptly to withdraw.
When his rapt soul's on heav'nly converse bent,
'Twere most unseemly thus to interrupt
Our people's idol, and our church's pride.
[*As she is retiring she drops the letter.*

Ang. (*solus.*) How? said she, "our people's idol, and our church's pride,"
Twice twenty thousand tongues proclaim the same,
Such is the lofty eminence I stand on.—
Ha, what's this—
[*As he is looking after her, he sees and picks up the letter.*
Ho—daughter!
This purports to be—
[*She runs in, and seeing the letter open, shrieks, and flies to regain it.*

Oliv. 'Tis mine.

Ang. (*still holding the letter, aside.*) Whence this emotion?
(*Aloud.*) Hold; not so fast—

Oliv. For pity's sake restore it.—Indeed, its mine!

Ang. Nay, daughter, 'tis fit I read this paper.

Oliv. Then,—I am lost,—for ever.
[*She holds by one of the pillars, to save herself from sinking on the floor.*

Ang. (*reads the letter with violent emotion.*)
"How can I impart to my sweet love the cruelty her "father meditates. He has resolved on forcing her to "take the veil—the unfeeling Abbess is his creature— "This very night the sordid Milan is expected; and to "your sister's elevation, and your father's ambition, you "are to be the devoted sacrifice. I hear it from one "whose veracity is like gold tried in the furnace. One "remedy alone is in your power. Fly, fly from their

" tyranny, my Olivia. I have arranged all the means of
" flight, and if you can give me a minute's hearing after
" matins to-morrow, I will explain them. If you he-
" sitate on this only alternative you are lost, but I cling
" to it as one who watches the varying countenance of
" a dying friend, fondly straining at the slightest glim-
" mering of hope. You have to chuse between being
" immured in a cloister, where even a thought of our
" past love will be a crime, or uniting your destiny
" with that of

" Your faithful, adoring, and constant lover."

(*Aside.*) Oh, I could hug thee, vengeance.—'Tis a glorious work,
When angel smiles light up thy ghastly cheek,
And the rude rabble greet thy handy work,
For the pure dictates of a guileless heart.
(*Aloud.*) I have a solemn duty to discharge,
And must obey its mandates.—First to the Prioress.

OLIV. (*throws herself on her knees and seizes his robe.*)
Stay;—if e'er thy heart felt pity, stay.

ANG. (*aside.*) What newborn impulse thus distracts my thoughts,
As 'twere in mockery of the fixed purpose,
That should be graven on my very soul.
(*Aloud.*) Say—what wouldst thou have?—

OLIV. Compassion for a woman's weakness,
Concealment for a woman's frailty;
This boon obtained, trust me my days shall be
In penitent and contrite wailings spent,
Of this my transient crime; my first, my single fault.—
Thus shall I 'scape an angry father's wrath, and thou,
Gently reclaim a wandering soul to heav'n.

ANG. But that I've heard 'tis vice's favorite handmaid,

Such matchless confidence would much amaze me.
Shall I thus wink at prurient harlotry;
See guilt uncoif'd stalk thro' our peaceful cells,
And call such weak forbearance mercy?
No, justice shall have its due. 'Twere better far
Thy body suffer that thy soul may live,
Than I, thus made associate of thy crime,
Should render both to bottomless perdition.
Away,—nor stay my course.

Oliv. Father,—one moment,—nay, but a moment hear me.

Ang. 'Twas with such witching guile the tempter stay'd
Our fair first mother, she listened, and she fell.
Away.—I'll hear no more.—What, ho,
Where is the Lady Prioress?

Oliv. Proud in the triumph of unsullied virtue,
The brazen bulwark of a spotless conscience,
Be not inflexible to a suppliant's prayer,
Nor shut out pity from its native seat.
As thou dost hope for mercy, shew it me;
So may'st thou find it, at thy utmost need.
Restore the letter, nor doom me to destruction.

Ang. (*aside.*) The very look her sainted mother bore:
But pity shall not quench the thirst of feverish hate.
(*Aloud.*) Thy hardihood confounds me.
What dost thou ask for?
Shall I conceal your crime? I, whom
Your feigned composure had deceived? No, daughter, no;
In spite of the arch fiend, nay, in your own despite,
I'll stretch a saving arm 'twixt you and ruin.—
What, ho,—Where is the Lady Prioress?

Oliv. By every tie that Nature hath implanted,
If e'er your heart hath yearn'd towards her that bore you,

ANG. Release me,—I will not,—must not, hear you.
Where is the Prioress?—Lady, Where are you?

[*The door opens, and the Prioress, Emilia, and several Nuns enter with lights.*

OLIV. Cruel! unfeeling man!—

[*She lets go his robe and throws herself on the ground.*

PRIO. What rash intruder dares to interrupt
The silent course of night, with noise unseemly?
Father, I cry your mercy.—Olivia here!—
(*To Ang.*) Had it been ought but you, the place, the time,
Might have giv'n rise to foul-mouth'd slander.

ANG. Lady, 'twere meet I briefly do explain.
Our holy calling hath impos'd a duty,
Nor will I shrink from its fulfilment.
As here I walk'd, so oft I'm wont at even,
On pious exercises bent, (then best perform'd,
When closely veil'd from all impure beholders,)
Yon wayward maiden cross'd my thoughtful steps.
Short time we parlied; when, as she retired,
This paper (justice o'ertake its author) from her fell.
I deem'd it haply from some kinsfolk greeting;
And call'd her back, as courtesy demanded,
The truant to restore; when, on the instant,
With sudden shriek, and terror speaking eye,
She cried, "'Tis mine! for pity's sake restore it."
I, as I judg'd such strange emotion
The harbinger of hidden guilt, did, as my office fits,
Peruse the writing.—'Twill unfold the rest.—

[*Reads the letter to the Prioress.—While reading it she clasps her hands, stamps, and then runs to Olivia, pointing with her finger as she lies prostrate on the ground.*

Prio. Are these thy hated wiles,
Thou snary, subtle, slippery serpent?—
Oh foul, foul, foul.
Let me strip off this badge of innocence,
That clokes thy scarlet heart. [*Seizes her veil.*

Ang. (*holding her.*) Stop, lady, let not abhorrence of the deed,
Confound itself with outrage to the doer.

Prio. How?—And does virtue's boldest champion stoop to plead
For vice abhorred?—Shall I stand tamely by,
And see my house defiled? Mine, once so fam'd
For vestal sanctity, now humbled to the dust.—

Emil. (*aside.*) In sooth, this violence of unbridled passion,
But ill accords with meek Religion's handmaid.—
(*Aloud.*) Madam, our sister, but in thought transgressor,
May look with horror on a deed of shame.—

Prio. (*ironically.*) Ah! plead for her you ought to blush to look on—
And you, most reverend Father, join your eloquence.
'Twere meet to advocate the shrine polluted,
The broken vow, the spirit fix'd on Mammon,
When beauty is the sufferer!!! Away with her to the convent.

Oliv. Then every hope is lost.—Already
Do fearful visions swim before my eyes,
Portentous of the horrid doom that waits me.—
Florian where are you? Save me,
Oh from destruction save me.

Prio. Dost thou invoke a foul adulterer's aid?
Away with the prophane, the sinful wretch.

Oliv. (*To Ang.*) Hear me, thou man of blood; to thee I speak,

Proud, stern, unfeeling, cruel as thou art!
Had but one ray of pity touch'd thy soul,
'Twas thine to lead a weary wanderer back,
Midst the still waters and the pastures green,
To bless thy aid, and humbly walk with God.—
Not so thy counsel. In the pride of virtue,
Unshaken cause untempted, nought avail'd to move
Thy iron heart, and like a loathsome thing,
Thou shook'st the trembling weeping suppliant off,
To seek from Heav'n the boon denied by thee.
But mark!—Thy day of trial, tho' delay'd shall come;
Then, when fierce passions tear thy inmost soul,
When thou shalt feel that man is heir to frailty,
When a long line of unrepented crimes
Shall rise in terrible array against thee,
When shuddering at thy guilt, beyond all human aid,
Thy supplicating eye scarce dare look up for mercy,
Wak'd from her trance, let conscience smite thy breast,
And in that fearful moment think on me.

[*She is carried off by the Nuns.*

ANG. (*aside.*) In truth, I could repay thee scorn for scorn;
Yet, for my motives might beget suspicion,
I darn't give utterance to the thoughts that move me.

[*He follows the Prioress and detains her.*

PRIO. Such is the certain recompence that waits
On goodness, when the softened heart would sway
From its true course the steady arm of justice.
'Tis well with black opprobium thus to load
A life so pure, the piercing eye of malice
Could never yet spy out a flaw to cavil at.

ANG. Hold. The best are thickly studded o'er with error,

Such is the tenure of mortality.
There's nought that is deceitful as the heart.
Haply some inborn pride, some passion unsubdued,
Required this sharp corrective. Then let me take the cup
With humble thanks. 'Tis physick to the soul.

Prio. This self-distrust, in you so angel like,
But stains with blacker die Olivia's guilt.

Ang. Lady, 'twould seem as tho' such fixed despair
Did mark a mind not quite estranged from virtue.
Might I advise, I'd bate the law's hard sentence,
Nor rigidly exact the custom'd penance.
For when with heav'n born mercy somewhat tempered,
Then justice doth ever shew itself most godlike.

Prio. No, father, not the smallest jot, believe me.
Severe and rigid are our convent's laws:
Too long they have slumbered; but th'occasion proves
'Tis needful to revive them. Olivia first shall stand
A sample of the retribution due
To slighted vows, and to insulted heav'n. [*Exit.*

Ang. (*solus.*) 'Tis well. I have done my duty. Will not the city say so?
Then whence proceeds this strange and rare commotion:
Whence comes the strict inquisitor that seems to ask
"What was thy motive, Angelo? What, woulds't thou "visit
"On this unhappy innocent another's guilt?"
Conscience, thou bright unerring monitor,
I dare not probe thee further. 'Tis thus we stifle
The silent eloquence of heav'n's vicegerent,
Virtue's first advocate and vice's deadliest foe;
At once, the witness and the judge of crime.
Had he, the first who smote his fellow, heeded
Thy still, small voice, he had not slain a brother. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Florian's House.

Enter Florian *and* Bonario.

Bon. (*Speaking as he is entering.*) On pithy emprize bent, and I forbad to tend thee?
Sure my young lord but gibes his ancient liegeman.
Was it for this I watch'd his infant cradle,
Joy'd o'er his youth, and view'd with honest pride,
Glory's bright star dawn on his ripening manhood?

Flo. I have no time to waste in tedious converse.
'Tis the account I make of you that sways me,
The deeds I purpose suit not sober age.

Bon. Oh say not thus, can age destroy affection,
Or years efface the grateful homage due thee?
I do remember, ('twas a mortal strife,
As if a single arm could poise the scale,
Each hand to hand sought victory or death),
Bleeding I fell beneath the fiery Gaul,
Th' uplifted spear on fatal deed intent,
When, as the vast waters of impetuous Po,
Swoln by the mountain torrent roll along,
Thou, chief in fame the lion of the fight,
Rush'd on the towering foe, and hurled him down,
Whilst big with ardent hope, to swift destruction.

Flo. No more of this.—Tenfold thou hast o'erpaid
The happy chance that sent this arm to aid thee,
With faithfulservice, and with honest zeal.

Bon. Service! nay, good my lord,
Say, duty, obligation, or sworn fealty;

Midst all the varied terms that language boasts,
Call it by any worthier name than service.

Flo. My friend forgive me the ungracious word;
Nor deem a crooked and ill nurtur'd spirit
Was parent to the thought.
From the same font my honor'd mother drew,
The generous stream purples thy lusty veins,
And in the dower of a noble mind,
Bids fortune's meaner honors shrink abash'd.

Bon. My dear young lord, (*weeps*) Forgive an old man's weakness;
You've touch'd the tenderest chord this heart retains.
As the untutor'd harp, swept by some passing breeze,
With wild aerial measure swells the gale,
So memory wakened by thy mother's name,
From nature claims the tribute of a tear.
But to the mark.—You must not, will not, cannot bid me part.
Say I may follow, and I ask no more.

Flo. Bonario, you little guess the thing you ask for,
And knowing it, would shudder at your suit.
There is a secret, dark, mysterious pow'r,
That claims dominion o'er each Christian state;
And in the tyranny of unbridled rule, asserts
Its gloomy empire even o'er our thoughts.
Suppose some wayward, some untoward fate
Has crossed my destiny? suppose I'm called on
To war with superstition's fearful child,
Combat opinion nurs'd in early youth,
And hazard life, if vengeance chance to wake,
That foiling her, I may be doubly blest!

Bon. What do I hear? can this be good Rosalba!
Cease, aged knees, cease from this angry strife;

And back thou ebbing tide that rushing to the heart,
In mockery of these colourless and withered cheeks,
Wouldst blazon forth the dread that palls my soul.
Would I had stood on Ætna's fiery brink,
Or naked plung'd neath Dwinia's ice-bound wave,
Or ever I had heard these fatal words.

FLO. Said I not well, "my purpose suits not thee?"
Why didst thou seek to draw the veil that hid
Designs ill meet for slow, considerate age?
Infirm of body, cautious grown by years,
Hast thou to do with emprize that might shake
The bold resolve that dwells with manly prime?

BON. If faithful, constant, and long tried affection
Give claim to confidence, and right to share in peril,
I fearless challenge both! Think'st thou, young lord,
'Tis chains or scourges, wheels or racks I fear:
No, learn to know me better.—Let but this dark design,
Lost or accomplish'd, leave no scorpion here;
[*Pointing to his breast.*
And be it life or death, I'll follow thee.

FLO. Shall I return attachment, such as thine,
By pointing thee the path that leads to danger?

BON. I fear it not, so conscience lead our way.
Once more I claim admittance to thy councils.
Bonario has not lived so long, to basely cherish
The feeble remnants of a tottering frame,
So they be justly, honorably spent;
And better deems pain, sufferance, corporal wound,
Than that the slightest scar deform the mind.

FLO. My faithful friend! I'll waste not time in thanks,
Then doubly precious when ingrafted here.
[*Lays his hand on his heart.*
Then ardent zeal demands a better recompence,

Than to involve these reverend locks in peril.
But be thy will my law.—First I adjure thee,
By life, by death, by all thy hopes of heaven;
By those sweet thoughts that soar beyond the grave;
By all the immortal myriads that behold us;
Be each word, letter, particle I tell thee,
In solemn secrecy for ever clos'd.

Bon. I swear.—
By this untainted blade I swear, (*Drawing his sword.*)
(Nor nobler oath can bind a soldier's lips),
Never this secret to reveal.

Flo. Amen.—Now to our purpose.—So far to try thee
Have I essay'd; and nobly hast thou prov'd
The sterling ore and charter of thy soul.
In playful infancy and blameless youth, thou'st seen
Stern Carantani's daughter, sweet Olivia,
Alike beloving and beloved by all:
But chief by me, who long have pin'd to graft
This tender scion on my ruder stock.
Nor heard the gentle maid my suit unmov'd;
But with retiring look and downcast eye,
Reveal'd a flame, that angels might approve.—
Not so her father. A rough unbending soldier,
Train'd to command, exacting blind obedience,
His haughty breast scarce left an avenue
For the mild joys that sweeten social life.
One only claim'd admission: fair Victoria,
His eldest born, the boast, the pride, the solace of his years.
The rugged virtues of his soul relax
Before her melting beauties; and for her,
Olivia, scorn'd at first, must now be offer'd
A piteous victim to monastic vows.

BON. What fiend thus closes up a father's heart,
And steels him 'gainst so soft a suitor.
FLO. Ambition. Long has his eagle eye
Fix'd on her airy coping; intent from thence to seize
A ducal crown to grace Victoria's brows.
BON. And so she rise he little recks Olivia's fall.
FLO. 'Tis so.—Long since their kinsman, rich Montoni, dying,
Bequeath'd vast wealth to Carantani's daughters;
On such conditions, that if both attain'd to womanhood,
In equal lot the sum should be divided;
But if either, or sought the church's service,
Or died in early bloom, the other then should prove
Sole heiress of this great inheritance.
Caught by the tempting bait, Milan's proud duke,
A sordid soul, ingulph'd in avarice,
Victoria's wealth solicits, not her heart.
She, haughty and self-willed, his suit despises,
And yet would fain his sounding title share.
BON. 'Tis rumoured, Celestini has her love?
FLO. And therefore Carantani urges her to wed
With Milan.—For this same Cielestini,
'Tis a shallow thing, and full of foreign fopperies:
Noisy and hollow as a drum; like the report
Of an unshotted cannon, that cheats the air with its lou mockery,
Importing much, and yet conveying nothing.
'Tis Carantani's plague, that to this popinjay
The child he doats on gives her company;
And therefore would he haste to bind Olivia
In vows indissoluble, for till then
Milan, Victoria's nobler suitor, pauses;
Intent the dower of both to gain, or therein failing,

Elsewhere to pander for a wealthier maid.

Bon. This tale would strike out fire e'en from a heart of flint.

Were every drop that fills these veins an ocean,
And each poor particle of this aged flesh,
Firmer than he, who with gigantic arm
From wondering Gaza bore her massy gates,
I'd freely part with all, so I might rescue
Gentle Olivia from this foul cabal.

Flo. With all that heart can feel I thank thee. But more anon.

At midnight Carantani holds a feast
In honour of his daughter's 'proaching nuptials.
Our city's nobles thither all repair,
And I, albeit a guest for such a banquet
Unmeet, must go.—'Tis rumour'd that I love
Olivia. Hence Carantani close observes me;
Nor is it fitting to withhold my presence,
So it may serve to dim suspicion's falcon eye.
Ere morning wakes we'll meet again. Farewell:
Be bold, be resolute, and guard this secret.

Bon. I'll hold it sacred as my very soul:
May this proud thing, that spurns annihilation,
Pine in slow fire, eternal as itself,
If speech unguarded cross the threshold of my lips.

[*Exeunt on different sides.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Prioress's Parlour.

The PRIORESS, EMILIA, ANTONIA, AGATHA, BERTHA, *and other Nuns, appear assembled in debate.*

PRIO. It seems, my daughters, that you're all agreed
To meet this dereliction from our laws
With wholesome rigour and with sharp corrective.
Proceed we then, as best becomes our office,
To enforce the ancient statutes of our house;
And, without favor or affection, visit
Such early guilt with early punishment.

EMIL. First let me crave a moment's, nay, but a moment's hearing.
Oh, Madam, whilst we sit in judgment
O'er our sister's faults, be it remembered
That we ourselves are faulty; and ere long
Ourselves we must be judg'd. So may we then
Receive a blessed sentence, as we do now
Let pity's tear soften the brow of justice.

PRIO. Weak minds are ever prone to shrink from duty.

I own the task is painful. Be it so.
I'm full prepar'd: and doubly am I called on not to falter,
Lest private feeling foil the public right.
Ant. My voice is ever to uphold our statutes;
Nor let misguided calls of ill-placed pity
Do violence to the strict award our house demands.
Agat. Why halt we 'twixt two paths. Our course is plain;
Would we be merciful we must be just,
Nor shield a culprit from the doom she merits.
Emil. Are we as gods, that we thus ruthlessly condemn.
Can we discern the secrets of the heart,
Or pluck the mote from out our sister's eye,
Unconscious of the beam that dims our own?
Agat. You do but waste that time in idle prating,
That should be used to nobler purposes.
Prio. (*rising.*) Daughters, in dread obedience to our holy church,
The solemn penance I do thus pronounce.
Emil. (*seizing her robe.*) Ere the irrevocable words are fled,
Writ by recording Angel in the eternal book,
Oh think on Him who is the fount of mercy;
Think who hath said,—"Thou shalt thy neighbour love
"Even as thyself."—
Prio. Rise, daughter, nor stay me in my office.
Emil. (*still kneeling.*) Granted she is in fault; so are we all:
All faulty, all fallen, all undone.
When He, in whose pure sight the very heavens
Are not clean, shall bring to judgment every idle word,

And every thought and motion of the heart,
Oh, how shall we abide the fearful scrutiny,
How hope to meet that mercy we have never shewn.

Agat. Are you so lost to all we hold most sacred?
Would you profane our cells, uphold a wanton?

Bert. Use not such rude, injurious phrase, good sister.
Look on her face, read but that goodly book,
Where innocence, and purity and peace are stamp'd,
And you shall wish the word a thousand times unsaid.

Emil. With what deep agony of soul, she weeps
The thoughtless error of unguarded youth.
E'en now, as unobserved I passed her cell,
A pitying glance I stole. Humbly she knelt,
And whilst her lips betokened silent prayer,
One hand upon the sacred book was placed,
That open lay before her; whilst the other
Her drooping head supported, that those bright eyes,
Streaming with tears, might view with steady gaze
The blessed Cross, immortal symbol of our promised rest.

Prio. I charge you, cease; nor give me further hindrance.
This be the expiation of our erring daughter's guilt.
Within the spacious vaults beneath our aisles,
Near where the ashes of the dead repose,
In a stone cell, whose iron doors exclude
The light of day, the genial breath of heav'n,
Remote from human eye, debarr'd all converse
With human voice, in the strict abstinence
Of a continual lent, be she detain'd,
Its annual circuit whilst the year performs.
We hope her penitence will be sincere;
So may the day spring, whose unclouded ray
Hath freed our souls from the dark shades of death,

Lead her anew to paths of heav'nly joy,
And guide her footsteps to the realms of light.

Emil. (*aside.*) Alas, my gentle sister, then hast thou bade the world adieu.

Within this dungeon's horrid gloom immur'd,
Many an unhappy wretch has pined and sunk,
Yet none ere left it, but to gain the shore
Where grief is mute, and sorrow weeps no more.

Prio. Daughters, you may retire.—Be it my task
To inform Olivia of her chastisement.
Meanwhile I do beseech your prayers may flow,
That this, her light affliction, may obtain
The halcyon hour of pardon and of peace.

[*Exeunt all the Nuns.*

So far 'tis well. Thus ever should we wield
The iron sceptre of authority;
Respected most when arm'd with brow severe.
Such is my usage. Controul that's absolute
Makes proud hearts bend, and meaner bosoms fear.
But for this lovesick girl, a double motive prompts me
To steep her cup with gall. First, Carantani
Shall own himself my debtor; for this extremity
Perchance will urge her instantly to seek
Profession; and her vows once seal'd, his heart's desire,
(The which he hath importun'd me to accomplish),
Shall find relief: and I, the instrument,
Gain vantage to promote our house's honor.
Next shall the Abbot Angelo perceive
The convent holds a rigorous discipline,
And all must yield submission to our statutes.
That pride of rank, or power, or noble lineage,
Are nothing worth to shelter a defaulter
From the quick lash that waits on humbler culprits.

Whilst the rude rabble canonize their idol,
Prudence must court opinion's harlot breath,
And stoop before the branch it cannot break. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Victoria's boudoir.

Victoria and the Marchese de Celestini discovered.—A minstrel attends and sings the accompanying air, during which Celestini is employed in fanning Victoria.

What have we to do with fame,
Soon lost, obtain'd with trouble;
Glory's but a sounding name,
And honor's but a bubble.
Crowns Ambition strives to find,
I value not a jot;
Nor the mantling wreaths that bind
The forehead of the sot.

From the niggard grasp of Time
Snatch the moments as they pass;
Pluck the flow'ret in its prime,
Beauty's fading as the grass.
Give me wanton dimpled smile,
Throbbing pulse and roving eye,
Venus, laughing all the while,
Tune my soul to harmony.

Vict. Enough;—Retire.— [*The Minstrel retires.*
Celes. Marvellous well, my lady;—excellent well, in troth;
A pretty ditty,—a marvellous pretty ditty.

Vict. 'Tis well enough, methinks, yet nothing marvellous.

Celes. Oh, no, not marvellous,—not positively marvellous.

This saucy, proud superlative, should be
Banish'd the vulgar speech of boors uncouth,
That it might centre where 'twould shine unrivall'd.
'Pon conscience, 'tis an epithet that should be solely
Lady Victoria's attribute :—nay, 'pon my faith—

Vict. Less gloss, my lord, would make more deference.

Celes. Nay, jam me to a mummy, sweet Signora,
If I do lack one grain of deference.
'Tis twin to admiration, ever at her side,
And therefore ever in your company.
Were daddy Plato stirring, simple man,
Spite of his musty saws, we'd bait him till he own'd
Philosophy a pudding, vis-à-vis
To smiles that wanton round those dainty lips.

Vict. This idle form of speech offends me. Let it rest.

Celes. For ever, since my lady wills it so.
Tickle me, Proteus, till I'm all congeal'd,
Cold as the frosty Duke, whose leaden eye
Creeps o'er this pink and pattern of perfection,
Nor lends a thought to Venus' substitute,
Save as the fair conveyancer of dirty Mammon.

Vict. Name not the wretch : a mildew light upon him.

Celes. Then be it on him solely : not on her,
Who soon shall make him envied thro' the world.

Vict. What choice is left me !' Tis my father's pleasure.

Celes. Are you your father's slave ?

Vict. Nor ever will be.

Celes. Can he sing lullaby to naughty ocean,
Or bid the pale fac'd minx, that slily peeps

From yonder fleecy cloud, like a green girl,
Go puling back to bed; can he squeeze out an isicle
From fiery pated Phœbus; or griping avarice,
From the unmanner'd wretch that woo's you for you gilding.

Vict. Yet still he is my father; and his heart doth yearn
Till rival maids salute me Lady Duchess.—

Celes. The title hath a pretty sound; a sweet lip'd, goodly title.
Goodly to wear; goodly to hear; hath it ought else that's goodly?
Can it o'ersway affection, make it relish
The filthy carrion that it holds abhorred?
Wouldst thou possess the jewel, thou must have
The swine that wears it in his hideous snout.

Vict. (*Smiling.*) Would it were seated on that gracious front.

Celes. In sooth 'twould be too cumbrous. I envy not
Bold Alexander, seized of half the world,
Since I've a smile from her whose graces rise,
All beauteous as the dawn of infant skies.
With thee, who dost thy sex outshine, [*Drops on his knee.*
Whose charms I do pronounce divine,
How pretty 'twere methinks to keep
A tiny flock of b-a-a-ing sheep.

Enter Ludovico Carantani.

My child, what means this folly?—Indeed, Sir, [*To Celes.*
This ill-tim'd mummery affects me not.

Celes. Signior, I kiss your foot. Your gracious presence,
I'the very wink of time, bars formal greeting.

For that you wave a ceremonious entrance,
I bid your Excellence a double welcome.

Vict. (*Peevishly.*) What is your pleasure, Sir, if I may crave it?

Car. My love, I come the messenger of joyful tidings.
Your noble suitor, but this minute lighted,
Thro' me requests an audience. I do beseech you grant it;
Let the full blaze of matchless beauty, dazzle
The eye, that soon shall fondly hail it his.

Vict. (*aside.*) What shall I do? The wretch is my aversion,
And yet, my Lady Duchess has a pretty sound.
(*Aloud.*) Sir,—as in all things bound, I shall obey you.
[*Exit.*

Celes. Beautiful Signiora, your most devoted slave.
[*Bowing as she exits.*
Illustrious Signior, live a thousand cycles. (*Going.*)

Car. My Lord, I've something for your private ear.
Would't please you wait a moment?

Celes. A million, if your Lordship wills it so.

Car. Your Lordship knows Rhodolpho, Duke of Milan?

Celes. Excellent well, Signior; and I do hold him,
A gentleman of very nice distinction.

Car. Then know him as my daughter's destin'd husband,
By me approv'd; and when these vapid things,
These summer flies shall cease to flutter round her,
His worth shall make her seek his company.

Celes. (*aside.*) Yes, as mad curs do water. (*Aloud.*) Signior, upon the mark,
I do declare this card of chivalry,
A marvellous delicate and wholesome picture,

For Lady Victoria's eyes to rest upon.

Car. Then to be brief; you'll pardon me, my Lord,
But when the road is plain, (such is my fashion,)
I make no circuit. Too much of late my daughter
Hath lent herself to your society;
And to say truth, your absence will be welcome.

Celes. (*Aside.*) A cursed churl. (*Aloud.*) Adieu, most gentle Signior,
I do commend me to your courtesy;
Thro' it, to the fair paragon your daughter;
Thro' her, to my Lord Duke, would't please him to accept,
From the soft comate of his promised joys,
The salutation of so poor a man. [*Exit.*

Car. This fellow's weapon's insignificance.
Such are the toys that female bosoms value,
The chatter such that oft shall discompose
The sober dignities of nobler men.
Would that these 'spousals were accomplish'd!
So shall my thoughts find season of repose.
Within there; my daughter, Victoria, if it please you?

Enter Victoria.

Hither, my love. How fragrant is the flower
Whose scented sweets shall fill the wanton air
With new-born odours. Oh, my child, beware
No tainted breath shall rob them of their freshness!

Vict. I know not what your caution would imply, sir?

Car. 'Tis not what is, 'tis what may chance, Victoria!
Plac'd on the very top of fortune's ladder,
Envied by all, how dangerous is the footing!
A noble suitor gains a noble prize,
A Satellite round princely Jupiter;

Yet, while all eyes are fix'd in admiration,
To shine unblemish'd rests with you alone.

Vict. What should I fear, while honor guides my steps!

Car. 'Tis not enough, my child, to steer in honor's course,
If prudence for a moment quit the helm.
Woman's fair fame is as the spider's air-thread,
Brittle as glass, slight as the filmy gossamer;
'Tis as the virgin and unwritten sheet,
One envious pigmy blot shall soil its whiteness.
As the adventurous peasant, who o'erhangs
Some fearful precipice's giddy height,
The air-pois'd nest to rifle. As the sailor boy,
Who, from the summit of the towering mast,
Smiles at the curling noisy wave beneath;
If some slight tremor shakes his sinewy hold,
He falls, and falls for ever.

Vict. Sir, I beseech you, think of me, as one
With whom no foul disloyal thoughts do harbour.

Car. Child of my heart, Heaven so preserve thee ever!
But come; the Duke demands our hospitable cares.
Strait I'll conduct him to the marble chamber,
And thither shall my love, a very grace, repair. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Marble Chamber in Carantani's Palace.

Enter Carantani *and the* Duke of Milan.

Car. This shall be reckoned, in our house's annals,
The meetest hour in fortune's calendar.

None doth with kinder welcome greet your grace,
Than the fair object of your honorable suit.
If her looks seem not debtors to her heart,
And wear some shew of maiden bashfulness,
Warring with courteous inclination, note her as one
That lacks not will, but power to give it utterance.

Duke. I am prepared to meet such obstacles,
As the proud rank and honors that I bear
Oppose to virgin coyness; therefore excuse it needs not.

Car. Yet Carantani's daughter wants not pride.

Duke. So much the better. My titles, lineage, fortune,
Shall make her compeer with the proudest she
That Italy produces. Bear that, Sir, in remembrance.

Car. I grant it is a splendid catalogue. For these,
And more than these, your grace shall hold our homage.
And for my daughter, Sir, I do avouch
Such qualities by nicer art ingrafted
On nature's happiest mould, as do bespeak
A gentlewoman of no mean degree.

Duke. 'Twere waste of words, Sir, to hold argument,
On that which is unanswerable. Lady Victoria's wit,
Clad in the costly livery of beauty,
Hath been recorded in the scroll of fame,
As a fair mark that bides the test of envy,

Car. And will not shrink the proof. For she doth couple,
With such desert as doth o'ertop her fellows,
Discretion that the chariest maid may suit.

Duke. Nor shall the envied bride of Milan want
Such splendor as may dazzle vulgar eyes,
That yield the palm to outward bravery.
When shall I claim the interchange of vows?

Car. To-morrow, an please your grace!

Duke. To morrow ?——

Car. Illustrious woers should not be the slaves
Of snail-pac'd expectation. Says your grace to-morrow ?

Duke *(musing.)* My Lord, I have a thought come cross my mind ;
Would't please you hear it.—You have a daughter,
A pious maid 'tis rumour'd, that doth incline
To yield the perfume of her virgin sweets,
A spotless offering to the sainted altar.

Car. 'Tis true, her thoughts tend heavenward ; and she chides
The march of time, as though, with envious slowness,
It would retard the record of her vows.

Duke. What says your Lordship, if to-morrow witness
A double ceremonial : and, whilst the fair Victoria
Receive an earthly corone her gentle sister
Do seek the crown that fades not.

Car. 'Tis well thought. And, but the church be willing,
The child shall be beholden to your grace,
For speedier entrance on her destin'd calling.
But see, where comes my heart's best treasure.

Enter Victoria.

Duke. *(advancing and taking her hand.)* Madam, accept my duty. *(kisses her hand.)*
How fares your Ladyship ?

Vict. Well, *(courtesies)* and your grace's most devoted servant ;
Since 'tis my father's will I should be so.

Duke *(aside.)* Humph !—the man did say she lack'd not pride.

(Aloud.) Madam, I lay those honors at your feet,
The loftiest maiden need not blush to gather.

Vict. And you would have me stoop to take them up.
They're worth the having, for my father thinks so.

Duke. And so I trust do you. *(aside.)* No waste of compliments.

Vict. That's as it may be, Sir; for, high born maids
Must bend the will to outward circumstance.
A peasant's daughter has a goodlier choice.

Car. Truce to this pleasantry, I know 'tis but in jest.

Vict. Nay, Sir, but 'tis in earnest. I am a sorry jester.

Car. *(aside.)* Would't please you bid his grace a kindlier welcome?

Vict. You are welcome, Sir; nay more, you must be so;
You must and shall be, for, 'tis my father's will.

Car. And yours. Come, come, this is mere war of words, Victoria.

Vict. Nay, Sir, but 'tis the very coinage of the brain.
I cannot, as some practis'd courtiers do,
With cunningly devised, ambiguous meaning,
School my smooth speech to give my thoughts the lie.

Car. I told your grace she did but banter with us;
And took this merry circuit, to display
The nameless charm sincerity doth wear.

Enter Servant.

My Lord, the guests are all assembled, and attend
Your Lordship's presence.

Car. We'll haste to bid them welcome.
I pray you, Sir, receive the gratulations
Our city's nobles are prepar'd to offer:

For all do hold in honorable mention
The rumour that hath gain'd of this alliance.
Will you conduct my daughter to the gardens?
Hither, my child, and give the Duke your hand.

Vict. *(withdrawing her hand.)* Ah me, what ails me.
Hath a torpedo touch'd my hand;
Or rather, hath your grace withdrawn its properties
From sympathising marble?

Duke. *(aside.)* You shall find leisure to repent of this.
(Aloud.) Is it your pleasure, Madam, to accept my service?

Car. Nay, nay, Victoria, this is childish. Come, your hand.

Vict. Sir, 'tis my pleasure, truly. You hear my father say so.
Nay more, your choice of either hand, perchance
You'd like to chuse the weightiest.

[*Exeunt the Duke, leading Victoria, in a discontented thoughtful mood.*

SCENE IV.

Angelo's Cell.

Enter Angelo *and* Jerome.

Ang. You have rous'd this spiritless insipid fellow
To make some shew of manly enterprize, and urge
Victoria to elopement. You have prepar'd
All requisites for flight, beyond the reach
Of interruption?

Jer. All this is done. A vessel of the swiftest speed
Attends my order. If she lend a willing ear,

To-morrow shall our purpose take effect.
What more?

ANG. Bid Carantani instant to the convent.

JER. It shall be done.

ANG. And by the way, turn all his thoughts
To the detection of Olivia's letter.
He must be put on other scent, till once
Victoria's gone; therefore let drop mysterious phrase,
As if I hold some strong, some damning proof
'Gainst the abettor of this enterprize.
If he do seek to scrutinize thee nicely,
Affect uncertainty; and say, "'tis not my humour
To be so questioned."

JER. That in the labyrinth of suspence inclos'd,
His swelling rage may work itself to fury
Against his helpless child? Is such your meaning?

ANG. Thou hast the very comment on the text. Look to't,
Here's thy hire, an' thou prove worthy of it.
[*Pointing to an iron box.*

JER. I'd rather that the payment do in part
Precede the obligation. [*Looking at the chest.*

ANG. What does thy swinish eye take cognizance
Of the polluted instrument of evil,
Thro' the hard metal that incases it.
There, *(unlocks the chest)* stretch forth thy dirty palm and take thy fill.
Thou tinsel, glittering bauble, thou dost glare,
As 'twere in scorn of the dark end thou servest.
How like a painted Jezabel thou art,
Whose smile lures to destruction.—Go, get you gone,
And have a care this act needs no revisal.

JER. If it lack virtue, hold me for a fool. [*Exit.*

*(*Angelo *solus, looking after him.)*

Ang. I hold thee for a villain, an officious villain;
One that has seen too much of the complexion
Of deeds the vulgar must not look upon.
Thou hast ta'en off my vizor: therefore thou art so dangerous,
That when mine end's accomplish'd, thine must follow
Close on the heels on't. Perform my cherish'd purpose,
And then I do denounce thee to the holy office,
A heretic, past cure, a slave, that bows before
A molten image in the temple's precincts.
Now, Carantani, doth my harvest ripen.
Oh early traitor, rash obdurate fool,
I half forgive thee all the sufferings,
The misery thou hast caus'd me; for thou dost fall
A bird into the net, thyself importunate,
To fill the cloud that hastens to discharge
Its thunders on thy head. How sweet it is,
When the desire's accomplish'd. Let but this craven fop
Release thee of thy idoliz'd Victoria,
And I am satisfied. The rest works to my wish.
Soon shall Olivia, wafted on the wings
Of morning, seek her rest. Then wakes remorse,
And when the worm shall quicken in thy breast
To die no more, vengeance and I are quits. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The gardens of Carantani's palace brilliantly illuminated. —The moon shines over the distant sea.—A grand company of noblemen, ladies, &c. &c. are seen walking through the trees towards the side on which Carantani, the Duke, &c. are supposed to be approaching.—Two Noblemen advance up the front of the stage.

1st. NOBLE. The crowd all passes yonder.

2d. NOBLE. 'Tis to salute the Duke, who moves in stately guise,
Leading his beauteous mistress.

1st. NOBLE. Her manner savours little of affection.
'Twou'd seem the dukedom hath more respect with her,
Than he that owns it.

2d. NOBLE. Sir, I surmise as much; but here comes one with Florian,
If he be right reported could tell us more distinctly.

Enter to them CELESTINI *and* FLORIAN DE ROSALBA.

2d. NOBLE. Welcome Rosalba. How fares Lord Celestini?

CELES. As one at variance with the ruffian breath
Of this exceeding ugly atmosphere. What, sirrah, ho,
My roquelaure:—do ye dance, to-night, Sir? This air, methinks,
Invites to a couranto.

Enter the DUKE, *leading* VICTORIA, CARANTANI, *Lords, Ladies, &c. &c.*

CAR. Fair Dian smiles on this good company.
See how, in clear and cloudless majesty,
She sails thro' ambient ether, and with silvery beams
Pierces the dusky coverlet of night.
How she doth shew the power of chastity,
Which when it habits with an artless maid,
Throws every grosser essence into shade.
You are all most welcome, most truly welcome.

Celes. Thanks, courteous Signior, I am exceedingly beholden to you.

Car. *(aside.)* What, is this caterpillar here again?—My lord,

Such as our country's hospitable usage claims,
Such welcome take: not Carantani's.

Celes. Even so. I am not one to moot it with you, Signior.

Car. Ladies, I pray you all be seated. Let the full choir,
With dulcet harmony, its hymenean sing.

EPITHALAMIUM.

From thy couch of orient pearl,
From thy amber halls arise;
Thy banner, Constancy, unfurl,
Serene as cloudless summer skies.
Thou, whom chaste nymphs delight to sing,
Thy hyacinthine garland bring;
Nor leave the sacred mystic ring,
Apt emblem of unfading spring.
Wake, god of love, smile on the fair,
And crown with soft delight this noble pair.

With thee bring a heavenly guest,
Modesty in russet vest,
Gently leading young Desire,
Curbing with decent look his fire;
Till half alarm'd, perchance she spy
The wandering of his wanton eye,

And smiling, blushing rosy red,
On thy bosom hides her head.
Wake, god of love, protect the fair,
And crown, with rapture crown, this noble pair.

(After the Epithalamium a Dance.)

Enter JEROME, *and approaches* CARANTANI, *muffled up, and his cowl drawn down.*

JER. Lord Carantani ?

CAR. Who are you ?

JER. One that has business with you.

CAR. Speak, your errand.

JER. 'Tis my intention. First leave this childish mummery.

CAR. *(advancing to the front of the stage.)* Would you be private with me ?

JER. No, time is precious. You're wanted at the convent.

CAR. My daughter ! This refers to her ?

JER. It does.

CAR. Say, what is it ? She is not dead, or gone, or—

JER. Not dead, nor gone. She's only thinking of it.

CAR. Explain the mystery.

JER. That's what I cannot do. The Abbot Angelo, mayhap,
Could tell you more about it if he chose.

CAR. I'm on the rack. I'll instant seek him.

JER. Curb your impatience or you'll nothing gain :
Loquacity suits not his humour.

CAR. I go with you o' the instant.—Ladies,
And this sweet company, I do beseech you,
Let my abrupt departure stand excus'd

By the urgency of th' occasion. Meanwhile, my lov'd Victoria
Shall well supply my poor endeavours to requite
The honour that your presence yields us.

[*Exit with Jerome.*

1st. Noble. Lord Carantani wears a troubled brow of late.

2d. Noble. It seems as though the public weal, distemper'd
By brawl and faction, did disturb his leisure.

1st. Noble. It may be so. And yet, methought the flash
That shot from forth his eye, spoke cause of agitation
Nearer allied to aught of private wrong. Such is more keenly felt
Than general calamity.

Vict. Ladies, would't please you thread the mazy dance?
How fares it with you, Sir?—*(to Celestini.)* Am I to think your favour
Keeps equal distance from me with your goodly self.

Celes. Say, rather, your constellation hath attracted
A planet of mortiferous atmosphere, that would eclipse its splendour.
Nay, nay, my lady, tattling gossips hold
Plutus hath ta'en the ague, and the shivering loon
Would warm himself by little Cupid's fire. I'st so?

Duke. *(aside.)* S'death, would this beetle-headed beau presume
To puff me with his quaint conceits?—*(Aloud.)*—Sir, I have heard
That foppery and imbecility are of one mother born;
Perhaps you could inform me?

CELES. Faith, my Lord Duke, you've posed me.
I do labour with exceeding poverty of wit, of purse as't may be.
Nor do I envy rich ones; for I've heard 'em say in Padua,
That avarice was the sworn bridesman of contempt,
Aud where one fixed, needs must the other dwell.
DUKE. (*aside.*) The interpretation needs no glossary
To palliate its venom. (*Aloud.*) Harkee, sir.
(*Speaking in a whisper*). Your lordship wears a sword.
CELES. (*aside.*) A sword!—What does he mean?—
(*Drawing near* VICT.) Yes, my Lord Duke,
A weapon of exceeding cunning workmanship;
A very well bred sword; the hilt of amber,
And the blade the brightest in all Christendom.
DUKE. (*Still speaking low.*) Are ye disposed to take the morning air
Tomorrow, on the course?
CELES. Course!—morning air!—Indeed, most noble Duke,
I'm not familiar with the morning air. I do esteem it
Vastly uncivil to digestion, and impregnate
With vapours of most unhandsome property!
DUKE. (*aloud.*) Harkee, sir; I hold our country fashion ill accords
With true-born valour, with pride that should disdain
The base assassin. I would have given ye credit
For something of a man; one that would justify
This petulance of spirit. But since I find ye, as you are,
Devoid of shame, a thing beneath my anger,
Take heed you crawl not from your shell again
To spit your nauseous gallimaufry, or my page
Shall flog ye back with nettles.

Vict. What, sir, are you my father's Castellain,
To hector thus a gentleman of note?
My sex is but a sorry second to my will,
Else should you feel the strength of my resentment,
In abler proof than show of empty words.

Celes. Your pardon, madam? Sir, if the prurience of too loosea fancy,
Hath grated roughly on your honorable ear,
I ask your eminence's frank forgiveness.

Flo. (*aside.*) Farewell, brave ancestry; and pride of birth, farewell.
Hath the meridian sun of glory blaz'd so bright,
Only to set upon a dunghill brood?
Gods! Is this womanish fellow all that's left
Of princely Celestini? If it were possible,
That the illustrious dead could be again possess'd
Of any corporal attribute, how many gallant hearts
Would burst indignant forth; how many hands,
Impatient stretch to seize the coronet,
Gain'd by their deeds, ennobled by their blood.

Vict. Ladies, you seem to wait the welcome dance.
Let music sound, and with its concord put to flight
The savage jars that strive to discompose our mirth.

Celes. (*offering* Vict. *his arm.*) Sweet lady, ever your most obsequious slave.

Vict. My lord, excuse me. I will release you of the office;
For Carantani's daughter needs not your protection.

[*Exeunt, leading the company, music sounds.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Olivia's Cell.

OLIVIA *sola.*

OLIV. Thou, whose enchantments form my joy, my torment,
Whose mirror gives the ideal form a substance,
How thou dost minute in thy chronicle
Each trivial word, each look, each motion; and dost make
Of that which least important seems to common eyes,
A volume, more delightful to peruse,
Than all the precious lore of all the world.
Ye, who have truly tasted, ye alone can feel,
How love, cameleon like, doth browse on airy nothing.
How hope doth throw her specious causeway over
The gulf that reason would not look upon;
Building, on that which is impossible,
A structure of more solid seeming, than the arch,
That looks with triumph on the wave beneath.
Thou false physician! how thou dost abuse,
With treacherous phantoms, the distemper'd heart;

Like rapturous dreams by opiate produc'd,
That, with acuter anguish wake the feverish soul
To sad reality.—What a poor wretch am I!
To be thus sugar'd o'er with blissful visions,
But to drink deeper of the gall of fate.
But stay, what well known form arrests my straining eye?
Is it indeed my sister?—my Victoria?

[*Going to meet Victoria.*

Vict. Yes, sister, 'tis herself, and on our father's summons.

Oliv. My sister's duty has outstripped reflection,
Else should she not have seemed to jest with sorrow.
Those gorgeous robes will suit my sad abode.

Vict. Sister, be sure they were not so design'd.
Last night our father held a grand assembly,
In honor of the Duke of Milan; and, ere I left the dance,
His message, which on the instant I obeyed,
Desired me here. So, sister, do not think
This habit was put on for these dull walls to stare at.

Oliv. Victoria, do not chide me thus. Sister, by name,
Why am I not the sister of your heart?

Vict. And who prevents it? Is it not yourself,
Your own perverseness, and your obstinate
Rejection of our father's first desire?

Oliv. Alas, to what would that desire tend;
To doom his offspring to an early grave.

Vict. Sure, 'tis some wild disorder of the brain,
That thus has conjured up unreal fancies;
To make of all that is most beautiful to thought,
A fearful apparition. Sister, I did not look to hear such speech
From one that is so piously reported.

Oliv. Sister, if I approach'd the hallow'd altar with

A mind so ill dispos'd to aid the sacrifice,
Then should my heart turn recreant to my lips,
Branding me base apostate.

Vict. Rash girl, our father is not us'd to brook defiance.

Oliv. Nor I to wear it, save when compliance with his ends
Do couple loss that's dearer than my life.

Vict. Do you renounce your heav'nly calling, sister?

Oliv. I do renounce usurp'd authority,
That would enforce my will.

Vict. And will not ratify your vestal covenant?

Oliv. Never!

Vict. Then be your folly on your head. I have done.
[*Going.*

Oliv. And is it thus Victoria spurns her sister?
Support me, Nature, for the conflict's thine!
How can those chords, that scarce do bear the touch,
Endure to be so rudely torn asunder?

Vict. This is mere idle rhapsody. What would ye with me?

Oliv. I would recal affection to its seat;
That sympathy, with kindling ardor fraught,
Might to a sister ope a sister's heart.

Vict. Be brief then, for I reck not copious flights.
The shortest tale seems long to an unwilling ear.

Oliv. Have I no advocate in that once gentle bosom;
No silent pleader, that can whisper thee,
Olivia would not have Victoria sorrow thus,
And yet would have her, could it prove her love?

Vict. Most kind and generous sister! Is it even so!
I needs must have the vapours, or some puling qualms,
Some whining girlish squeams, to taste thy baby comfort!

Oliv. And is it thus, thou base degenerate world,

Thus that thy pomps and vanities do steel
The rebel bosom against nature's voice?
Can this be she, whose little limbs so oft
Have folded mine in love; whose little eyes,
Streaming with tears, conveyed the soft infection,
That made me partner in her infant griefs; whose little lips,
Printing on mine a hundred balmy kisses,
Would seem to scorn the fleshy veil that hindered
The naked intercourse 'twixt heart and heart?

Vict. Such choice chimeras suit a sober nun.
Yet I could wish their unsubstantial drapery
Did wear the furbelow of common sense;
For I am one who lack a microscope,
To view the coat of crazed hyperbole.

Oliv. You are my sister, still!—may heav'n forgive,
Freely as I do, these unkindly words.

Vict. Who needs forgiveness that has done no wrong?
I'm ill disposed to trifle thus; so, sister, in a word,
Is it your purpose to deny our father
The end that has your happiness in view?

Oliv. Sister, I do abjure all violence.
My own free will must guide my choice;
Conviction ratify that choice; and till it does,
No power on earth shall force me to profession.

Enter Carantani, *enraged.*

Car. Then may the powers, that wield the bolts of heaven,
Let fall their vengeance on thy guilty head.

Oliv. Sir! my father!

Car. Name me not so, thou disobedient child.

Oliv. (*dropping on her knees.*) How have I merited your anger, sir?

CAR. Rise, cockatrice! nor mock, with vile effrontery,
The duteous attitude that would bespeak a blessing.

OLIV. My honored father, do not kill your child
With ecstacy of passion. Let but this storm go past,
Like morning mists before the orient sun,
And your poor child again shall share your love.

CAR. Out on the word!—'Tis foreign to your bosom!

OLIV. My father has no intuition to descry
What passes in that bosom; else, should he not
Estrange himself from his unhappy daughter.

CAR. His daughter, sayst thou! no, 'tis an adder that would glide
Within his breast, to plant its sting more deeply.
Out upon't. Thou art no more my daughter.

OLIV. You will not, cannot, must not so disown me.
Have I in ought before oppos'd you? Nay, e'en now,
Could I but shape my conscience to your will,
You should lack cause, Sir, to upbraid me thus.

CAR. Who talks of conscience, that turns rebel to her duty?

OLIV. Thou hapless child, what power can match unkindness.
It's edge is sharper than the whetted knife;
And, like the toothed saw, it harshly cuts asunder
The tendrils of the heart.

VICT. Sister, 'tis strange you mix such shew of love
With acts that are thus ill akin to duty.

OLIV. Ambition, restless, ruthless, ever craving fiend,
Hast thou raz'd out affection! I am no more your friend,
No more your playmate, schoolfellow, your sister;
But, as a useless weed, that does encumber
The vaunted bed, that pride hath gaily garnished,
You'd cast me forth, a base and barren shoot,

That would intrude 'twixt you and your distinctions.

Car. Tell me, presumptuous, thankless, worthless child,
Do you dare me, with this flippant oratory,
To enforce my will by sterner argument?

Oliv. I would, in all things, be indeed your daughter.

Vict. But in obedience. Is it not so, sister?

Oliv. Victoria, sister, do not so wantonly
Add to the fury of our father's wrath.

Vict. Ungracious sister, 'tis yourself that cause
This ferment in his blood. Would you endeavour
To make me joint partaker in the offence?

Car. Spoke like my child. Thou art my very child,
Whose duty seems to strive to outpace my love.
(*To Oliv.*) But for your mulish, stubborn nature, chains,
Scourges, and lonely dungeons are most meet.

Oliv. Oh, sir, if coarsest raiment, homeliest food;
If solitude unbless'd, unhallow'd, could approve
The duty that I bear, the love that I would owe you,
Never would holy martyr to the stake approach,
With half so willing, half so glad a spirit.

Car. Fool! fool! have stakes and martyrs ought to do
With the sweet peace that sheds its balm upon
The saint-like virgin votarists of these pure abodes?

Oliv. Oh, there's the gall that frets me to the quick.
Can I, whose heart's subdued by earthly passion,
Profess a heav'nly? Can I renounce the world,
While one that's dearer, oh dearer far than life,
In birth my equal, in mind how far beyond me,
In fortune rich, but passing rich in love,
While he shall, as the moments pass, recal each wandering thought
To his beloved image? Oh, Sir, I cannot do it.
I cannot make the sacredest of vows

False as Sapphira's oath.

Car. Then may the curse that on Sapphira lit,—

Oliv. Sir, *(kneeling and seizing his robe.)* Sir, what does my father mean,

That thus, in speechless agony, he bites his lips so fiercely,

His cheek of ashy paleness, while his eyes

From their swoln orbits flash indignant fire?

Car. Hear me, thou,—hear,—thou,—what shall I name thee;

Most harden'd,—most obdurate,—most unnatural!

Vict. Dear Sir, let not your noble nature be so strangely moved:

My sister does but sport with your distemper.

Car. Does she, by Lucifer: then, *(drawing his dagger)* justice take thy due.

(Pauses.) No, no, it must not be. *(Returns the dagger.)*

Oliv. *(Raising her hands.)* Sweet Heaven, forgive him! He knows not what he does.

If I must die, receive me to thy bliss:

But oh, be not my blood upon my father's head.

For all the glories of immortal life, I would not

That he should heap perdition on his soul.

Car. *(withdrawing himself.)* Come, my dear daughter, lets away. For you,

Here whine and perish, maniac as you are.

You are no flesh of mine, and from this hour

I leave you to your fate. I'll to the Prioress.

You know the worst. *(To Vict.)* Come, tarry not.

What, does some womanish scruple linger yet,

And draw the briny drops from those bright eyes?

Spite of the leagued hosts that people hell,

The coronet shall sparkle on that brow,

And envious rivals hail thee Lady Duchess.

[*He pulls her away, she hiding her face in her veil.*

Oliv. (*solus.*) Sure some bright angel, from the realms of light,
Hath touched the chords of pity; and the heart,
That once did glow with gentler qualities,
Strives, like a bird unwillingly pent up,
To flee Ambition's cage. But lo, the freshness of the morning air
Invokes to grateful homage. Dear sister,
In my orisons be our past loves remembered.—

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The Gates of the Monastery.

Florian *and* Bonario *enter as Palmers.*

Flo. Our sober habits will secure admittance.
These holy men are wont to greet the pilgrim
With pious welcome and with courteous rites.
Our errand must be hasty, for I judge
That Carantani would move heaven and earth
To force these hated vows on sweet Olivia.
They are the harbingers of proud Victoria's greatness;
And he recks not Olivia's misery,
Nor e'en her life, so through the shores of Italy
His darling daughter be proclaim'd a duchess.
Some weighty matter call'd him from the feast;
So be our motto, "speed and secrecy."

Bon. First must the gardens carefully be searched.
Near to the aged sycamore (with store of gold I gain'd it)

A passage, to the hoary seniors only known;
Leads to the cells beneath the convent chapel,
Where guilty sisters used to be confined.

FLO. This suffering maid would sooner part with life
Than seal a contract fatal to her peace.
So here, amidst the silent dead perchance immured,
Would Sharon's fairest rose be left to wither.
Curst be the thought, but still more curst be he
That could have heart to shape it into action.

BON. Grant we gain access to her, what follows?

FLO. She must consent to flight. 'Tis flight alone can save her.

BON. Think on the terrors that the holy office holds
O'er those that quit their sacred calling.

FLO. I think on nothing, but on her who is
My life, my soul, my joy, my heaven, my all.

BON. Peace!—Now to the gate. Let me be spokesman,
Least your impatient ardor wake suspicion.

[*Knocks at the gate.*

JEROME *opening the gate.*

JER. Who are ye?—what's your business?—be brief.

BON. Pilgrims, who from the holy land e'en now return'd,
Do crave the rights of hospitality.

JER. I'll to the abbott with your message. Rest here the while. [*Exit.*

FLO. Nature has written in this fellow's lineaments
The colour of his mind. Mark, his averted eye
Shrinks from the honest gaze that meets it,
As tho' 'twere fearful some unseemly deed
Should at this window of the soul appear
In judgment 'gainst him. He's apt for any mischief.

'Twas he that summon'd Carantani; and my heart misgives me
But some foul deed's a brooding.—Soft, here's the abbott.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. My sons, the freshest blessing that the morn
Bears on her dewy wings, be yours.—Say your occasion?

Bon. The favoring gales, that sped us o'er the wave,
Be doubly welcome; our light bark, at anchor
Behind yon beetling cliff, demands our thanks,
That hath, as 'twere, outstripp'd the winds to gain us
The benediction of a holy man. All Palestine records
The fame of Angelo; and pious palmers hold,
The pilgrimage, that closes with his benison,
Is doubly blest.

Ang. *(aside.)* I must not seem to court this grateful unction.
(Aloud) We deem it happy that those staffs have borne
Your wandering steps to San Martino's walls.
In then, my sons, and rest awile. Refresh ye
With such coarse fare as we can set before ye.

Bon. Thanks, holy father, we do accept your kindness;
And such poor payment as our prayers can offer,
The brotherhood shall be our debtors for.

[*Exeunt into the house.*

Ang. Go to, thou fool:—wouldst feed on flattery,
When every nerve should be string'd up to vengeance.
Bestir thee, and thou hast the victim in thy clutch.
So, cruel father, thou wouldst immure thy child
Within those gloomy towers; but, an' I judge aright,
Space shall not long confine the enfranchis'd spirit.
No, she shall voyage to an unknown shore,

Herself the pilot; — this *(taking out a vial)* the instrument.
How intercourse doth pall the shame of guilt.
First, like the child that scarcely dare approach
The peaceful ocean, we shrink back affrighted;
Then venture by degrees, as the unskilful swimmer,
Gaining by little and by little confidence with use,
Till, at the last, we fearless plunge into
The billowy surge that angrily o'erwhelms us.
'Tis solitude, the nurse of every baser passion,
That fosters crime; and in the cells, where virtue should preside,
A hydra-headed monster rears his forky front,
Turning the promis'd good to direst evil.
Oh woman, lovely woman, how can peace be found
Where thou art banish'd. Thou art the chosen instrument,
By all-surpassing excellence ordain'd
To be our choicest blessing. Hence, fancy couples,
With all most good, thy softer attributes; hence, virtue bears thy form;
And, but we're told within the folds of heav'n,
Sex shall no more preserve its nice distinction,
To mingle ought of earth with love that's perfect,
Thought would the glorious habitants in thy sweet livery clothe,
So much do men adore it. Thou pattern-work of nature,
'Twere better far mid' savage wilds to roam,
Void of all fellowship with ought created,
Than mingle in the social haunts of men
Despised by thee.
Sure, Angelo, thy heart was made for better things
Than to rebel 'gainst heav'n, the comate of despair;
Despair and black revenge, that, like the yawning grave,

Ope's its ungorged throat to swallow innocence.
Yet stay—Who forc'd thee to a cloister? A cursed traitor.
Ah, curs'd I say, for ever cursed by thee.
Enough. This is the stone that points the sharpen'd axe,
The fury this that marshalls me to hell.

[*Exit into the convent.*

SCENE III.

The Marble Chamber in Carantani's *Palace.*

Carantani *and the* Duke *discovered sitting.*

Duke. And, to say truth, it bears an ugly aspect.
Car. 'Tis but my daughter's humour. Your grace shall find it so.
Custom hath rais'd a bar 'gainst virgin love,
That, be it e'er so true, must wear the shew of coyness.
Duke. My lord, my lord, you do deceive yourself.
Love yields to no compulsion; is not bought;
And will not bow itself to outward circumstance.
Lady Victoria loves. She has given up the citadel,
And let the happy he that's won it, wear it.
Car. No, I will not think upon't. 'Twere kinder far,
With barbed shaft to pierce me thro' the vitals,
Than let this monstrous supposition light upon
The organ of the mind.
Duke. Lord Carantani understand me right.
Love is distilled from friendship's purest essence:
'Tis a spontaneous offering, and springs forth uncall'd for.
Lawful investiture of fair Victoria's person,

Can ne'er possess me of her heart's affections.
Nay, sir, I must speak out: another holds them.

CAR. Most noble Duke, this fancy has no substance.
Trust me, 'tis not allied to staid reality.
And for this naught, this blot of heraldry,
My daughter's pride, that soars high as her birth,
Holds no affiance with so poor a thing.

DUKE. Who are so blind as they that will not see.
Lord Celestini, (do not frown my lord,)
Lord Celestini has the first fruits of her love,
And I'll be no man's secondary.

CAR. (*aside angrily.*) Curs'd reptile, how I long to crush thee!
(*Affecting composure.*) How shall a few plain sober words unravel
The glossy web that jealousy hath spun.
Ancient alliance, still more strongly knitted
By interchange of friendship, had linked in closest union
The house of Celestini and my own. Hence, our children
Drew with their earlist breath the dew of fellowship;
And habits, that had long embalm'd his ancestry,
With tears of sweet remembrance, made e'en this butterfly
A welcome visitor. A visitor, no more.
A toy, a shallow witless trifle, that girlish coquetry
Was pleas'd to angle with.

DUKE. My lord, this gracious explanation honours me.
I grant it all that's good;—and yet, methinks,
Another, and a weightier cause prohibits
These spousals. Will it please you hear me.

CAR. (*aside.*) On my life, this coolness has respect to

Olivia's rumour'd change. Oh viper,—viper, here's thy sting.

(*Aloud.*) Your grace shall find a patient auditor.

I pray you tell it. (*Aside.*) S'death, is there any pang
Acuter than a child's rebellion,—none, none.

(*Aloud.*) I do beseech your grace inform me in the matter.

Duke. Your lordship knows my fortunes are extensive;
But,—

Car. But what sir,—speak;—pray tell me, I'm all attention.

(*Aside.*) Daft mule, thy stubbornness will be thy father's curse.

Duke. I grant that marriage is an honorable state.

Car. True,—honorable,—yes. (*Aside.*) I see his drift.

Duke. But heavily surcharg'd. Oh, mines of gold
Would scarce suffice our high bred ladies' tastes.
Such stores of precious jems, such royal retinue,
Such sumptuous raiment,—such—

Car. Your grace must weigh against these customary charges,
My daughter's splendid fortune. (*Aside.*) Thou undutiful
Vile rebel, I hate thee from my soul. (*Aloud.*) Her splendid fortune.

Duke. Lord Carantani, I will be plain with you.
'Tis credibly reported, that your younger daughter,
In whom, an' she decline profession,
The half of this inheritance will vest,
Doth utterly reject monastic obligation.
Nay more, that she hath bound herself by firmest promise
To young Rosalba.

CAR. (*starting from his chair.*) May every drowsy imp of hell awake,
To mad the brain; may fires consume the tongue,
That first proclaim'd this falsehood to the world.
Lightening, blast, plague, or if there's ought more deadly,
Have ye no power to raze a miscreant child
Clean out from nature's book. S'death. Plighted to Rosalba—
She dare not—would not—could not.

DUKE (*rising.*) I pray ye, sir, be calm; nor let these bursts of passion
Fright sober judgment from her chrystal seat.

CAR. What villainy!—thou robber, thou marauder,
Thou dog, Rosalba, let me but seize thee,
And I'll send thee howling to perdition.
Have at thee—nay, flinch not,—answer,—most abhorred.

DUKE. Sir, recollect yourself; what does all this avail?

CAR. And for thee, stubborn child!—What do I call thee!
Child,—no.—Thou art no child of mine,—for thee,
Monstrous,—unnatural,—unsex'd—unhousel'd,—
I'd rather see thee stretch'd a clay-cold corpse,
Than wantoning in bridal finery.

DUKE. My lord, I wait till your fierce anger's past.
Please you compose this tumult. — Be yourself. — Be calm.—

CAR. Calm, say ye; calm, sir; oh. (*Aside.*) Married with Rosalba.
(*Aloud.*) Yes, — yes. — What would your grace.—I'm calm.

DUKE. Then 'tis such calm as stormy ocean wears

When most he rages; as Ætna bellowing all his fires forth;
Or the gaunt tiger, when he fiercely springs
Upon the prostrate lamb.

Car. (*While the Duke is speaking, he walks about in violent emotion, then stops, and accosts him.*

Is there a traitor priest; a very wretch, a Balam,
Would for base lucre league them? Oh! just heaven,
If any such there be, may palsy bind his tongue,
And writhing spasms shake his quivering lips,
Till agony is glutted. Hardened,—unequalled,—perjured.—
My lord, my lord, think you the villain lives
That,—oh.—I'm faint.—O—live—par—ri—cide!
(*Falls back in his chair.*
(*More composed.*) Pray you draw near, sir. Said your grace, my daughter
Was wedded to Rosalba?

Duke. Indeed, my lord, I did not.

Car. (*starting up.*) Then may earth ope, and living swallow them,
Or 'ere such rites accomplish'd.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you keep this choler down,
And all may yet be well.

Car. Yes, duke; all will, all must be well. They are not wedded,
Nor ever shall be. Once more I am myself;
And, 'ere yon glorious orb again hath left his couch
To light the world, Victoria shall Lady Duchess be,
And all her fortune yours.

Duke. On such condition I joyfully subscribe.
The fair Victoria shall seem fairer still,
Bringing so rich a dow'r.

Car. (*ringing the Duke's hand.*) Nay then 'tis done.
I'll to the convent, and this night
Olivia takes her vows. Trust me, your grace,
This night,—this very night,—good duke, she's yours.

Duke. Sir, might it please you, rein your temper firm,
And clothe your speech in soft persuasion's garb.
It subtly wins upon a generous nature,
And steals the palm from open violence.

Car. Your grace's caution is not ill bestowed:
I'll heed it. Fare you well.

Duke. Farewell, and prosper, sir.

[Carantani *exit.*

Duke (*solus.*) This scowling monk did school me rightly then.
Olivia loves Rosalba; and Carantani knew it.
Ah, knew it. Yet, in despite of forc'd conviction,
Would screen it even from himself. Else, why
These bursts of passion? And shall I stand absolv'd,
That wittingly conspire against an injur'd maid,
And rob her of her dow'r, her peace, perchance her life.
Tush,—tush.—To do, or not to do, lies yet within my power.
To do were gainful,—not to do, nobler far.—
Come, let's compare them. First, not to do, would win me
Some store of fame, as generous, upright, honest, just;
All honorable names, yet more for show than substance.
But then to do. To marry one reputed
The richest heiress in all Italy.
And, sha'nt these nuptials furnish ready pretext,
For impost levied on my rich domain.
Sha'n't her vast portion draw each peasant's tribute,

Till my swol'n treasury's surfeited with pelf.
Fame, thou art goodly. Gold, thou art goodlier still;
A solid pile, against a painted shadow.
I grant ye she's a froward, sour, peevish shrew;
That vanity sits on her haughty brow;
That spite lurks in her eye, and malice feeds her smile.
She has beauty! true: but mixed with such acerbity,
The rose is little worth the thorns that case it.
Admit she's handsome! Is she honest too?
And, in the matter of this Celestini,—

Victoria *bursts from behind the canopy.*

Vict. As innocent, as thou art poor and worthless.

Duke. (*aside.*) Confusion! has she heard all?

Vict. Nay, do not start, and look thus earnestly,
As you'd recal the words that air has swallowed.
I know ye for a wretch; an abject, paltry wretch;
That for the lure her ample fortunes offer,
Would wed with one that scorns you.

Duke (*aside.*) Cool irony shall match this wordy humour best.

(*Aloud.*) Lady, I'm much beholden to epithets that flow
So glibly o'er the tongue. You make mine ears your debtors
For a full peal of love.

Vict. Love! love for thee! Say rather loathing, hate,
Disdain, contempt, abhorrence, detestation.
What name is base or vile enough to fit thee?

Duke. Oh! would I were a mirror, that I might reflect
Lady Victoria's charms, a hundredfold more charming,
When gently fanned by passion. Thou mild and simple maid,

Pity a swain whose crime it is to love thee.

VICT. Brute! wouldst thou fleer me with this insolence?

Love never pierc'd the ice that chills a heart,
Cold as the summit of our native Alps.

DUKE. Nor plain, unvarnish'd sense, the motley vapours,
That pride hath fostered in that pretty brain.

VICT. Say, is the fellow madman, or a fool?

DUKE. Neither, sweet lady; but an unskill'd empirick,
That from the limpid font of beauty would essay
To drain some bitter humours.

VICT. Oh for a basilisk's eye, to make thee rue thy folly.
Those prominent and rolling balls would seem to measure me,
As they'd demand, "what is your weight in ducats?"
Monster! out of my sight.

DUKE. Nay, that were cruel. 'Tis my ambition, lady,
So it might please you, to be your other self.

VICT. But 'tis not mine. Go, seek a golden calf:
That were a fitter helpmate for a soul like thine.

DUKE. Patience, dear lady, while I press my suit,
With such conceit as my poor wits can offer!

VICT. Brief speech is best, where suitors are most hateful.
Aid me, insulted love, to stifle angry railings,
And deck my measur'd words with thoughtful dignity.
'Tis true, my father long had mark'd me your's;
Wooing my ignorance with such false view of greatness,
That (I take shame to own it) for your swelling title
I might have sacrificed an injured sister's rights.
Before we met, I heard how avarice

Had seal'd up all your nobler qualities:
And so had prejudice forestall'd affection's seat.
Chance gave me audience to your secret thoughts to-night;
And, since I find you as you are, I would not,
For twice ten thousand dukedoms, be your bride.

Duke. I thank ye, madam. You leave no doubtful meaning.

Vict. Nor do I wish it. Were ye sole monarch of the globe,
I would not share your throne; and so farewell, for ever.
[*Exit.*

Duke. Were it yourself alone, I'd freely say amen.
But you're a prize too glorious to be lost
By childish petulance. Hating, or doating, still you shall be mine.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Garden of the Monastery.

FLORIAN *and* BONARIO *are discovered searching the ground carefully with their staffs. The sycamore tree on one side of the stage; on the other a shady avenue.*

FLO. Bonario, this is strange! There's not a particle of earth,
Small as a minim's eye, surrounds this sycamore,
But wev'e examined nicely. We are deceiv'd:
There's no such passage here.

BON. Do not so hastily abandon further search. Patience, dear lord.

FLO. Who talks of patience, when each minute seems
More precious than an age. Olivia ne'er absents herself
From holy matins. There's some disaster hap'd.
She is betray'd, undone, destroyed. Ye gloomy battlements,
Whose huge proportions seem to scowl defiance
'Gainst all intrusion; oh, for the fiery bolts of angry heav'n
To buffet ye, till not a stone was on another standing.

Distraction! What shall I do, Bonario? Say any thing, so it may save her.

Bon. Do not thus bay the air. Once more let's search each nook

And pigmy crevice, till we find the door. It must be here.

Angelo *and* Jerome *appear in the shady avenue, unseen by* Florian *and* Bonario.

Ang. Soft:—See ye these men! Those frantic gestures ill accord

With the solemnity that suits a palmer's mien.

Jer. 'Tis odds they are impostors. The world is full of them.

Ang. Hist!

[*He and* Jerome *conceal themselves.*

Bon. Hark! Methought I heard a footstep sound from yonder avenue.

Flo. Where? what valiant spirit dare molest us?

[*He darts across the stage and surveys the avenue.*

Pshaw! 'tis but the noon-tide air that stirs the rustling leaves.

Bon. Pray, lord, be more composed. Resume our search again.

Flo. Again to be defeated. And art thou, sweet Olivia,

In some lone dungeon's horrid damps immur'd,

While I breathe the untainted air that's fresh from heaven!

What profit is that fretted canopy to me,

While thou'rt by clanking chains and horrid bolts detain'd,

Where I shall gaze upon thy angel face no more?

Out on it! Madness is in the thought.

Bon. A little, yet a little patience, and we may find the entrance.

ANG. There should be more than customary cause,
To make its agents strive so earnestly.
See ye the elder palmer; how he prys around yon tree,
The while the younger, giving some hidden passion vent,
Like a bewildered maniac, with the unreal shadow
Wages empty war.

JER. Methinks his wits are stolen; the which this hoary dotard
From mother earth would re-demand anew.

ANG. Peace on this raillery. There is some mystery here,
Which we must master.

FLO. Thou poor suffering prisoner, shall thy captivity
Know no release? Forbid it, righteous powers,
That one so excellent in all her qualities,
Should by unpitying bigotry be rudely snatch'd away!

BON. Lord Florian, rouse yourself. These fears are idle.

FLO. Oh! would they were. I know her gaolers well.
Idle, say'st thou? The brinded tiger, or the hungry wolf,
Would shew more mercy. No; San Martino's fame is not belied.
To err is death. Thou art lost, Olivia; lost, for ever!

BON. You should do better, with such sad forebodings,
To strain each slender thread that's in the woof of fate,
So it might chance to save her. Come, stir yourself.
(*Strikes against something.*) Ha! what's this? [*Stoops.*
Sure 'tis the place we search for.

FLO. (*running to him.*) What, say, have you found it? That shake o' the head—

Bon. Alas! 'tis but a stone, whose inky cloak deceived me.

Flo. Even so. [*Goes back and leans against the tree.*

So the poor criminal hath dreamt of pardon,
Then waking, hears his heavy-sounding knell.
Do fierce hyenas fondly rear their young, while thou,
Remorseless Carantani, hast seared thy callous heart
Against the voice of nature. There is more yielding in this granite.

[*He strikes it vehemently with his staff.*

Ha! what hollow sound reverberates beneath.
(*Strikes again.*) On my life, the very door. Nay, here's the ring,
Conceal'd within this spreading root.
Sweet heaven! I thank thee. Bonario, lift, lift!

[*Attempts to lift it.*

Bon. Hold for amoment.

Flo. Not for the wealth of worlds.

Bon. I would but cast a look, lest any curious eye
Might chance to gain our secret.

Flo. These cares are needless. Already is a mountain's weight removed.
Come, let me haste to explore this friendly passage.

[*They lift up the trap-door.*

Do you watch here while I descend.

Bon. You're too impetuous. Yon royal luminary
Sheds not a solitary beam to cheer these dreary vaults.
A moment, and a courteous guide shall lend its aid,
To pilot you through the still halls of gloom
And silence. [*He strikes a light and gives it.*

Jer. An' I guess right, he'll lack a host to bid him greeting.

Ang. Where does he go?

Jer. Where there are eyes that will not heed his candle.

Ang. Tell me, where does this lead?

Jer. Towards a strange land, where those that habit tell no tales.

Ang. The cemetery?

Jer. So.

Flo. (*Enters.*) Now close down the door. 'Tis not so heavy but

From underneath I'll lift it. You'll wait my coming!

Bon. Breathing a fervent prayer, that the all-seeing eye,

That pierces to earth's centre, may guide and prosper you.

[*Closes the door down and sits down.*

Jer. 'Tis time I should be on my errand.

Ang. Beware it fail not.

Jer. Do you doubt me? Fools only pause on means.

If fair ones fail—

[*Drawing half out a dagger concealed in his robes.*

—Here's others will be surer.

Ang. These men must be observ'd. Meantime, with caution

I'll parley with this palmer. [*He advances.*

What ho! my son, my son, awake. [*Bonario feigns sleep.*

Bon. (*rising.*) Midst these sweet bowers, that bloom with more than mortal beauty,

Peace spreads her halcyon wings, and charms the wearied senses

To forgetfulness. Sure, holy father,

Blest spirits, that enjoy eternal amnesty

From every earthly passion, dwell in such shades as these.

Ang. And yet, as late I paced these walks, methought

My eyes, slowly withdrawn from holier contemplations,

Did light upon a form so wildly turbulent,
That peace should seem a stranger to his breast.
Nay, do not look so pale. Where is our youthful pilgrim?
'Twas he I mean.

Bon. Father, e'en now, to seek a more secure retreat
From the fervid glare of noon,—he parted from me.

Ang. And whither?

Bon. I cannot, within the compass of my sight, discern him;
And yet, I wot, he is not far removed.

Ang. Son! whence this hesitation? It is not seemly.
Did I propose a question that is hard to answer?
You know his purpose. Whither is he gone?

Bon. Indeed I know not. He will be back anon.

Ang. This is not to my mind. Say, are ye what you seem?

Bon. Father, these silvery locks, these aged limbs would be
Sorry abettors to a crooked heart.
But, if such claim no reverence, let this well known staff,
These pious emblems silence loose suspicion.

[*Pointing to the palm branches.*

Ang. Palmer, the church hath ever thrown her shelt'ring arms around
Those, who for conscience sake adventure toil and peril:
And 'tis ordained, that courteous rites and hospitable usage,
Await the pilgrim wheresoe'er he sojourns.
Such San Martino always hath accorded,
And now affords to you. 'Tis your's to merit them.
Our doors are open to you; but we are not wont
To have the hallowed receptacles, where our fathers sleep,

Disturb'd by foreign tread. You heed me; peace be with you. [*Exit.*

Bon. I breathe again. My blood resumes its circuit;
And the cold icy palm, that shook my shiv'ring frame,
Is fled. We had a hair-breadth scape: a little more,
And every hope had been defeated. Lord Florian,
This hot-brained ardor is a treacherous steed,
That will unhorse its rider. I'll hold the strictest vigilance
That he ascend unnoticed.

SCENE II.

Victoria's Boudoir.

(*Enter the* Marchise Celestini *leading* Victoria.)

Celes. Yes, lady, that is best; 'tis best, upon my credit.

Vict. To encounter stormy billows and the uncertain winds,
I like it not.

Celes. Nor I, upon the credit of a man.
Dad ocean is a surly bear, that makes no count
Of rank and dignity; and for the naughty wind
'T would puff upon a king.

Vict. We'll rather trust a generous courser's speed.

Celes. A courser! would not a litter answer, think ye, lady?
I hold it unbefitting quality, to troop
Upon a frisking quadruped.

Vict. And I hold it unwise, my father, in his wrath,
Should chance to overtake us. Would you face him, Sir?

Celes. Face!—ha, my lady!—The Seignior has a mighty comely face,
But, truth to say, taking such hasty leave,
'Tis a rencontre that might stand excused.

Vict. Sudden resolves are easiest to perform.
This night, soon as the friendly shades of evening close,
Be ready, with our horses, at the garden gate.

Celes. To-night, my lady; yes. I'll instant give directions
My scents, my essences, and all my tire be carefully bestowed
For the rude panniers' jolting.—Love aid us thro' our troubles.
Be sure you dont forget the jewels!

Vict. Why do a thousand thoughts, unwelcome visitors, crowd in,
To tell me I've renounced a parent's fond affection;
Giv'n the last blow to all his cherish'd hopes;
And, for a full requital of unbounded love,
Struck the keen searching dagger to the heart I lived in.
Out, out, reflection; or thou shalt be my curse.
To thee, proud ducal crown, I bid a long farewell.
Thou too, vain bauble, wouldst cajole my reason,
Streaming from thy bright circle brilliant fires,
Like the false meteors, that light the wayless traveller
To an untimely grave. Thee I can bear to pause on.—
The rude rabble
Adore the splendour that thy surface wears,
But all thy thorns are on the head that bears thee.

Enter Page.

Page. My lady there's a friar that waits without,
Demands admittance.

VICT. Who is he, that would demand an entrance here?

PAGE. Indeed I know not, for his cowl is down;
Nor would he tell his name. He says
Lord Celestini knows him well.

VICT. Let him come in. (*Exit Page*) Know you the man, my lord!

CELES. Oh yes, my lady. Tis father Jerome, an ecclesiastic,
Whose face belies his capability.

Enter JEROME.

VICT. Father, whom seek you?

JER. You.

VICT. And for what end?

JER. To aid you in your flight. I have the vessel ready.
At dusk you must embark. The wind will favor you.

CELES. Most sapient father, we do not incline
To venture on the perilous deep.

JER. What dost thou start at bugbears! nay, then, I've done.

CELES. Hear, father! we'll take horse, and the sagacious cattle,
Urg'd by the tickling spur, shall shew their heels
To the uncivil halloo of pursuit.

JER. Do as befits you. You'll rue it soon enough.
Bold Carantani is no sloth; and for the speed,
And mettle of his cavalry, may challenge Italy.
You'd better rouse the royal lion when he couches,
Than confront his anger. His hand is dexterous,
And (*he motions as with a sword,*) his weapon deadly.

CELES. Gramercy! tis a most unsavory thought.

My lady, sure, the ocean will be safest.
No pattering hoof can scare the listening ear,
On the white, curly-headed wave.

Vict. For all the world, I would not meet my father's rage
Till the first brunt is past.

Celes. Nor I, upon my verity.

Jer. I have prepar'd a galliot, that will fly
Over the bounding deep, swift as a falling star
Shoots thro' the fields of azure. If you'll be rul'd by me,
You shall defy unwelcome followers.

Celes. Indeed, my lady, this seems the most political.
(*Aside*) I have no relish for a naked rapier.

Vict. 'Tis but a choice of evils. Yet, the worst of all,
Awaits my biding here. I give consent, Sir. (*To Celes.*)

Jer. (*To Celes.*) Then meet me on the Prado an hour hence.
I'll order all things to your heart's content.
Daughter, the saints protect you. (*Going out.*)

Car. (*Struggling with the Page outside.*) Stand off, boy!

Page. Sir, 'tis my lady's order not to be disturb'd.

Car. Wouldst dare me, boy! out of the way. I will go in.

(*Carantani rushes in, Celestini has placed himself behind Victoria's chair.*)

Car. Why—whats all this? ha! daughter! who are you? (*To Jer.*)

Jer. (*Raising his cowl.*) You 're answered. Let me pass. (*Going.*)

Car. 'Tis strange to find you here?

Jer. I charge you, by our holy church, give me no hindrance. [*Exit.*

Car. (*To Celes.*) What, Sir, have you so soon forgot my interdiction.

Nay then, I'll serve myself with ruder means.
My doors are from this hour closed against ye;
And if, while I am absent, you're found within my threshold,
The rites of courtesy no more protect you.
Bear that in mind, Sir. To-morrow I'll to the camp.
Thither our hardy youth in arms repair,
To guard our homes, our children, wives, and thee.

Celes. Good Signior, do not from the corner of your eye
So grimly measure me. For your approved captainship,
That cap-a-pee snubs danger i'the teeth,
We'are much beholden to ye, by my faith.

Car. Swear by your modesty, or some nice maidenish oath,
That slides so delicately o'er the lisping tongue,
As it would scorn affinity to manhood.

Celes. Adieu, most martial Signior! I fly, before the flush
That mounts upon your excellency's cheek.

Car. You cannot do a thing more to my mind.

Celes. Signior, I vanish. Sweet lady, ever your most obsequious myrmidon. [*Exit.*

Car. Daughter! (*Turns and sees her weeping.*) Nay, weep not my child. Come hither: nearer still.
You know, I love you. (*Kisses her.*) On my soul, I love you.

Vict. (*Aside.*) This is too much. (*Aloud.*) What would ye, Sir. (*Sobbing.*)

Car. Dear treasure of my heart, I would—Do not, my child,
By ought but love, construe a father's suit!
Vict. Oh name it quickly, Sir.—I'll strive to bend my will
To your desire.
Car. Indeed I would, Victoria; ('tis a fond parent asks it,)
I would obtain forgiveness for the duke.
Nay,—nay, why looks my child, as tho' she did distrust
Her hearing.—I sue for pardon.—'Tis your father ask's it.
Vict. Sir!—
Car. He's culpable, most culpable;—he owns himself unworthy
The boon, that thus, thro' me, he dares solicit.
Will my sweet child spurn her old father's suit?
Vict. Sir,—were ye witness to the scorn, derision,—
Car. I know it all. I know it; yet faults, howe'er so great,
Softened by penitence, are more than half absolv'd.
Vict. What would ye have me say, Sir!
Car. Joy of thy father's heart, make him still more your debtor.
The bliss that comes unhoped for brings a double blessing.
Seal then this sweet forgiveness with undoubted proof;
Give him your hand to-night. Nay, do not tremble thus.
Vict. My father!—oh! my father!—I cannot speak.
Car. I do not wish thee, my sweet love. These virgin blushes
On the soft cheek of beauty, do, like the glory round an angel's head,

Bespeak their heav'nly origin. Adieu, thou best of daughters.
And now for thee, blind, senseless, disobedient, graceless thing,
We'll fix a bridle on thy unruly mouth,
To bend thy stubborn inclination to thy good. [*Exit.*

Vict. Down, rebel nature, down, or I am lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The dungeon in which Olivia is confined.—A tomb in one corner, with a death's head and bones—On it, the inscription, "Hic jacet, Laura: requiescat in pace."—She appears just rising from her knees as the scene draws.

OLIV. Devotion, what a god-like visitor thou art, that comest fresh from heav'n
To bind the broken heart. To know thee is to love thee. By thy aid,
When death knocks at this earthly tenement,
Serene the incorporal tenant smiles at fate,
Beaming with hope immortal. Here sleeps one, whose soul
Did pillow on thy bosom; by all the world but thee
Forsaken. Soon, like her's, my flesh shall rest in hope,
Till it awake in glory. If it be true,
That disembodied spirits watch o'er those
They fondly loved, my sainted mother, from her starry mansion,
Perchance looks on her child, and humbly waits,
When, from the wreck of this poor, corruptible matter,
I, all immortal as herself, shall rise.

Hark! what noise was that? Again. *(she looks up)*
Have mercy Heav'n!
I have no friend below. *(The bolt undraws; a small door opens in the upper part of the dungeon, just large enough to admit a man, and* Florian *appears.)*
Save! save! *(She sink on the ground in fright.)*

Flo. By all the saints, 'tis she. *(He jumps down.)*
Look up, my angel, my Olivia. *(He takes her hand.)*

Oliv. Who is it calls upon a wretch like me?
Spare me, if you have any pity in your soul.

Flo. Look up, my life. It is your Florian. *(She again sinks fainting.)*

Oliv. That well known voice. Florian!

Flo. It is himself: fear not, my soul's beloved.
I come to liberate, to save you. We must this night
For ever fly Vanessa. What means my sweet,
My own Olivia? If ever thou hast borne me in thy thoughts,
If ever thou hast loved thy—

Oliv. If I have loved! Can Florian doubt it then?
Oh, ye celestial spheres, that govern day and night
With harmony divine, be you my witnesses,
That I have, (this is no hour for maiden bashfulness,
Which else had hindered me), that I have cherished for thee
As loyal, pure, and honorable love,
As ever habited in a chaste virgin's bosom.
Ye eyes, that never more must light upon his form,
Ye ears, that never more must listen to his voice,
Tell him his parting look, his parting words shall be
Sweet as aeriel music 'midst the courts of death.

FLO. What would my dearest treasure? Flight, flight is left her still;
And will she not embrace it? Bear witness, thou all-seeing eye,
The miser dreads not more to touch his hoarded gold
Than I to advocate ought evil to my love.

OLIV. Florian, I will not heed the sophistries of passion.
It must not, cannot be. My doom is fixed.
Shame waits upon our flight; and worse than shame,
Peril, peril to thee. I would not for this deathless soul,
That thou shouldst share an ignominious fate,
And perish in some loathsome dungeon's gloom.

FLO. Why will Olivia conjure up those phantoms?

OLIV. They're true as holy writ. The inquisition and my father's rage
Would hunt us through the world.

FLO. The death of every hope. Is this your fix'd resolve?

OLIV. Ah, fixed as adamant! Had our true loves been blest,
I think I could have been the fondest wife
That angels ever smil'd on; but, since the fates have cross'd us,
I will not, like a sorry harlot, seize the furtive bliss,
That shame and dread of punishment would poison e'en in tasting.

FLO. What says my love? By the eternal powers, I swear,
Thou'lt hold me in such bonds as a fond sister draws,
Till holy wedlock speaks its honorable claim
To the full interchange of loyal wedded rites.

Oliv. I cannot doubt thy purity and truth;
But honor and respect will flee the altar
A fugitive approaches.

Flo. And must I banish thee from my fond breast for ever?

Oliv. For ever, say'st thou?

Flo. Then life, thou art a sorry lodger;
And thou shalt find at once *(draws his dagger)* thy anguish and thy cure.

Oliv. *(seizes his arm.)* Some angel hold his arm.
What says this eye that rolls in frenzy? Nay, tell it not,
Lest confirmation of thy horrid purpose
Do strike me dumb, and thou art lost indeed.

Flo. *(throws down the dagger.)* Art thou so void of pity that wouldst pawn my life
To that unsparing creditor, Remorse? Shalt thou in this dark prison perish,
While I, a useless worm, bask in the summer sunbeam?

Oliv. And wouldst thou 'gainst a scruple barter all?
To scape a transient pang meet everlasting woe?
What is this span of life to ages infinite?
A drop of wormwood in a sea of joy.

Flo. Thou hast conquered. I war not on my soul.

Oliv. Be this resolve unshaken.—Oh! my Florian,
When I am gone, I charge thee by our loves;—
Hark,—oh fly, fly. I hear my jailor's step;—
The Inquisition,—fly, or we both are lost.

Flo. I'll share thy fate.

Oliv. 'Tis madness. *(pushes him from her.)* Distraction,—if you love me, fly.

Flo. At midnight I'll descend again.

Oliv. No,—no.

FLO. Then let them come. I am at arms with misery.

OLIV. I hear the outer door undone. You never loved me,—fly.

FLO. Well, then, at midnight?

OLIV. If it must be so,—fly instantly.

FLO. Faster than your words. Remember, midnight.

[*He jumps up to the door, which he closes.*

Enter the PRIORESS *and* EMILIA, *with a basket containing all* OLIVIA'S *splendid trinkets, ornaments and apparel.*

PRI. Peace be with you, daughter. I trust this solitude
Has bent your haughty will to hear the voice of reason.
You must, (once more I name it), take the veil this night;
Or, while the sun completes his annual course,
You here shall undergo such wholesome discipline
As may estrange you from the vanities you've left,
To taste that peace that passeth knowledge.

OLIV. Madam, you see a wretch weighed down with sorrow. What would ye have?

PRI. What would I have? (*to Emilia*) Daughter, your gentle eloquence
Should steal upon the most obdurate heart. Speak then, I pray ye.

EMIL. Sister,—If you can stifle earthly passion's voice,
And lift your thoughts above the firmament,
Striving to gain those wells whose living waters fail not,
You may, within the cloister's calm retreat,
Glide smooth and gently, like a chrystal stream,
To the vast ocean where we all must meet.
But if,

PRIO. Hold, my daughter. Your words should fall on a distemper'd spirit,

Like oil on the stormy billows. My daughter, (*To Oliv.*)
The cankering cares that prey on worldly natures
Are strangers here.—We'll leave these trappings,
The customary toll that vanity subdued
Lays at the heav'nly altar. If't please you heed our bidding,
This, your meek sister, shall at midnight hour approach,
To deck you for the glorious bridal. Come, come, thou weary traveller,
Like a wise virgin trim thy lamp, and enter
The courts of holiness.—(*She treads on the dagger which Florian had left.*)
Ha,—defend us all ye saints,—What's this?
(*She takes it up.*) What!—ha!—Rebellious miscreant! wouldst thou slink away
By guilt immeasurable? Hardened impenitent! Was such thy wicked counsel?
Nay, nay, there little needs the vagueness of that look,
To witness to thy most accursed thought.

Emil. Oh speak, my sister, speak.—Is speech denied thee?
By some mute motion plead thy innocence.
No word,—no sign,—undone,—undone.

Oliv. (*Aside.*) My memory to be a prey to shame.

Emil. Do thy lips move? If thou hast any touch of pity,
Disown this treason to thy God.

Oliv. What shall I say?

Emil. Say, say any thing.—Say, but, thou art not guilty.
Still silent?—

Oliv. Now is the bitterness of death.

EMIL. Olivia, thou hast wrung my very heart,
And pity strives with horror. Yet, yet there's hope,
If thou wouldst call on him, who from his starry throne,
Surveying at a glance creation's bounds,
Tempers the ills his providence ordains.

PRIO. Daughter, go to. I have an argument more apt
To win upon a mundane nature.—(*To Oliv.*) 'Tis at your peril
To execute this deed, and quench the immortal spark
In utter darkness. Meanwhile, the mortal reliques,
(Such is our law) ignobly born upon a slavish ass,
Must at the market cross be naked laid.
There, the rude tittering rabble, shall with gaze obscene,
Feast their coarse gloating eyes upon that dainty form,
That must from thence, bereav'd of pious obsequies,
Over the rocks that skirt our town be cast,
A prey to ravenous birds and the encroaching tide.

OLIV. Madam, for mercy's sake forbear. Do with me what you will.

PRIO. Daughter, the gate is never shut against
The truly penitent. Will you receive the veil?

OLIV. Yes,—yes,—oh, so may angels bless you, leave me.

EMIL. (*taking her hand.*) Sweet sister, peace be with you. May its halcyon breath
Speak comfort to your soul.

PRIO. Daughter, at midnight be prepared. Farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

OLIV. Oh, would it were eternal.—I am sunk low indeed.
[*Throws herself on the ground. The Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.

Angelo's *Cell.*

Enter Jerome *and* Angelo.

Jer. 'Tis sure as death; by threats I worm'd it from old Agatha.

Ang. (*considering.*) But then to gain admittance to her?

Jer. A wily plot, forsooth, that needs contrivance.

Ang. What's to be done good Jerome?

Jer. You should know best. Time is a winged messenger
That will not stop to parley. The night draws on apace.

Ang. I have no clue to guide me to this dungeon.
What if I move the Prioress to give me access,
As I would offer ghostly admonition. Ha! What thinkest thou?

Jer. That you would find those stones lend a more willing ear.

Ang. No, 'tis not worth the venture; and yet my every thought,
Withdrawn from meaner things, would goad me to revenge.
Is there nought feasible comes cross your brain, good Jerome?

Jer. No, not a whit:—yet hold;—what think ye of these palmers?

Ang. Ha! Palmers! Jerome?

Jer. The younger is in height not much unlike
Rosalba.
And then his foolish antics, and burrowing like a mole.
Ang. On my life thou hast it! 'Tis indeed Rosalba;
And this some secret entrance to the subterraneous
dungeon.
Jer. May be.
Ang. What if it is; Rosalba may contrive the means
of rescue.
Jer. Why then come worst, the bird is flown! you'r
sure to find the cage.
Ang. Don't trifle. Could I but gain her ear?
Jer. Belike she'd long not have the use of words to
thank ye.
Ang. What must be done?
Jer. Nothing, till night, the friend to all that's evil,
Has drawn her curtains round: then to your work.
I'll strait give orders that these sorry palmers
On no account be let to stir without,
Till you have spoken with them. So shall we hold them
sure,
Till we have eas'd their labors.
Ang. 'Tis well advis'd, good Jerome, you'll make my
debt most heavy—
Jer. Nor care how soon 'tis paid. But twilight steals
along,
I must away. The wind waits on our galliot.
This chicken heart will need a manlier second
To draw his precious mistress from her covert.
Glad tidings of their flight shall greet your ear anon.
[*Exit Jerome.*
Ang. Why, how this fellow labours at devilish mis-
chief,

For some few dirty ducats. And shall I,
I, that am stirred by the infernal fuel
That revenge enkindles, shall I stand boggling at a shadow,
Thrown cross my path by sickly conscience? Out on't.
'Tis but a bit for knaves to bridle fools with.
(*A knocking at the door of the cell.*)
Starts.) Why start I thus at this intruding knock,
As it would toll departed virtue's knell.
Who's there? (*going to the door.*)
Monk (*without*). Holy father, a summons from the Prioress
Demands your presence strait, on matters of such moment
As will not brook delay.
Ang. Good, my son, say, I'll attend forthwith. These worldly cares
Are a sore let, and hindrance to the mind,
That's communing on better things. (*Aside.*) This may respect the novice.
I would I could procure an audience with her;
An audience brief, but fatal.

SCENE V.

The Prioress's *Parlour.*

The Prioress *is discovered sola.*

Now shall I reach the point I long have strained at.
And for this crooked spirit, that would prompt her
To lay rash hands upon herself, I dread it not. Her girlish fears,

And maiden terrors of obscene exposure,
Shall check such deadly purpose. 'Twere not fitting
Slander, that hath the lynx's beam and adder's fang,
Should bring our house to trouble, questioning her death.
Let her be once profess'd, and I have touch'd the goal.
It cannot fail, but Carantani mark his gratitude,
By some rich gift to San Martino's house.

Enter ANGELO.

Hail, father! I greet you with a tenfold welcome.
The sword of truth hath conquered, and this night our novice,
With free and full consent, doth take the veil.

ANG. (*Aside.*) This is a deathful blow. It chills my very heart.
(*Aloud.*) Lady, this change is sudden, wondrous sudden.

PRIO. It seems as though it were not to your liking.

ANG. Is't fitting for a holy man, to let tumultuous joy
Tread on sobriety, as empty worldlings do?

PRIO. Your pardon, father, that I have scann'd you wrongfully.
There is no reason, in a soul redeemed,
To cause the cloud that hangs upon your brow.

ANG. You judge amiss. May heaven increase our church
With faithful servants. But I hold it ill,
Such solemn pledge be lightly undertaken;
Lightly, and hastily. Indeed, this change is sudden.

PRIO. From her own pure, unfettered choice it sprung.

ANG. What if despair hath hatch'd it? 'Tis a fearful thing,

To approach the throne of God with falsehood on the tongue.

Prio. These pious scruples mark a perfect mind.

Ang. Peace, lady. Perfection, daughter of the skies,
Is not for a poor worm, a creature of a day.
I do but as my sacred office prompts me.

Prio. Then set your fears at rest. The fight is over.
Olivia, snatch'd by a mighty arm from the last stage of guilt,
With soul new wak'd to-day, bends every thought on heav'n.

Ang. What say you? (*aside.*) A glimmering hope revives.

Prio. Her mind, with devilish wiles bewildered, once did compass:
(*Looks on the dagger.*) But, horror ties my tongue. Suffice it, that she from her
Threw the traitorous steel with scorn, and in unfeigned penitence,
Pants for the vow that consecrates her virgin heart.

Ang. (*aside.*) She wants but nerve to act. I must restrain my joy.

Prio. What holy light beams from your speaking eye.
Haste then, good father; be all preparation made
That well becomes the grandeur of our house.
Let the rich tapestries be unfurl'd; our altars blaze
With radiant splendor; and our full rob'd choir
Wake with their sweetest strains, devotion, love, and praise.
At midnight shall the noble sisters meet:
Victoria, a blooming bride, to plight her faith to Milan;
Olivia, casting off the yoke of sin, to seek a meed

Of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

ANG. All shall be duly ordered;—and, if it please you so,

I'd fain assist the maid with holy converse;

Which ever deepest sinks when in strict privacy.

PRIO. Father, she did entreat most earnestly,

To pass the intermediate hours in prayer and solitude.

ANG. 'Tis well. I stand absolv'd of slackness in my calling.

(*Aside.*) I must not seem too eager. See her I will. This goodly wheat

Shall in the full ear fall an offering to hate.

(*Aloud.*) I will prepare the convent. Peace be with you, madam.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Marble Chamber in Carantani's Palace.

CARANTANI *solus.*

SHEW me the timorous fool that at some mountain's foot
Prowls for a beaten path, while bolder spirits scale it;
'Tis so with fortune. She looks askaunt on prudence,
The while success goes hand in hand with daring.
Why, here am I now, by obsequious winds,
Like a trim galley, borne upon the flood
To the desired haven. Hail, duchess; hail, lady duchess
Victoria! why 'twill make me young again to see
Envy, with ferret eye, pout on my lady duchess.

Enter the DUKE *of* MILAN.

DUKE. Good even, Signior.

CAR. A duchess—were she an emperor's bride, the golden tiar
Would stream more brilliant on her polished front.

DUKE. Signior, good even.

CAR. Oh, your grace is welcome. How do you, sir?—
It is a sultry and oppressive air to-night.

DUKE. Could I find leisure, sir, to note the atmosphere,
I should be little worth the rarest jewel
That 'ere hath sparkled on this vast terrene.
I count the loitering seconds, till the matchless bride
In all the blaze of beauty dim my ravish'd sight.

CAR. 'Tis yet not nigh upon the hour.

DUKE. How grave and slow the leaden minutes creep,
That tediously protract an ardent lover's bliss;
Already have I sent to urge the prioress to haste.

CAR. You shall not war with time, what's soonest done is best.
What ho—there—(*Enter servants.*) Go to my daughter's chamber.
Tell her we would be debtors to her toilet
For her sweet company,—hark, sirrah, on the instant.
[*Exit servants.*
She did request that no intruding voice
Might, till the hour drew on, disturb her maiden solitude.

Enter SERVANT.

Lady Victoria is not in her chamber, sir.

CAR. Not in her chamber—oh—the heated air
Has drawn her forth to court the slumb'ring breeze
That dozes on the glassy water: go, seek her in the gardens. [*Exit servant.*
'Tis hard upon the time; no, thrice the sentinel
Should call the hour before the dead of night.
What ho—who waits there? Have ye no ears?

Enter a number of Servants.

Go fetch my daughter from the gardens, tell her I'd speak with her.

Fly, haste. Away with ye.

Duke. 'Tis strange, my lord, your daughter should be absent.

Car. Ha! strange. No, no, your grace—she's used to walk at even.

Duke. (*aside.*) I've some forboding all will not be right.

Car. She should be here anon—how goes the hour?—(*A clock strikes.*) Hark—what only nine—it should be more—

What? Where are all my slaves? Ho. Baptist—Ambrose.

Ho there—drones—varlets—have ye found my daughter?

Enter Servants.

1st Serv. My lord, we've search'd each walk, bower, alley,

Calling upon her name.

Car. 'Tis false—go look thro' all the palace—what Victoria,

Victoria—s'death! Where can she be? Victoria,

Do you hear me—

Duke. Let me go seek her, sir—I may be fortunate.

Car. Hold for a moment—can she have gone to vespers?

1st Serv. My lord, it grieves me—

Car. (*striking him*). Villain, 'tis a lie—what dare you tell me.

Duke. Signior, be pacified, let him but speak.

CAR. (*to Servant.*) Audacious pickthank—be careful what you utter.

DUKE. Pray ye, my lord—it may import us much; say on good friend.

CAR. Speak, ideot—d'ye wait for this? (*Clasps his hand on his stiletto.*)

SERV. (*hesitating.*) My lord—'tis sore—sad news—
Some hours since,
(I heard it but this instant,)
My lady was seen to quit the postern—with—

CAR. (*rushes on him with his dagger but is held by the Duke.*)

Thy foul tongue sha'n't name him.—I know the wretch thou mean'st.
My curse be on his head. Release me, sir.
Search every nook and corner in the city—I'll drag them forth,
If I should draw the bolts of sulphurous hell.

He rushes off the stage, followed by the Duke, Servants, &c.

SCENE II.

ANGELO'S *Cell.—The crosier and his robes lying on a table; the sandals on the floor near it.—He is discovered in a musing posture.*

Now night has covered with her inky pall
Th' obtrusive face of nature—all is hush'd—
And idle fools, whose impious breath would raise
An altar to me, loftier than their maker's,
Yield to that power whose solemn mockery
Mimics the callous herald of corruption.

No sound presumes to war with hooded silence,
Save when low peals of distant thunder roll,
Or the hoarse murmur of the booming surge
Forever beats upon the sullen shore.
These suit with souls where peace shall dwell no more,
And this the hour when troubled spirits wake
To brood on darkn ess,—myself the darkest of them all.
(*He looks on the vial.*) Come black revenge, come to my heart of hearts,
With blood-stain'd talon grapple firm thy hold ;
Let the red glare that flashes from thy eye,
Chase every softer feeling from my breast,
Till, with awak'd remembrance of my wrongs,
I willing yield my very soul to thee.

(*A loud peal of thunder is heard over head.*)

Why shrink I like a trembling coward thus—
The very elements tune up my nerves to action,
And heav'n's artillery sounds the dread amen.

(*A knocking at the door. He opens it, and Jerome enters with a lantern*).

Ang. Thou could'st not find me at a meeter time.

Jer. To business then. The palmers have withdrawn themselves unseen;
The next we'll hear shall be Olivia's flight.

Ang. Forbid it—no, I cannot name the word—what's to be done ?

Jer. Why, to the passage instantly. If all be safe,
We'll both descend. Should it conduct us to Olivia,
I'll stay without conceal'd, while you accost her.

Ang. Suppose we chance to encounter young Rosalba ?

Jer. He must be seized—the inquisition will take care of him !

Ang. He is not one will easily surrender.

JER. (*Pointing to a dagger and a pair of pistols under his garment.*)
Have these no virtue that can stop his tongue?
Here (*gives one.*) Come—we should be going.
(*Lights the lantern at the Monk's lamp.*)
But hold a moment—this is a doughty job,
It should be at the least five hundred ducats.

ANG. They shall be yours, good Jerome.

JER. Enough—you've gone too deep to fob me. Come.
What—colour on your ashy cheek. Nay, this is new.

ANG. I follow, honest Jerome—(*aside looking on the vial.*) Olivia, swallow this,
And thou dost seal the bond that hate has drawn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S *Dungeon, she is discovered, dressed in her richest Robes.*

Emilia, thou would'st wake a final lingering hope;
'Tis but a flag to stem the mountain torrent,
A transient beam, that 'ere its warmth is felt
The frowning cloud eclipses; oh no, no, no, my kinsmen have no heart
To step between my father's haughty mandate
And a poor trembling maid. Yet I'll make trial of their hardihood,
And at the altar claim their sheltering arm to save me;
Failing in that, here shall my sorrows close,
Here shall my sufferings find a worthy end.
I will not with iniquitous breath lie in the face of heaven,

Nor shall they force me to these hated vows.
Earth must to earth, and dust to dust again,
But rob'd in glory will the spirit rise,
By pitying angels wafted to its home.
(*Takes up her veil.*) Why e'en this curious lawn is as the
solid buttress
To the thin veil that parts the finite from eternity.
'Tis a fearful thought. Already feverish heat
Would seem to parch the failing springs of life,
Unreal shapes to swim in dizzy circles round me,
And the bewildered eye, a poor faint hearted traitor,
To woo the false illusion. Hark! some step approaches,
It should be Florian.

(*The door opens, and the Abbot appears.*)

Oh mercy! (*she sinks on the floor with clasped hands.*)
Heav'n have mercy.

Ang. Cease those vain terrors. Behold the Abbot,
Angelo.

Oliv. Out, horrible spectre! Appalling phantom, out!
I dare not meet that smile again.

(*She turns away her face.*)

Ang. Daughter, look up—in me behold a friend.

Oliv. The voice is Angelo's—but what has he to do
With the sweet name of friendship? Why dost thou glare
upon me thus? (*To Angelo.*)

Ang. Daughter compose yourself. I come the mes-
senger of peace.

Oliv. If I have any faculty of reason, (*rising*)
Thou art the cold, proud, stern, unbending Angelo,
Abbot of San Martino.

Ang. I am that Angelo.

Oliv. If thou didst come to banquet cruelty

With gazing on the misery thou hadst pictured,
Go back, thou hast no triumph here.

Ang. Daughter, you much mistake the motive of my coming.

Oliv. Whence this intrusion then? What would'st thou with me?
It is the hour that murder shrugs his withered sides,
And steals from forth his covert.

Ang. Is such your greeting to the blessed crosier?

Oliv. Avaunt, blasphemer! If thou dost think on evil,
My life is given thee for a prey. If not,
Once more I charge thee leave me; for my untainted nature
Holds no communion with a mind like thine.

Ang. 'Tis meet that piety should render good for evil.
Daughter, these vainly glittering robes denote
Thou art about to seal thy condemnation;
And dost thou think this perjury shall avail
To lengthen out thy worthless span of being.
Thou art deceived. Death, justly due, awaits thee;
A slow, a lingering death—within these horrid walls
Shalt thou be brought to perish. I know the Prioress well.

Oliv. You have my answer—we meet before the altar.

Ang. Your blood be on your head—I would have pointed you
A speedy, honorable, sure retreat;
Approv'd by reason, consecrate to peace.
Nay, do you hesitate—my power is equal to my will,
And both shall emulate the foremost place.

Oliv. I am a lorn and miserable wretch
That know not where to turn me. What must I do?

Ang. Do but as noble birth, and nobler spirit should,
And you are free—for ever.

Oliv. If there's no guilt attaches to the deed—explain.

Ang. Necessity, a charter'd freeman, shapes his varied laws
To square with the occasion.

Oliv. But good must not be looked for at the hands of evil.

Ang. Exceptious casuistry would fool away the time,
Till you have lost your sole alternative—
Your fate resolves itself upon a bold decision.

Oliv. Name it.

Ang. Dare you.

Oliv. Misery dares any thing that is not sinful.

Ang. Is it not sin to welcome useless suffering.
You have to choose between a lingering death,
And—

Oliv. Hear me. If sure and certain hope shall to the vast unknown
Conduct my wearied steps, I heed not transient evil;
The present is the veriest naught against futurity.
As well you might compare the statuary,
Who seems to animate the sculptured marble,
With him who breath'd the breath of life immortal
Into this corporal frame, and form'd the soul
With all its train of godlike attributes;
Or set the trifling art that makes the fountain play,
'Gainst his, who, in the hollow of his mighty hand,
Majestic ocean measur'd;—liken this earthly vale

To Paradise, or the faint ray yon glimmering taper sheds
To the vast lamps that light the vault of heaven.

ANG. Farewell, I leave ye to your fate.

OLIV. Yet, if there were a solitary outlet—

ANG. One there is—one only—

OLIV. If it be honest, whence this fear to name it?

AND. Honest!—warp'd prejudice oft takes the most alarm
At simplest remedies.

OLIV. This tedious preface does but mock suspense.

ANG. And what is life but pieclad mockery?
Stretching at that which never is attained—
Impatient of the present, shuddering at the future;
Daughter, be wise—drink this—(*takes out his vial*) and sleep for ever.

OLIV. Thou saintly hypocrite! Was this thy deadly errand;
Out, fiend abhorr'd! Nor with thy poisonous breath
Cloud the unspotted mirror of the mind,
Whose polish'd surface, to the shrinking eye,
Reflects thee horrid, hideous, as thou art—
When from the burning mount the Almighty voice
In the loud thunder spoke, "thou shalt not kill,"
Did not the awful canon point its prohibition
Against the worst of murderers? did it not forfend
The power to immolate this animated dust
At will? Can reason view without affright
The creature 'gainst the Creator madly arm'd?
The perishable with the imperishable wrath,
With hellish malice seeking to conspire
'Gainst that which is immortal?

ANG. Your reasoning, daughter, is most apposite—and yet this very noon

You searched with friendlier eye the dagger's edge;
At least 'tis rumour'd so throughout the convent.

Oliv. (*aside.*) 'Tis the last misery to be the sport of shame;
Yet, 'twere worth Florian's life to hold this secret.
(*Aloud*) Enormous villain. What could goad thee on
To compass the destruction of my soul?

Ang. Hate, rooted hate, to thy accursed house.
In early youth I lov'd with tenderest passion
One gentle, soft, and heavenly fair as thou art.
She gave me all her heart; our houses were consenting;
But on the eve before our nuptial rites,
Heated with wine, seduced by frantic appetite of gain,
A fellow noble tempted me to dicing—
I madly rush'd upon the brink of ruin,
Doubling each stake with desperate enterprize
Till I had set my fortune on a cast.
I cast, and all was lost. My treacherous rival, such he was,
With specious offers of relief, persuaded me
To take upon my bond a thousand ducats;
Then mounting on my swiftest steed (my unsuspecting youth
Saw not the dark design that lurked behind his offer),
I sought to fly disgrace, assigning my fair patrimony
To liquidate the sums he had spoiled me of. Himsel alone
Entrusted with the secret of my residence—too soon he stood unmasked,
For I was seized, and to a distant prison hurried;
Friendless, bankrupt, unknown, to answer for my bond.
Meantime 'twas rumoured that by midnight robbers,

I had been set upon and murdered, and my mangled carcase
To the rude deep consigned. A hireling wretch was brib'd
To stop enquiry with this doleful tale. My beloved bride
Distracted, sunk in grief, unconscious what she did,
Was by a sordid parent wrought upon, and ere twelve moons
Had sped their flight through the ethereal concave,
Her faltering lips confirmed the hard wrung promise
That to a hated rival gave the idol of my soul.

Oliv. 'Tis more than mortal effort to forgive such trespass.

Ang. At length, some tedious years in durance, by public jubilee
Releas'd, I drew the healthful breeze; chains, damps, and scanty pittance,
Had sorely discomposed me. When the bright orb of day
Beam'd on me free but ruined, by an oath most dreadful
I bound myself to be avenged, and sought these gloomy walls
Best covert for designs that shun the light.
Here have I dwelt unknown, and ris'n to highest office
By bitter penance, fast and guise austere.

Oliv. Deemed little less than saint. Say, does he yet live?
Alas, thy rival—
I tremble to look on thee. Thou art a man of blood.

Ang. Here like a pelican upon the craggy rock
I've watch'd the live-long-day; and fed revenge
Till my heart's core is emptied.

Oliv. (*falling upon her knees.*) The wretch still lives?
Oh leave him till the judge of all,
Before assembled worlds, pronounce his sentence.
If you do think on heav'n's bliss, spare him.
Ang. Thy father is the man—
Oliv. (*hiding her face.*) 'Tis finished.
Ang. These gestures yield no pleasure to my eye—
Come, rouse yourself, I've but a word for you;
Your second self, your Florian de Rosalba,
His life is in my hands.
Oliv. He's lost.
Ang. Not if you chuse to save him.
Oliv. I, (*jumps up*) how! Oh say but how?
Ang. He stands accus'd before the holy office,
In the high pains and penalties that wait
On the attempt to separate a nun
From the pure bosom of the church.
Oliv. Oh say how I can save him?
Ang. With me rests the commitment, with you his safety,
For life shall ransom life. (*He takes the vial.*) The choice is yours.
This essence is so subtle that without a pang
'Twill in a moment seal each sense in death.
Oliv. Give—give it me. (*takes the vial.*) Live, live, my Florian, my death
Is doubly blest since it is life to you.
Yet—hold—thy verdict cannot blanch self-murder,
And Florian would spurn a joyless span of life
Won with Olivia's everlasting death!
I dare not pause, lest love should silence duty.
(*She dashes the vial from her.*)

ANG. Adieu—thou art thyself the executioner.
Of all thou most didst value, and foiled by thee
My hate shall heavier fall upon thy Florian.
(*He gets up through the little door closing it after him.*)
OLIV. (*Recovering after a short interval.*) Is this the unsettled dream of troubled sleep? Where am I?
Where and what? The solid surface of these walls,
The substance of this fleshy arm, denotes
My form material, this a mortal keep.
Nay more, the crazy store that memory conjures up,
Retains a thought that bears the stamp of reason.
'Tis Florian's life—to warn him of his danger—
Yet how, or where; or what can I resolve on—
For if he seek me here—'tis ruin.

FLORIAN *opening the trap-door jumps down.*

OLIV. Fly—oh fly—you rush upon the lions!
FLOR. What means my love?
OLIV. Your life—they seek your life—the inquisition.
If you have any pity for a heart that—
FLOR. And leave you to be dragg'd before the altar?
The robes that should have deck'd a blushing bride
Speak to their barbarous aim,—it shall not be.
OLIV. You do but sport with life—away—
If you would have my death be peaceful—fly—
FLO. Cruel Olivia! do you upbraid me with a coward's fear?
Shall I for safety to this paltry mould
Meanly forsake my love?
OLIV. 'Tis sore to mock my woman's weakness thus,
By the sweet memory of days for ever fled;

I charge you, as you love my soul, begone—

Flo. And see that face no more—'tis a tyrant's order.

Oliv. 'Tis the injunction of the truest heart
That ever bow'd to love. (*Aside.*) I dare not tell him of my only hope,
His unyok'd violence might ruin it.

Flo. Hear me, I've horses ready—a ladder at the walls—
In a few hours we reach the Tuscan boundary—
Come, my heart's joy, my friend, my sister.

Oliv. It must not be—no, never—'Tis a tale your ears will tingle at.
My father—I cannot tell it—Florian—

[*She takes off a picture from her neck.*

When you do look on this, think on our loves as such
That heaven did consecrate, and snatch'd the ungathered flower,
That it might flourish in eternal bloom.

Flo. My fate is twined round thine—Love joined our lives,
And be we not divided in our deaths—
Come, come, Olivia, you must escape—

[*Seizes her in his arms.*

Oliv. Release me—oh—(*shrieks.*)

[*The Monk and* Jerome *rush down and seize* Florian; *he lets go* Olivia *who faints, and draws his dagger.*

Ang. 'Tis sacrilege—yield on your life!

Flo. Off, murderous villain.

Ang. We seize you in the church's name.

Flo. Ruffians, perdition on you.

Ang. Surrender, or you're dead.

FLO. Thou liest, villain as thou art.

[*They fight, and* FLORIAN *after wounding* JEROME *is himself wounded.*

JER. Cut his comb—down with him—
He's but scratch'd me.

OLIV. Help, help—there is no human arm can help him—

FLO. Take that, assassin.

[*They drag* FLORIAN *through the door, which closes, and a pistol shot is fired off within.*

FLO. Olivia—oh—

OLIV. Oh, death is in that scream.

[*She goes to the door, the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.

The Gardens with the door leading to the vaults closed. BONARIO *appears wrapped in his cloak under the sycamore. A violent storm of thunder, lightning and hail. A ladder of ropes at the garden wall, on the side of the stage.*

BON. Surely there's war in heaven; th' avenging spirit is gone forth
Upon the mighty waters, and with shrieks that rend the skies,
Backs the wild fight of moonstruck elements.
'Tis such a night the very dead should wake.
Lord Florian—would he were back—I dare not leave
My watch to search him. 'Tis an anxious time.
Good angels, if amidst the tempest's fury
Such be abroad, receive the sweet Olivia
Under your sheltering wings. Hark! there's a knock

Again—Heaven send them safe—This peeling thunder
Is a rough cantion to a tender maid.

[*He lifts up the door and starts back.*

Ang. (*comes up.*) Stand off, and let me pass.

Bon. Your name?

Ang. The ab—fool—out of the way.

Bon. (*drawing his sword.*) You pass not till you've answered me.

Ang. (*aside.*) An infant's lifted arm would make me tremble.

(*Aloud.*) Off, 'ere I strike thee to the ground—

Bon. That wild eye—and blood upon thy hand—Stay,
Or I'll smite thee.

Ang. (*rushes on him, and he is thrown to the ground in the struggle.*) Grey-headed dotard, you provoke your fate.

Bon. Murder—robbers—mur—

Duke. (*from without.*) Who calls there?—haste—climb yon tree that tops the wall.

Servant. (*on the top of the wall.*) A ladder's ready placed, my lord.

Ang. (*rising hastily.*) Whither to fly—I dare not enter here.
What if the parting spirit meet me face to face!
This darkness is appalling, but 'tis my only shelter.
How guilt can palsy up the pride of manhood.

[*He descends, closing the door.*

Duke *and* Servants *descend by the ladder with torches.*

Duke. What ancient man is this?—Raise him;
Yon steps, that should have sped a murderer's flight,
Have brought his victim life and safety: such are the ways of heaven,
To overrule the petty craft of man.

BON. The villain's savage gripe had well nigh endep me.

DUKE. What villain, friend? Has he escap'd?

BON. (*aside.*) 'Tis Milan—He must not find my lord, or we're undone.

DUKE. Friend you are safe—which way fled he?

BON. (*aside.*) Yet my poor lord may be set-on by—

DUKE. Fear has confused him; speak, friend—we saw the ruffian

That would have slain you—How did he scape us?

SERV. My lord, he seemed to sink into the earth.

DUKE. Brave youth, reserve this tale to fright your valiant fellows with.

Yet hold—I know not how he could have passed us,
Our torches threw so bright a flame around;
'Tis strange! There may be vaults beneath this garden:
Search well the spot; look to the ladder, some of ye.

[BONARIO *points to the other side of the stage.*

He points this way—this way—lead fellow.

SERV. My lord, behold the door; 'tis scantly shut. An it were worth my life,
I'd swear by this he dodged us.

BON. (*aside.*) Any way we're ruined;
His palmer's garb alone may chance to save him.

DUKE. Wait some of ye above, and see that none escape,
While I descend. The steps too marked with blood
This fearful night is an apt cloak for murder.

[*They descend,* BONARIO *following the* DUKE.

SCENE V.

The Chapel of San Martino.

The chapel and altar-piece splendidly decorated and brilliantly illuminated. The company assembled on the sides and come in while the Prioress is speaking to herself.

The Prioress *comes forward.*

Pri. There is some secret heaviness that sits upon the abbot.
Spite of his settled face and placid 'haviour,
He bears a restless mind. I cannot dive into
The dark obscure with which he veils those counsels,
That note deep interest in Olivia's fate.
He calls this speedy ceremony, unhallowed haste,
And urged me with importunate intreaty,
To offer hindrance to this welcome act,
Biding till morrow 'ere she take her vows.
I rather lean to Carantani's humour.
Incertitude but spurs me on to finish,
What is so well begun. (*She retires to the side.*)
Come hither gentle daughters.

Enter Emilia *and* Bertha.

Be it your charge to lead our pious maiden
To the sweet sacrifice. Go, fetch her to the parlour.
[*Exeunt Emilia and Bertha.*

Enter Agatha.

Aga. Madam, the abbot is not in his cell—
The crosier, and the sacred sandals, with his robes do lie;

But he, whose heart is clad in holiest garb,
Is absent. So father Laurence hath announced.

PRIO. 'Tis new, one most exact in the minutest calling,
Should chuse this season for a dilatory part.
No matter: let the deep organ fill the hollow breeze;
Its lengthened notes shall summon him to prayer.
Go, bid our sisters in procession move.

The organ sounds.—The sisters of the convent move up to one side of the chapel, the monks to the other; and arrange themselves while the following hymn is chaunted.

The veil, the habit, and the ring, carried in the procession.

Father of truth and holy light,
From the throne of mercy look;
A virgin sister deign to write
In thy everlasting book.

Come, sweet seraph, hover o'er her,
Breathing peace, and breathing love;—
Through life's journey gently lead her
To thy own abodes above.

Enter CARANTINI.

CAR. Stop these rites—where is my daughter?
My poor injured Olivia!—give her to my arms.

1st NOBLE. What mean you, sir?

CAR. What mean I, sir? that I abhor myself
For the cold pride that freezed my blood.
Give me, my suffering injured child.
Where is she, madam? (*To the Prioress*

PRIO. My lord, she will be here anon.

Car. Anon, is an eternity, till all the wrongs I've done her,
Are blotted by forgiveness from the records of her brain.
She is Rosalba's bride. Nay, stare not on me thus;
I'll shew ye I've the power to execute my will.
Tried constancy and love like theirs demands a blessing,
A father's blessing, and may the King of kings
Confirm it.

First Noble. We looked to see Victoria's nuptials.

Car. Peace, peace; that name is like the fretted porcupine,
It's sound is a sharp quill that pierces to my heart.

First Noble. My lord, what cruel hap is this?

Car. Oh, sir, the cruellest pang a father can endure
She's fled, my lord, fled most disgracefully, and with her—
But spare me, 'tis blisters to my tongue. Come,
Have ye no eye to mark a father's feelings,
That you do hold him from his longlostchild.
She's here; yet how! what knocks upon my heart!

Enter Olivia, *led in distracted between* Emilia *and* Bertha.

Car. Heaven bless my child; come hither, dearest;
What, dost not know thy fond, repenting, savage father?

Oliv. Oh, sweet sir, I know you passing well;
'Tis Jeptha, who slew his daughter for a silly quean.
(*laughs.*)

Car. The wrath divine is on me—I have deserved it all.

Oliv. Signior, an' any gossip twit your length of visage,
Tell 'em you have a patent to look grave.

Car. (*falling on her neck.*) Oh, my child, Olivia.

Oliv. Oh, are ye for a pastoral? I'll be your Iphigene.

Car. My child, I thought to bring thee peace.

Oliv. Peace! cunning sir: you've sought a jack-o'-lanthern;
It flies when from our cradles we get up,
And meets us when we lay us in our graves.

Car. My child, my child. Oh, Milan, canst thou look upon my child unmov'd!

Enter the Duke *and* Bonario, *leading in* Florian, *supported by Servants.*

The Abbot *is brought in, guarded by other servants.*

Duke. (*stepping up to* Carantini.) Sir, I am ill at heart. Blood has been spilt to-night;
And for this noble gentleman, whose sand is ebbing fast,
Your daughter's words shall smooth the path he's going.

Flo. Olivia, if you have pity for a faithful heart,
Tell me true love survives this mortal death.

Oliv. What say'st thou of survivorship, good friend?
Thou art an almanack that's hastening out of date;
Count all thy yesterdays, for thou shalt tell no morrow.

Flo. Sweet innocent, come near—nearer, my love.
My eyes grow dim—let thine but bid me hope
To meet in heaven, and here we'll part in peace.

Oliv. Oh, my poor head, thou art—(stay, this sad world
Is full of treachery). When knaves hang all that wear an honest look,
Thou shalt not want a gallows. [*She sinks down by him.*

Car. Oh, sir, it rends my very heart to look upon her.
Lord Florian, speak—who has done this deed?

Flo. Two ruffians—yon saintly hypocrite, and one more savage,
Did set upon me; the other I wounded, when from his belt

Drawing the murderous tube, he sped a fatal ball;
I fell—and on the instant staggering,
He dropt beside me, with hideous yell of treachery.

Duke. The rest I can unravel. Seeking the lady Victoria,
Chance brought us to the spot to save this ancient man;
My servants saw the murderer descend. We found a vaulted passage,
And followed strait. Near to its foot,
Within a narrow opening, lay Lord Florian speechless;
And by him one that in extremest agony,
Did seem to labour with some heavy secret;
He reared his dying hand, and pointing to a niche,
Motioned to search beneath the pedestal;
Within whose hollow body crouched we found
Yon trembling miscreant, and dragged him forth;
The other raised a scream of horrid joy,
Pointing to the life's blood that stream'd from forth his side,
Through the hind ribs ignobly pierced. With such a stare
As might appal the bravest, th' accusing eye
Was fix'd upon yon wretch, and thus he died.

Car. What devilish shape hath cased itself in fashion of a man,
To work this horrid deed?

Duke. Alas! I've more to tell. This paper, found upon the corpse,
Doth name him the base plotter of Victoria's flight,
The fiend that wrought against Olivia's life.

Car. I've heard enough. Now Lernia is revenged.
What, villain, dost thou grin upon the ruin thou hast made!

Flo. Oh, life is parting. Thou treasure of my heart,

Death opes the gate to our eternal union.
Sir, if you pity one your daughter held most dear,
When her freed soul shall quit this house of clay,
Oh let one grave receive our ashes, one humble stone
Record our loves, our sorrows and our hope.
Olivia— [*Dies.*

First Noble. Go, take yon villain to the prison,
To wait the awful judgment of the law.

Car. Monster, with every sin upon thy head,
Go howling to the gulf, where pardon never entered.
Die, all-accursed as thou art.

Ang. And thou, live on—'tis all the harm Count Lernia wishes thee.

[*He is led off.*

Car. Lern— [*He falls senseless.*

Oliv. (*hanging over* Florian's *body.*) Why, poor Robin, thou art very cold;
What, wilt not sing to-day, sweet Robin?

Bon. (*raising* Carantini.) 'Twere best remove him from this piercing sight.

Oliv. (*to the Duke.*) Harkee, my lord, if you pile gold enough
To reach remotest Saturn, you'll be e'en such
As this at last; and all your residue
Shall scarcely fetch a groat to fatten crows.

Car. (*recovering.*) Delayed so long, 'tis doubly armed with power
To wake remorse, a hornet to the mind.

Oliv. Ha! where is he fled?—Signor, my Florian
Is gone abroad; your worship knows not whither.
Is he here, or here? What cruel fate has parted us?

[*She rushes to the front of the stage.*

Oh, no, no, no—I see him, mine eyes behold him!
Look, sir, in yon bright cloud, see how benign his aspect,
And in his hand a wreath of hyacinth.
Mark how he points aloft, the while his arm upheld
(*She traces a circle with her hand.*) Describes a boundless
day.
I come, I come, where we shall part no more.
My father—oh, my father!
[*She hangs round his neck and dies.*

Car. (*bending over the dead body.*) My child, Olivia:
Would I had died for thee, my child, my child.

The Curtain drops to solemn music.

THE END.

Cox and Baylis, Printers, Great Queen Street,
Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

IVANHOE!

OR,

The Jewess.

A CHIVALRIC PLAY,

IN

THREE ACTS;

Founded on the Popular Romance of "IVANHOE,"

BY

W. T. MONCRIEFF,

AUTHOR OF "WANTED A WIFE;" "ROCHESTER," "GIOVANNI IN LONDON," &c. &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE prefixed my name to this Drama, as having *written* it, in imitation of many contemporary Playwrights, who have lately obtained the reputation of excellent Dramatists, on no better grounds than paste, shears, and a Scottish Novel. But it will very soon be discovered, that I have scarcely written fifty lines of it; and, could I have performed my task without even that addition, I would willingly have done so; conscious, the less we modern dramatists mix up of our own with the works of an author like the great UNKNOWN, the better it must ultimately turn out for all parties. I have a strong suspicion my Drama will prove the best that may appear on the subject, from the circumstance of its containing less *original* matter than any other, and the very few *improvements* I have attempted on my text. I *wrote* my Drama as soon as the Romance of "Ivanhoe" was published, in the hope of being the first in the market with so saleable a commodity, but was much surprised to find *other* WRITERS were *three* weeks before me, they having obtained their materiel, *par grace* three weeks previous to publication. I have therefore to request, that the Author of the Romance of "Ivanhoe," in consideration of the tenderness I have shewn in mangling his Work, will do me the favour in future to let me have the proof sheets of his productions the moment he receives them from the Printer.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, *the Black Knight—King of England.*
PRINCE JOHN, *his Brother.*
CEDRIC, *a Saxon Nobleman.*
IVANHOE, *his Son.*
LUCAS DE BEAUMANOIR, *Grand Master of the Knights Templars.*
SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT,
SIR MAURICE DE BRACEY,
SIR PHILIP DE MALVOISIN, } *Norman Knights.*
ATHELSTANE OF CONINGSBURGH.
PRIOR AYMER.
ROBIN HOOD, *or* LOCKSLEY.
FRIAR TUCK, *Clerk of Copmanhurst,*
MUTCH, *the Miller,* } *Outlaws.*
WAMBA, *Fool to Cedric.*
GURTH, *Swineherd to Cedric.*
ISAAC OF YORK, *a Wealthy Jew.*
HIGG, *the Son of Snell, a Peasant.*
DAMIAN, *a Knight Templar.*
HUNDEBERT, OSWALD, &c. *Domestics of Cedric.*
HAMET *and* ABDALLAH, *Bois Guilbert's Saracen Slaves.*
Knights---Templars, Heralds, Outlaws, Peasantry, &c. &c.

LADY ROWENA, *a Saxon Princess—Cedric's Ward.*
REBECCA, *Isaac's Daughter.*
ELGITHA, *Attendant on Rowena.*
Ladies, Damsels, &c.

IVANHOE!

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Forest View, with Druidical Monuments, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, by Twilight.

Enter NORMAN PEASANTRY, *as returning from labour to their homes.—The Curfew Bell is heard distantly and slowly booming in the Air, during the rising of the Curtain, and their Entrance.*

GLEE.—*(Peasantry.)*

Hark! 'tis the welcome Curfew, neighbours:
It rings sweet knell to all our labours.
The Saxon at its sound turns pale.
Home, Home, our lights and fires to smother;
While lights the moon, we need no other;
And we can warm ourselves with ale.
With jolly nutbrown ale.

1*st. Peasant.* Ay, ay, come along neighbours, ere those Saxon Swineheards bring up their sows in our rear, and say we fly before them.

2*nd. Peasant.* Good counsel, neighbour Dullman; we will journey incontinently.—Methinks I, a Christian, hate these Saxons as religiously as a Jew does their swine. I have the true feeling of a conqueror, and am always wishing to pluck the rogues. This way! this way!

[*Exeunt* Peasantry.

Enter IVANHOE, *in a Pilgrim's Dress.*

Ivanhoe. And is it thus that the son of an illustrious house re-visits the domains of his fathers, after long and honourable service in foreign climes against the enemies

of his country and his creed. Disinherited—disguised-despoiled of love and land! Unhappy Ivanhoe! thy youthful fancy pictured scenes far different from these. Where are the times when Wilfred lived and moved his father's pride, his sovereign's favourite, and his people's hope? When, dearer far than all, he sunned himself in fair Rowena's smiles, and felt his love returned.—Gone! Gone! for ever gone! And now Wilfred of Ivanhoe returns but to visit in disguise his father's halls, his heart's best love, and snatch an unknown glory from Ashby's coming Tournament!—Who's here? By heavens, my father's faithful swineheard, Gurth! the jester, Wamba, too!—I'll stand aside, and heed them!

[*Exit* Ivanhoe.

Enter GURTH *and* WAMBA.

Gurth. The curse of St. Withold upon these infernal porkers; if the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man.—Here, Fangs, Fangs—ho! ho! boy!

Wamba. Be not so dogged about thy cur, cousin Gurth, seeing he cares no jot for it, resolutely illustrating, that every dog has his day.

Gurth. Day! 'tis e'en now growing stark night.—Wamba, up and help me, an thou bee'st a man—take a turn round the back o' yon hill, to gain the wind o' them; and when thou hast got the weather gage, thou may'st drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs.

Wamba. No, truly—I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my garments through yon sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person, and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off thy staunch hound Fangs, and leave thy herd of grunters to their destiny.

Gurth. Hey! there they go! So, ho! So, ho! Well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and driv'st them on bravely, lad. (*Steps without.*)

Wamba. Soft! who have we here?

Gurth. Never mind whom—let us look to the swine.

Wamba. Nay, I am as obstinate as a pig in this particular—I must see these strangers.

Gurth. (*looking out.*) Normans and Monks, by St. Dunstan! my abomination both.

Enter PRIOR AYMER *and* BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT, *with* HAMET, ABDALLAH, *and Attendants.*

Aymer. So, ho! there, children! Benedicite, Mes Filz, tell us, if you can, the road to Cedric the Saxon! are we near his dwelling?

Gurth. Normans, and seeking the Saxon: shall I shew the dog where the deer lies, when I have no mind he should chase him?—Not I, by my fealty! (*Aside*)—The road will be uneasy to find, and the family of Cedric retire early to rest.

Bois Guil. Tush! tell me not, fellow, about retiring to rest—'tis easy for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers, such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality we have a right to command.

Aymer. Brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over Heathen Turks and Infidel Saracens. Take this piece of silver, good fellow, and tell us the way to Cedric's mansion.

Wamba. Well, then, your reverences must hold on this path 'till you come to a sunken cross, of which scarce a cubit's length remains above ground:—then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at sunken cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on.

Gurth. (Aside to Wamba) Why, Wamba, if they follow this wise direction, their reverences will hardly reach Rotherwood to night.

Wamba. No, but they may reach Sheffield, if they have good luck, and that is as fit a place for them.

Gurth. Thou art right.—It were ill that Aymer saw the Lady Rowena, and it were worse for Cedric to quarrel, as is most likely, with this military monk.—But, like good servants, let us hear and see, and say nothing. (*Aside.*) Good even, Reverend Fathers.

[*Exeunt* Gurth *and* Wamba.

Aymer. Good even, and thanks.

Bois Guil. What meant these fellows by their capricious insolence?

Aymer. Marry, Brother Brian, touching one of them, it were hard for me to render a reason; for a fool speaks according to his folly; and the other churl is of the conquered Saxons, whose supreme pleasure it is to testify by all means in their power, their aversion to their conquerors.

Bois Guil. I'd soon beat him into courtesy.

Aymer. Beating that fellow would have procured us no information respecting the road to Cedric's house—while it would have established a quarrel between you and him, had we found our way thither. Remember what I have told you—Cedric is proud, fierce, jealous, and irritable—the hope of the Saxons, his people, and the suspicion of the Normans.

Bois Guil. Prior Aymer, you are a man of gallantry—learned in the study of beauty. But I shall expect much beauty in this celebrated Rowena, to counterbalance the self-denial and forbearance I must exert, if I am to court the favour of such a seditious churl as you have described her father Cedric.

Aymer. Cedric is not her father: she is descended from higher blood than he pretends to, and is but distantly connected with him by birth. He is but her guardian—but his ward is as dear to him as if she were his own child. Of her beauty you shall soon be judge; and if the purity of her complexion, and the majestic, yet soft expression of her mild blue eyes, do not chase from your memory the black-tressed girls of Palestine—aye! or the Houris of Old Mahomed's Paradise, I am an infidel, and no true son of the Church.

Bois Guil. Well, should your boasted beauty be weighed in the balance, and found wanting, you know our wager?

Aymer. Yes, my gold collar against ten butts of Chian wine—they are mine as securely as if they were already in the convent vaults, under the key of Old Dennis the cellarer.

Bois Guil. And I am myself to be judge, and am only to be convicted on my own admission, that I have seen no maiden so beautiful since Pentecost was a twelvemonth—ran it not so?—Prior, your collar is in danger; I will wear it over my gorget in the lists at Ashby de la Zouche.

Aymer. Win it fairly, and wear it as you will; I trust your word, as a knight and churchman. But beware offending Cedric; for, once aroused, notwithstanding your knighthood and my sanctity, he'd clear his house of us, and send us to lodge with the larks, though the hour were midnight. Be careful how you look upon Rowena too, whom he cherishes with the most jealous care—an' he take the least alarm in that quarter, we are but lost men. It is said, he banished his only son from his family, for merely lifting his eyes in the way of affection towards this beauty.

Bois Guil. You have said enough. I will for a night put

on the needful restraint, and deport me as meekly as a maiden, but not from fear.

Aymer. Wisely resolved.—The night wears apace—Which way did that clown bid us to take? He bid us turn I think to the left.

Bois Guil. To the right, to the best of my remembrance.

Aymer. The left, certainly, the left—I remember his pointing with his wooden sword.

Bois Guil. Ay, but he held his sword in his left hand, and so pointed across his body with it to the right.

*(*Ivanhoe *steals from his concealment behind.)*

Ivanhoe. Journeying to Cedric's to behold Rowena—'tis fit I bear them company. (*Aside*)—Hold, strangers! you seem in doubt—whither would you wend?

Aymer. Hey! who is this? but no matter, if he direct us—To Cedric, the Saxon, of Rotherwood, stranger.

Ivanhoe. I am myself bound thither, and will be your guide. The way is somewhat intricate, but perfectly well known to me, born native of these parts.

Aymer. Thou shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend, if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety. Who and what art thou?

Ivanhoe. A palmer, just returned from the Holy Land.

Aymer. Thou art inured to travelling then—Onwards!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Grand Banquetting Hall in Rotherwood, the Residence of Cedric the Saxon.—A raised Seat, and elevated Table at one end.—Tables set out for Banquet.—Massive Chairs and Oaken Settles, &c. discovered.

Enter CEDRIC, *followed by* ELGITHA, OSWALD, HUNDEBERT, *and Attendants.*

Cedric. What, is the banquet toward yet?

Oswald. It is preparing, Chief.

Cedric. Why tarries the Lady Rowena then?

Elgitha. She is but changing her head gear. You would not wish her to sit down to the banquet in her hood and kirtle; and no lady in the shire can be quicker in arraying herself than my mistress.

Cedric. Umph! I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for her next visit to St. John's Kirk. But what, in the name of ten devils, keeps Gurth so long afield? I suppose we shall have an evil account of the herd soon:

he was wont to be a faithful and cautious drudge, and I had destined him for something better; perchance I might even have made him one of my warders.

Oswald. 'Tis good time yet—the Curfew has not toll'd more than an hour.

Cedric. The foul fiend take the Curfew, and the tyrannical bastard by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The Curfew! aye, the Curfew, which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness. I shall hear, I guess, that my faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey!—And Wamba! where is Wamba! Said not some one that he was gone forth with Gurth?

Oswald. I saw them go.

Cedric. Ay!—Why this is better and better—he is carried off too—the Saxon fool to serve the Norman lord! Fools are we all indeed that serve them, and fitter subjects for their scorn and laughter, than if we were born with but half our wits.—But I will be avenged—Man to man will I appeal the Norman to the lists!—Haply they think me old; but they shall find, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Hereward runs in the veins of Cedric! Ah, Wilfred! Wilfred! Would thou couldst have rul'd thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak, that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest.

(Horn sounds without.)

Ha! to the gate, knaves!—See what tidings that horn tells of!—'Twill announce I ween some hership and robbery which has been done upon my lands.—Well, Warder!

Enter WARDER.

Warder. Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good Knight Templar Brian de Bois Guilbert, on their way to the Tournament of Ashby de la Zouche, request hospitality and lodging for the night.

Cedric. Aymer! the Prior Aymer! Brian de Bois Guilbert! Normans both.—But, Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached—they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt; more welcome would they have been to have ridden on their way. Go, Hundebert, take six of the attendants, and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodge: see their train lack nothing; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to

our evening meal.—Begone! let not these strangers say in their pride, the Saxon churl has shewn at once his poverty and his avarice.

Hund. I obey, my lord.

[*Exit* Hundebert.

Cedric. This Prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the cup and the bugle horn better than bell and book.—Good! let him come. How named ye the Templar?

Warder. Brian de Bois Guilbert.

Cedric. Bois Guilbert!—that name has been spread wide for good and evil. A fierce hard-hearted man, that knows nor fear of earth, nor awe of heaven; so they that come from Palestine report. Well, 'tis but for a night, he shall be welcome too.—Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her especial pleasure.

Elgitha. Then it will be her especial pleasure, I can tell you, chief; for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine.

Cedric. Silence! maiden; thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Say my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure.—Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred still reigns a princess.

Elgitha. Umph! but it wouldn't be him, if he wasn't arbitrary!

[*Exit* Elgitha.

Cedric. Palestine! how many ears are turned to the tales which dissolute crusaders, or hypocritical pilgrims, bring from that fatal land! I too might ask—I too might inquire—I too might listen with a beating heart to fables which the wily strollers devise to cheat us into hospitality, —but no:—the son who has disobeyed me, is no longer mine!—The Normans come!

Enter AYMER *and* BOIS GUILBERT, *preceded by* HUNDEBERT *and Attendants, and followed by* HAMET, ABDALLAH, IVANHOE, *and Attendants.*

Aymer. Benedicite, brave Cedric!

Cedric. I grieve, reverend Prior, that a sacred vow, never to step more than three steps from the dais of my own hall, to meet any one who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty, prevented my receiving you at the outward portals, as befitted guests like you.—Come, knaves! the banquet there!—Ha! Gurth and Wamba! Hither, slaves!

Enter GURTH *and* WAMBA.

How comes it, villains, that you have loitered abroad so late as this? Hast thou brought home thy charge, sirrah Gurth, or hast thou left them to outlaws and marauders?

Gurth. The herd is safe, so please you.

Cedric. But it does not please me, thou knave, that I should be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, and sit here devising vengeance against my neighbours for wrongs they have not done me! I tell thee, shackles and the prison-house shall punish thy next offence of this kind.

Wamba. Say'st thou so?—In troth, uncle Cedric, you are neither wise nor reasonable to-night.

Cedric. How, sir?—You shall to the porter's lodge, and taste of the discipline there, if you give your foolery such license.

Wamba. But, first let your wisdom tell me, is it just and reasonable to punish one person for the fault of another?

Cedric. Certainly not, fool.

Wamba. Then, why would you shackle poor Gurth, uncle, for the fault of his dog Fangs? For, I dare be sworn, we lost not a minute by the way, when we had got our herd together, which Fangs did not manage until we heard the vesper-bell.

Cedric. Then hang up Fangs, if the fault be his, and get thee another dog!——I crave your pardon, my worthy guests. Your homely fare is before you; feed, and let welcome make amends for hard fare.—Sewer, marshal the way.

Oswald. Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena.

Aymer. (*To* Bois Guilbert.) Now, brother, for our wager.

Enter ROWENA, *followed by* ELGITHA, *and attendant Damsels.*

Bois Guil. She's an immortal, sure! I shall wear no collar of your's at the Tournament, Prior.—Exquisite wench! the wine is your own.—(*Aside to* Aymer.)

Aymer. Said I not so? But, check your raptures—the Franklin observes you.

Rowena. Strangers! that earnest gaze—my veil must screen me from their rudeness. (*Aside.*)

Cedric. What means the audacious Norman? Comes he to stare us out of place and feature. (*Aside.*) Sir

Templar, the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun, to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader.

Bois Guil. If I have offended—I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon. My humility will carry me no lower.

Aymer. The Lady Rowena has punished us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the Tournament.

Cedric. Our going thither is uncertain.—I love not these vanities, which were unknown to my fathers when England was free.

Aymer. Let us hope, nevertheless, our company may determine you to travel thitherward: when the roads are so unsafe, the escort of Sir Bois de Guilbert is not to be despised.

Cedric. If we do journey to Ashby de la Zouche, Sir Prior, we do so with my noble neighbour and countryman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and with such a train as would set outlaws and feudal enemies at defiance. I drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of wine, which I trust your taste will approve, and I thank you for your courtesy.

Bois Guil. And I drink wassail to the fair Rowena.

Rowena. I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight, or rather, I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palestine.

Bois Guil. I have little of importance to say, Lady, excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin.

Wamba. These truces with the infidels make an old man of me. There have been three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for fifty years; so, by computation, I must at least be a century and a half old.

Bois Guil. A truce with thy jests, sirrah.

Enter PAGE.

Page. A stranger at the gate implores admittance and hospitality for the night.

Cedric. Admit him, be he who or what he may. A night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be administered to with all care.—Look to it, Oswald.

Page. It is a Jew, my Lord, who calls himself Isaac of York.—Is it fit I should marshal him into the hall?

Cedric. Ha! an Israelite!—Let Gurth do thine office then, Oswald—the swine-herd will be a fit usher for the Jew.

Aymer. Saint Mary! an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!

Bois Guil. A dog Jew to approach a defender of the holy sepulchre.

[*Exeunt* Oswald *and* Page.

Cedric. We may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours; but I constrain no man to converse or to feed with him. Let him have a board and morsel apart.—Wamba, he shall sit with thee; the fool and the knave will be well met.

Wamba. The fool will take care to erect a bulwark against the knave. *Ecce signum.*—I speak the truth; behold this gammon of bacon——

Cedric. Hush! he comes!

Enter Isaac, *shewn in by* Oswald.—*All draw back as he passes by them, with disgust.—He bows humbly and repeatedly.*

Isaac. Peace and health to this fair assembly!—Isaac humbly thanks your bounty—the night is cold and inclement, and he is old, infirm, and poor—the God of my fathers meed you.

Bois Guil. Unbelieving dog!—Dost thou bend thy course to the Tournament?

Isaac. I do so purpose, if it please your reverend valour.

Bois Guil. Ay, to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury; to gull women and children with gauds and toys.—I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip.

Isaac. Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfling—so help me the Father of Abraham. I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe, to aid me to pay the fine which the exchequer of the Jews have imposed upon me.—Father Jacob be my speed—I am an impoverished wretch—poor—miserably poor—the very gaberdine I wear I borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster.

Bois Guil. Beshrew thee for a false-hearted liar.—Hamet! Abdallah!—*(To Moorish Slaves: converses apart with them.*—Ivanhoe *listens attentively to their discourse.)*

Isaac. That fearful Templar!—When will heaven cease to visit with calamity and terror the people of our race—

shunn'd, scorn'd—where shall I find in peace a wretched seat and morsel?

Ivanhoe. Ha! is it so, Arch Templar?—This, Jew, must to thy ears. Alien and infidel—still a true Christian must afford him help, *(Aside.)*—Old man, *(to Isaac)* my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased—thou art both wet and fasting—take thou my seat and meal.

Isaac. The Hebrew's blessings on thee, Reverend Palmer!

Cedric. Cup-bearer, fill the goblets there!—Pledge me, Sir Templar, and thou too, Abbot—Come—To the strong in arms who now bear them best in Palestine, among the champions of the cross!

Bois Guil. Ay, to the Templars! though, as a brother of the order, I should be slow in naming them.

Aymer. Nay, to the knights' hospitallers—my brother wears their badge!

Rowena. Are there then none in the English army, whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and St. John.

Bois Guil. Forgive me, Lady, that I had omitted.—The English Monarch did indeed bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwarks of their native land.

Ivanhoe. Second to none, proud Templar!—Richard, and his brave English, well thou know'st, o'erthrew in Tourney all thy brother Knights, and did as gallant service against the Paynim.—Rememb'rest thou St. Jean d'Acre's lists—the King and gallant three that won the ground that day?

Bois Guil. Insolent chronicler of my defeat!—*(Aside)*

Cedric. Ha! I will give thee this golden bracelet, pilgrim, an' thou wilt name those knights who fought so well for merry England.

Ivanhoe. That will I blithely, without guerdon too—my oath prohibits me from touching gold, till——

Wamba. Then I will wear the bracelet for you, friend Palmer.

Ivanhoe. Peace! the first in honour as in arms, in renown as in place, was the brave Richard, King of England.

Cedric. I forgive him his descent from Tyrant William.

Ivanhoe. Sir Thomas Multon was the second.

Cedric. A Saxon by descent.—Proceed.

Ivanhoe. Sir Edward Turneham was the third.

Cedric. Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!—And the fourth—how name you the fourth?

Ivanhoe. The fourth was a young Knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company, more to make up their numbers, than to aid their enterprise. His name dwells not within my memory.

Bois Guil. Sir Palmer, this assumed forgetfulness after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the Knight, before whose lance, fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling. It was the Knight of Ivanhoe: nor was there one of the four, that for his age had more renown in arms: yet this I will say, and loudly, were he in England, and durst repeat in this week's Tournament the challenge of St. Jean d'Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result.

Ivanhoe. Your challenge would be soon answer'd, were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a combat which you well know cannot take place.—If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you.

Bois Guil. A goodly security—and what do you proffer as a pledge?

Ivanhoe. This reliquary, which bears a portion of the cross, brought from Mount Carmel's Monastery.

Bois Guil. Good. Be this gold chain my answering pledge. Let Prior Aymer hold it, and this nameless vagrant's, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, which if he answers not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe.

Rowena. It will not need. My voice shall be heard, if no other is raised in this his father's hall, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm, he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame, that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires.

Cedric. Lady, this beseems not. Were further pledge necessary, I myself, offended, and justly offended as I am, would yet engage my honour for the honour of Ivanhoe. But the wager of battle is complete—is it not, Father Aymer?

Aymer. It is; and the blessed relique and rich chain will I bestow safely in the treasury of our convent, until the decision of this warlike challenge.—And now, Sir Cedric, as my ears are chiming vespers with the strength of your good wine, permit us another pledge to the welfare of the fair lady Rowena, and indulge us with liberty to pass to our repose.

Cedric. By the rood of Broom Holme, you do but small credit to your fame, Sir Prior!—report speaks you a bonny monk, that would hear the matin chime ere he quitted his bowl; and, old as I am, I feared to have shame in encountering you;—but, by my faith, a Saxon boy of twelve in my time would not so soon have relinquished his goblet.—But as you please—my guests are masters here.—What, ho! the grace-cups, knaves! and let our chamberlains bring lights!

(Oswald *serves round the grace-cup—all bow and drink to* Cedric *and the* Lady Rowena—*Chamberlains bring lights—Guests severally depart, saluting each other*—Cedric *leads the way, followed by* Rowena, Bois Guilbert, Aymer, *and Domestics*—Hundebert *conducts the Jew, whom the Saracen Attendants of* Bois Guilbert *have regarded expressively.*——*Manent* Ivanhoe, Gurth, *and* Wamba.)

Wamba. Now that the great ones of our hall have departed, Sir Palmer, here are those, who, if you do not dislike a cup of mead in the kitchen, (and every fool knows a cup of mead after midnight is worth three after Curfew,) would gladly hear the news you have brought from the Holy Land, particularly that which concerns the Knight of Ivanhoe!

Ivanhoe. I thank you for your courtesy, but I have made a vow never to speak in the kitchen, on matters prohibited in the hall.

Wamba. Umph! that vow would scarce suit a serving man.—But come, Brother Gurth, let us to our stalls.—I give you good night, Sir Palmer, with small thanks for short courtesy.—Oswald will shew you to your cell.

[*Exeunt* Gurth *and* Wamba.

Ivanhoe. Good night, and our lady's benison.—Now to inform the Jew of the foul treason of this Templar!—Where sleeps the Jew, good chamberlain?

Oswald. The unbelieving dog kennels in the same cell as your holiness.

Ivanhoe. And where sleeps Gurth, the swine-herd?

Oswald. In the same cell as you—the Jew on your left hand, and he on your right—you serve to keep the child of circumcision separate from the abomination of his tribe.—Ha! see I Elgitha here!—what can she want?

Enter ELGITHA.

Elgitha. All clear—then all is secure!—you may venture in, my lady.

Enter ROWENA *and* DAMSELS.

Ivanhoe. Rowena, and returned! Surely she suspects not my disguise! Your servant, noble lady. (*Kneels.*)

Rowena. Rise, Palmer, the defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth and honour.—Oswald and maidens, retire—I would speak with this pilgrim alone.

[*Exeunt* Oswald, Elgitha, *and* Maidens. Pilgrim, you this night mentioned a name—I mean the name of Ivanhoe, in the halls where by nature and kindred it should have sounded most acceptably, and yet such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose hearts must have throbbed at the name, I only dare ask you, when, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke?

Ivanhoe. I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe, I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He hath, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I what is his chance of happiness.

Rowena. Would to heaven he were safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching Tourney!—should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is likely to hear evil tidings when he reaches England.—Thanks, good pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood.—Accept these gifts in acknowledgment of thy travel, and the shrines thou hast visited, and now I will no longer detain thee from repose.

Ivanhoe. Farewell, bright lady! For thine and Ivanhoe's sake I pray—that all thy fears may be defeated, all thy hopes accomplished.—Now for the Jew.

[*Exit* Ivanhoe.

Rowena. Ivanhoe returning! speed him, ye pitying winds and waves, to his Rowena's rescue.—Oh that at this lone hour his well known accents would but float upon mine ear, as those of gallant Hubert did to faithful Tekla, how would I fly to hail my champion's return!

SONG.—*(Rowena.)*

High deeds achiev'd of knightly fame,
From Palestine the Champion came:
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, while fell the twilight hour.

Joy to the fair! thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold:
No wealth he brings, no wealth can need—
Save his good arms and battle steed.
Then, oh! un-bar this churlish gate;
The night-dew falls—the hour is late;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.

[*Exit* Rowena.

SCENE III.

A Vaulted Cell in the Residence of Cedric—rude Wooden Couch in the centre of the Stage—Recesses on each side, in which two others are supposed to be.

MUSIC.—Isaac *enters—expresses fatigue, offers up his Prayers to Heaven, takes off his Robe, throws himself on the Couch, and Sleeps.*

Enter Ivanhoe, *shewn in by* Oswald, *who bows and departs.*

Ivanhoe. The poor wretch sleeps, unconscious of the snares laid for his ruin.—Ha! his slumbers are disturbed—he dreams—he speaks!

Isaac. (Sleeping.) For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man:—I am poor—I am pennyless—should your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I could not gratify your cravings.

Ivanhoe. All righteous Heaven! even while sleeping, dost thou warn him of impending danger! Let me hasten to complete thy evident purpose.—Isaac, awake—arouse thee!

Isaac. (Starting up.) Oh! Father Jacob—shield me—spare me—spare me!

Ivanhoe. Fear nothing from me, Isaac; I come as your friend.

Isaac. The God of Israel requite you—I dreamed of spoilers and of torture; but, Father Abraham be praised, I did but dream!—What may be your pleasure to want at this lone hour with the poor Jew?

Ivanhoe. It is to tell you, if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one.

Isaac. Holy Father, whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?

Ivanhoe. The purpose you can best guess; rely on this—the Templar, who addressed you in the hall, spoke to his Mussulman slaves afterwards, in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them to watch the journey of the Jew when he departed, seize him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and conduct him to his castle of Torquilstone, or that of Philip de Malvoisin.

Isaac. Holy God of Abraham! Oh! Holy Moses! Blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for nought, and the vision cometh not in vain!—I feel their irons already tear my sinews! I feel the rack already pass over my body. Oh! save me! save me!

Ivanhoe. Hear me, Isaac! You have but too good cause for terror; but cheer thee, I say, and I will point out to thee the means of escape.—Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep soundly after the evening's revel.—I will guide you by secret paths of the forest, known to me as well as any forester that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under the safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the Tournament.

Isaac. For the love of Heaven, young man, betray me not! for the sake of the great Father who made us all—Jew as well as Gentile.—Do me no treason!

Ivanhoe. Betray thee, Jew! Not I!—Wert thou loaded with all the wealth of thy tribe; what interest have I to injure thee? I am vowed to poverty, nor do I change this dress for aught but a coat of mail.

Isaac. Good youth, I will go with you! Let us haste! Let us gird up our loins! Let us flee! Here is thy staff! Why wilt thou tarry?

Ivanhoe. I tarry not—but I must secure the means of leaving this place.—What, ho! Gurth! awake man!—Surely I may trust him. (*Aside.*)

Enter GURTH, *from Side-Cell.*

Gurth. Yaw, aw—a murrain on thee for disturbing me thus—what is thy purpose?

Ivanhoe. Undo the postern-gate, and let forth the Jew—he journieth with me.

Gurth. Hey! the Jew leaving Rotherwood, and travelling in company with the Palmer to boot?—I should as soon have dreamt of his stealing away with a gammon of bacon.—I tell thee what, friends—content yourselves, and abide the opening of the great gates: we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours.

Ivanhoe. Nevertheless, you will not refuse me.—Hither, good fellow!—*(Whispers him.)*

Gurth. Is it indeed so? Oh, happy hour!

Ivanhoe. Hush! Beware! Thou art wont to be prudent—be not less so now.—Undo the postern—thou shalt know more anon—and do thou—*(Whispers him.)*

Gurth. Willingly! Willingly! I hasten for the keys!

[*Exit* Gurth.

Isaac. Good youth! Good youth! Thou canst defend me, and I know thou wilt! Poor as I am, I will requite it—not with money; for money, so help me my Father Abraham, I have none; but——

Ivanhoe. Money and recompense I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can, and it may be defend thee; since, to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarcely be accounted unworthy a Christian: therefore, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are not many miles from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayst easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge.

Isaac. The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! In Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Zareth, and find some means of travelling forth with safety.

Ivanhoe. There then we part.

Isaac. But not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks; for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices.

Ivanhoe. If among the huge list of thy debtors thou wilt for my sake spare the gyves and the dungeon to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this night's service to thee well bestowed.

Isaac. But something would I do more than this—something for thyself. God knows the Jew is poor; yes, Isaac

is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me if I guess what thou most lackest at this moment.

Ivanhoe. If thou wert to guess truly, it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou now say'st thou art poor.

Isaac. As I say—Oh, believe it—I say but the truth—I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man—Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed.—Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and it may be supply it too—thy wish even now is for a sword and armour

Ivanhoe. Ha! what fiend prompted that guess?

Isaac. No matter, though it may be a true one; and as I can guess thy want, so can I supply it—words have dropt from thee, that like sparks from flint, shew the metal within—and in the bosom of that palmer's gown is hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold—they glanced on me as you stooped erewhile.

Ivanhoe. Hum—were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac, what discoveries might be made!

Isaac. No more of that.—Where are my tablets? In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew Kirgath Jairam of Lombardy—give him this scroll. He hath on sale six Milan harnesses—the worst would suit a crowned head: of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that may furnish thee for the Tournament: when it is over, thou wilt return them safely, unless thou should'st have wherewithal to pay their value to the owner.

Ivanhoe. But Isaac, thou know'st not all the risk: thy armour may be forfeited to a victor—may be injured—for I spare not for blows in the combat. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use.

Isaac. I care not, I care not; if there is damage, it will cost you nothing; if there is usage-money, Kirgath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. See! the hind beckoneth us—he hath the keys—let us away!—But hark thee, good youth:—in the vain hurly burly, thrust not thyself too forward—I speak not for endangering the armour, but for thine own life and limbs.

Ivanhoe. Gramercy for thy caution: I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it—I follow thee—Gurth awaits our coming.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Royal Lists at Ashby de la Zouche.—Sunrise.—Enter NORMAN PEASANTRY.

1*st. Peasant.* This way! my masters, this way! 'Tis scarce sunrise, and already see how the galleries are crowded!—Ah, 'tis a brave Prince, this John!

2*nd. Peasant.* Well, every one to their taste, good Rufus; but give me his brother, Richard the Lion heart—an' he had given a Tournament like this, he would not have needed another to keep the lists for him; but Prince John rather cares to hear the blows of an opposer, than feel them, and has wisely selected Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, the Templar, for the champion of the day.

1*st. Peasant.* But "a bird in the hand," you know, neighbour Dullman—Richard is a prisoner in Austria, and Prince John is here—who can blame him then, for wishing to fill a throne that, but for the infant Arthur, must be vacant without him?—But what does this same Tournament mean?

2*nd. Peasant.* Marry, this:—Bois Guilbert, the Templar, is the challenger: yon throne is erected for the queen of love and beauty—some rare wench, I warrant: should he remain unconquered, he will receive from her, the fairest—a crown, as the bravest.—The gallants approach! Prince John and the Challenger, by this light!—Back, friends, back! ere a crack'd crown enforce us!

[*Peasants retire.*

Enter on one Side CEDRIC, ATHELSTANE OF CONINGSBURG, *and* ROWENA, *with* WAMBA *and Attendants;*—ISAAC, *the Jew, and* REBECCA, *his Daughter, on the other.—The Jew struggling with a Norman Knight for a Passage.*

Norman Knight. Dog of an unbeliever! Whelp of a she wolf! Darest thou press upon a Christian and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier.

Isaac. Anger not your noble valour with a poor Jew, worthy knight; for myself I care not, but the maiden, my daughter, would fain see these warlike vanities.—Prince John, the giver, is my good patron and creditor; he hath borrowed monies of me on jewels and land, and even now meditateth loans, with my poor help.—His countenance shall assist me to a seat.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, AYMER, *and Knights.*

John. What do I see? By the bald scalp of Abraham, this Jewess is the very model of that perfection, whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that lived! The very bride of the Canticles!

Aymer. The rose of Sharon, and lily of the valley. But your grace must remember she is still but a Jewess.

John. Why there is my mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Bezants, contending for a place with a pennyless dog, who, with his threadbare coat, has not a single cross in his pouch to keep the Devil from dancing there.—By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place with the best!—Ulloa Isaac! come hither, man!—Is that thy wife, or thy daughter—that eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm?

Isaac. My daughter Rebecca, so please your grace.

John. The wiser man thou! But daughter, or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty, and thy merit. Out on ye, Saxon churls there! Make way for the prince of usurers, and his lovely daughter!

Isaac. By no means, an' it please your grace; it is not fit for such as us to sit with the rulers of the land.

John. On, infidel dog, when I command ye; or I will have thy swarthy hide stripp'd off, and tann'd for horse furniture!—Let me see who dare stop thee!

Wamba. Marry, that dare I;—let him beat through this shield of brawn, an' he can.

Isaac, (retreating.) The abomination of my tribe!—Avaunt thee, fiend!

Wamba. Ha, ha, ha! deal me the prize, cousin prince, I have vanquished my foe, in fair fight, with sword and shield.

John. Who, and what art thou, noble champion?

Wamba. A fool, by right of descent.—I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman.

John. Gramercy! good fellow, thou pleasest me.—Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of bezants!

Isaac. A handful of bezants, good, my lord!—Alas, my poor scrip hath not——

John. Stand not fumbling there; give me thy pouch, *(snatches it)* and I'll soon tell thee what thou hast.—Here, good fellow. [*Gives some to* Wamba.

Isaac. (*Aside.*) O Jacob! Oh, all ye twelve holy fathers of

our tribe! What a losing venture is this, for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law of Moses!—Fifty zechins wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant.

Rebecca. Why then, father, do you let Prince John carry off the gold so willingly?

Isaac. Willingly! the blotch of Egypt upon him! Willingly, said'st thou? As willingly as when, in the Gulph of Lyons, I flung over my merchandize to lighten my ship while she laboured in the tempest—robed the seething billows in my choicest silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes—and enriched their caverns with gold and silver work! Was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?

Rebecca. But it was to save our lives, Father; and the God of our fathers has since blessed your stores, and your gettings.

Isaac. Ay; but if the tyrant lays hold of them thus, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me!—O, daughter! disinherited and wandering as we are, the worst evil that befals our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury; and to smile tamely when we should revenge bravely.

Rebecca. Think not thus, my father; we also have advantages:—these Gentiles, cruel and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dependant on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute.—Without the aid of our wealth, they could neither furnish forth their hosts in war, nor their triumphs in peace; and the gold which we lend them brings increase to our coffers.—We are like the herb, that flourishes most when it is most trampled on;—even this day's pageant had not proceeded without the consent of the despised Jew, who furnished the means.

Isaac. Hush, daughter of my house! the prince advanceth.

John. By my halidom, the principal business of the day has been forgotten, Sir Prior;—we have not named the fair sovereign of love and beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed.— For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-ey'd Rebecca.

Aymer. Holy virgin! a Jewess! we should be stoned out of the lists, and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr.—Besides, I swear by my Patron Saint, that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon Rowena.

John. Saxon or Jew! Dog or hog! What matters it? I say name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls.

Aymer. This passes a jest, my lord;—no knight will enter the lists, if such an insult is attempted.—Let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be nam'd, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled: it will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction.—Should Bois Guilbert gain the prize, I will gage my rosary that he'll name the sovereign of love and beauty.

John. In the fiend's name, please yourselves;—Marshal me to my throne, and let the tournament begin.—These are the laws. Heralds, proclaim them without the lists;—Bois Guilbert, the challenger, undertakes all comers; the victor of the day receives, as prize, a suit of armour of matchless strength and beauty, and has the peculiar honour of naming the queen of love and beauty, by whom he will be crowned with a coronet of golden laurels!

Omnes. Hurrah! long live the prince!

[*Grand Flourish.*

Isaac. Let us stand aside, my child, the turmoil is commencing.

Cedric. (to Rowena.) Daughter of Alfred! Hope of our Saxon line! and you, noble Athelstane, your seats await you.—The challenger appears!

(*All the Parties seat and arrange themselves, leaving the Lists clear.—Grand Flourish.—Enter the* Black Knight, *takes his place in one corner, leaning idly on his axe.*)

Herald. (Without.) Room for the Temple Knight, Brian de Bois Guilbert—Champion and challenger.

(*Trumpets.*—Bois Guilbert, *the Challenger, enters the Lists, attended by his Squire and Herald.—Trumpet sounds.*)

Herald. (Without, on the other side.) Room, lordings, for the brave Knight, Sir Foulk Doilly, who disputes the field.

(*Trumpets*—Sir Foulk *enters—after a few passes with* Bois Guilbert *he is disarmed.—Grand Flourish; the Spectators shout*——"*Long live the Temple Knight.*"—Sir Foulk *lays down his sword and shield at* Bois Guilbert's *feet, and retires; his Squire takes possession of them.*—Bois Guilbert's *trumpet again challenges the Field;—it is answered from the opposite side, as before.*)

Herald. (without.) Room for Sir Hubert, the Knight of North Allerton.—

(*Trumpets:* Sir Hubert *enters,---is defeated by* Bois Guilbert;—*retires in the same way as the other.* Bois Guilbert's *Trumpet again challenges—a pause; no other Knight appearing,* Prince John *rises.*)

John. You have done well, Sir Brian, and maintained the reputation of your Order, and our Norman chivalry: this double overthrow, methinks, ensures you champion. We must pronounce you victor, bestow the prize, and prepare us for the banquet.

Cedric. (*to Athelstane.*) The day is against England, my Lord,—are you not tempted to take the lists?

Athel. Nay, I may tilt to-morrow in the Melee, but it is not worth while to arm myself to-day.

Bois Guil. The gallants are tardy: they like not the metal of my sword, methinks. Let the trumpet sound for the last time,—I will then forth to dinner.

(*Trumpet challenges the third time.*)

John. Thy trumpet will sound long enough, Sir Templar, ere it meet an answer; that Black Knight stands unmoved.

Bois Guil. Were but this rash hardy fool Ivanhoe here, I might pluck another laurel; but, as it is, I must content myself.

John. Thy challenge sounds unanswered, gallant champion!—I must pronounce you victor.

(*Trumpet answers without.*)

Cedric. Hold! hold! Sir Prince: there's yet one gallant soul in England will not permit a Norman sword to win the good day thus!

John. What presumptuous gallant is this?

Herald. (without.) Room, Gentles—room for the disinherited Knight.

(*Enter* Ivanhoe *in steel armour; the device on his shield,---a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word,* Desdichardo, *signifying Disinherited, inscribed under it: he is attended by* Gurth, *attired as his Squire.*)

Isaac. Ah! tis the good youth! See, he weareth the armour of Kirgath Jairam!

Cedric. By Hengist, that air denotes a Saxon!—Heav'n aid the cause of native England!

Bois Guil. (*to Ivanhoe.*) Have you confess'd yourself, Brother? Have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?

Ivanhoe. I'm fitter to meet death than thou art.

Bois Guil. Then take your place in the lists, and look your last upon the sun, for this night shalt thou sup in Paradise.

Ivanhoe. Gramercy for thy courtesy; and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh helm and sword, for by my honor you will need both.

Bois Guil. Let the issue prove.—Prepare!

(*A Flourish—the Combat begins between* Bois Guilbert *and* Ivanhoe; *after a severe pass, they separate, and mutually pause.*)

Isaac. Father Abraham!—How fiercely that Gentile fights!—And the noble armour that was worth so many sequins to Joseph Pariera, the armourer of Milan, beside the seventy in hundred of profits—he cares as little for it, as if he had found it in the highways.

Rebecca. If he risks his own person and limbs, father, in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to save his sword and armour.

Isaac. Thou knowest not what thou speakest, maiden—his neck and limbs are his own; but his sword and armour belong to ———— Holy Jacob! what was I about to say! Nevertheless, it is a good youth.—See, Rebecca, see! he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine.—Pray, child; pray for the safety of the good youth, and the noble sword, and the rich armour.

(*Trumpets sound again—the Combat re-commences: after much display of chivalry,* Bois Guilbert *is overthrown and disarmed.*

Omnes. (*shouting.*) Long live the Disinherited Knight!

Cedric. Said I not the Saxon would win?

John. Confusion! he must not win it thus! De Bracey! Malvoisin! Up! Arm and encounter!

Isaac. God of my Fathers! the good youth hath conquered, and the uncircumcised Philistine hath fallen before his sword, even as Ogg, the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the swords of our fathers! Surely he shall win their gold and silver, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil!

Bois Guil. Chance has befriended you, Sir Disinherited Knight; but there are others to dispute the field with you—Philip de Malvoisin and Hubert de Bracey!

Ivanhoe. I take the twain at once;—sound, Herald, sound the challenge!

Bois Guil. We shall meet again, I trust.

Ivanhoe. If we do not, the fault shall not be mine; on foot, or on horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee.—Pages! a cup of wine! —Here's to all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants.

[*Flourish and Shouts.*

John. Wot ye, my lords, who this gallant can be, that bears himself thus proudly?

Bracey. I can form no guess, unless he be one of the good swords that accompanied King Richard, and are now straggling homewards from the Holy Land: he may be the Earl of Salisbury.

John. Nay, Salisbury is taller.—Why may it not be the king? Why may it not be Richard Cœur de Lion himself?— Malvoisin, Bracey, brave knights, and gentlemen, remember your promise, and stand truly by me.

Aymer. Fear not, Sir Prince: are you so little acquainted with your father's sons as not to see this youngster wants three inches of King Richard's height.—But the trumpet sounds again;—Malvoisin and De Bracey, prepare to take the field against this nameless stranger!

Isaac. Jehovah, speed the good youth! he goeth to encounter fearful odds.—I fear me for the costly armour now.

Rebecca. I fear me for his life! My prayer is thine— the God of armies shield the gentle Nazarene!

Cedric. Oh! had I but my youth; or, were but Ivanhoe anear, to aid this gallant stranger against these odds. [*Trumpets.*

Herald. (*Without.*) Room for De Bracey! Room for Malvoisin!

(*Enter* De Bracey *and* Malvoisin;—Ivanhoe *meets them; after a smart Combat, he gets* De Bracey *down, and is on the point of overcoming* Malvoisin, *when* Bois Guilbert *advances behind him, and is about to strike him:* De Bracey, *in the mean time, recovering himself, and threatening him from another quarter.*)

Rebecca, Rowena, Gurth, Isaac, Cedric. Beware, Sir Disinherited Knight! Beware!

(Ivanhoe *becomes aware of his situation, and defends himself gallantly; but is on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when the* Black Knight *rushes forward, exclaiming "A Desdichardo to the rescue," wrenches*

the Sword from the hand of De Bracey ; *throws him to the Earth ; disarms* Malvoisin ; *and leaves* Ivanhoe, *a second time, to conquer* Bois Guilbert.—*A general Shout and Flourish announces this signal Triumph, in the bustle of which, the Black Knight* (Richard Cœur de Lion) *disappears.*

Isaac. The Lord of Hosts be praised! but I feared me greatly for the armour!

John. Disinherited knight! since by that only title you will consent to be known to us, we award you the honours of this tournament : it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who, as queen of honour, as well as love and beauty, is to preside over this day's festival; and, by conferring on her this crown as the fairest, receive, in return, one as the bravest.—Raise your sword!

(Ivanhoe *does as requested.*—Prince John *places on its point a Coronet of green satin, edged with gold, relieved by arrow points, and hearts placed interchangeably.*—Ivanhoe *passes round the Lists, till he alights opposite* Rowena; *then, sinking the point of his Sword, he deposits the coronet at her feet.*

[*Grand Flourish.*

Omnes. Long live the lady Rowena; the chosen and lawful queen of love and beauty! Long live the Saxon princess! Long live the race of the immortal Alfred!

John. Assume, fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none vows homage more sincerely than ourself; and, if it please you to honour our banquet, in the Castle of Ashby, with your presence——

Cedric. The lady Rowena, together with myself and the noble Athelstane, decline with thanks your courteous invitation.—We practice only the manners of our fathers ; she will, however, take on herself the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people.

(*Places the Coronet on* Rowena's *head.—Another Flourish.*)

John. It only remains then for me, Sir Disinherited Knight, to announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the queen of love and beauty, the chaplet which your valour has so well deserved.

(Ivanhoe *bows and kneels at* Rowena's *feet; she descends from her Throne, and raising the Golden Crown of Laurels, is about to place it on his Helmet, but is interrupted by* Prince John.

John. It must not be thus—his head must be bare.

(Heralds advance towards Ivanhoe, *unlace his helmet, and take it off.)*

Rowena. Gracious Heaven! Ivanhoe!—let me not betray myself.

Cedric. Wilfred! he has behaved like a Saxon, if he forgot he was a son!—But I must not relent!

[*Turns away.*

Rebecca. Holy Abraham!—how pale and faint doth the good youth look; surely he is not wounded!

Rowena. I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor; and upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed.

Ivanhoe. I—I—Rowena! Ha! My wound!

[*Sinks exhausted at her feet.*

Isaac. Rebecca! Rebecca! the good youth sinks!—Thou art skilful in surgery; haste! haste!—he hath gained great spoils, and can repay us tenfold.

Cedric. My son! my son! why didst thou e'er forget thou wert my son!

(Isaac, Rebecca, *and* Gurth *rush forward, and raise* Ivanhoe.—Cedric *drags away* Rowena *with emotion.*—Prince John *and the Vanquished Knights look on with exultation.—Parties form a Picture, and Drop falls for the*

FIRST ACT.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

The Forest of Sherwood.—Outlaws discovered.

GLEE.—(*Outlaws.*)

Oh, merry is the Outlaw's life,
From cares of cities free;
Secure from want, and far from strife,
Under the greenwood tree.

Each traveller his purse-bearer,
The buck and doe his food,
His home 'neath Heav'ns broad canopy,
Under the good greenwood,
Oh, merry is the Outlaw's life, &c.

1*st. Outlaw.* Ay, marry, the Outlaw's is a merry life in truth, under such a leader as ours---the noble Robin Hood.

2*nd. Outlaw.* Hush! Hush, man! Locksley thou would'st say: has he not commanded us to call him by that name.---[*Horn without.*]---There is his horn.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, *and* MUTCH *the Miller.*

Outlaws. Hail, noble Captain! welcome to the Greenwood again.

Robin Hood. Thanks, Lads: I have seen sport since my departure---Ivanhoe hath returned from the Holy Land, and carried off the honours of the Tournament.---King Richard will not be long following him, or I am no true Outlaw.---I had a brush with Prince John in the archery games that followed the pastimes of the knights, and bore off the prize from his favourite Hubert: we had sharp words, and I half-bethought me it would have ended in sharp blows at last.

Mutch. Where is Ivanhoe now, Captain?

Robin Hood. That's past my skill to tell.---When he fell wounded, after receiving the crown from the queen of beauty, Rowena, he was mysteriously conveyed away, no one knows by whom.---Hold! who comes here? A Saxon! Stand aside.

Enter GURTH.

Gurth. Would to Heaven and St. Dunstan I were out of this cursed wood, to light myself of this treasure.---Here are such numbers, not only of arrant thieves, but of errant knights, and errant squires; errant monks, and errant minstrels; errant jugglers, and errant jesters; that a man with a single mark about him would be in danger, much more a poor swine-herd with a whole bag-ful of zeechins: would I were out of the shade of these infernal bushes, that I might at least see any of Saint Nicholas's Clerks, before they spring upon my shoulders.

[Robin Hood *comes forward, with Outlaws.*

Robin Hood. (*seizing* Gurth.) Treasure! Hold, Knave! Surrender your charge!—We are the deliverers of the Commonwealth, who ease every man of his burthen!

Gurth. Hum!—You should not lightly ease me of mine, had I but it in my power to give three strokes in its defence.

Robin Hood. We shall see that presently. You would have your head broke, as well as your purse cut, and so be let blood in two veins at once, I see. What money hast thou, churl?

Gurth. Thirty zeechins of my own property.

Outlaws. A forfeit! A forfeit!---A Saxon hath thirty zeechins, and yet is sober at sunset!

Gurth. I hoarded it to purchase my freedom.

Robin Hood. Thou art an ass: three quarts of double ale had rendered thee as free as thy master; aye, and freer too, if he be a Saxon like thyself.

Gurth. A sad truth: but if the thirty zeechins will purchase my freedom from you, unloose my hands, and I will pay them to you.

Robin Hood. Hold!—This bag which thou bearest, as I can feel through thy cloak, contains more than thou hast told us of.

Gurth. It is my master's, the Disinherited Knight's: this bag contains the ransom of the armour of the knights he conquered.

Robin Hood. Comrades, this yeoman's master must needs pass us toll free: he is too like ourselves to make booty of him, since dogs should not worry dogs, where wolves and foxes are to be found in abundance.

Mutch. Like us?—I should like to hear how that is made good.

Robin Hood. Why, thou fool, is he not poor and disinherited, as we are? Doth he not win his substance at the sword's point, as we do? Hath he not beaten De Bracey and Malvoisin, even as we would beat them, if we could?—Then, is he not the enemy to life and death of Brian de Bois Guilbert, whom we have all so much reason to fear?

Mutch. True, true: yet, when I served in the band of stout old Gamdelyn, we let no one 'scape—but is this stout fellow to be dismissed scathless?

Robin Hood. Not if thou canst scathe him.—Here, fellow, canst thou use this staff, that thou talk'st of it so boldly?

Gurth. Try me.

Robin Hood. Sconce this fellow, and thou shalt pass scot free; and if thou dost not, thou look'st such a sturdy knave, that by my faith, I think I must pay thy ransom for thee myself.---Take thy staff, miller, and keep thy head; and do you others let this fellow go, and give him a staff: there is

light enough to lay on load by.---Come, miller, beware thy toll-dish!

Mutch. Never fear, captain!---Now churl, set to, an' thou darest: thou shalt soon feel the strength of a miller's thumb!

Gurth. Hum! if thou be'est a miller, thou art doubly a thief; and I, as a true man, bid thee defiance!---Come on!

(*The* Miller *and* Gurth *fight with their quarter-staffs —After a desperate Combat, the* Miller *is beaten.*)

Robin Hood. Well and yeomanly done! Fair play, and Old England for ever! The Saxon hath saved both his purse and his hide, and the miller has met his match!—Go thy ways, friend.

Gurth. I thank thee; for I have need to make good speed, on more accounts than one—Cedric, my noble master, and the Lady Rowena are in danger; Ivanhoe cannot be found; and chance, aided by my Norman disguise, conveyed to my ears a foul plan of the conquered Knights, Bois Guilbert, De Malvoisin, and Bracey, to seize on Cedric, Athelstane, and Rowena; convey them to the Castle of Torquilstone; force the lady to espouse Maurice de Bracey; and make the Saxons pay a heavy ransom for deliverance. They have disguised themselves as outlaws; and I am now in search of Ivanhoe, to thwart their sport.

Robin Hood. Ha! what is it thou tellest me? Stay, fellow—this must not be. You are a servant, a faithful servant of Ivanhoe, ay, and of Cedric the Saxon, the friend of the rights of Englishmen: he shall not want English hands to help him in this extremity.—Miller, where is Scarlet?

Mutch. On the road towards Rotherham.

Robin Hood. With how many?

Mutch. With six men, and good hope of booty, if it please St. Nicholas.

Robin Hood. Devoutly spoken! And where is Allen a Dale?

Mutch. Walked up towards the Watling Street, to watch for the Prior of Jorvaulx.

Robin Hood. That is well thought on also: and where is the Friar?

Mutch. In the Cell at Copmanhurst.

Robin Hood. Thither will I go then.—Disperse and seek your companions: collect what force you can, for there's game afoot, that must be hunted hard, and will turn to bay. Meet me by day-break, and —— Stay! I have forgotten what is most necessary of the whole—two of you take the

road quickly to Torquilstone, the Castle of Bois Guilbert—these masquerading mortal-stealing gallants must be watched closely; for, even if they reach the Castle before we collect our force, our honour is concerned to punish them; and we will find means to do so. Keep a close watch on them, therefore, and dispatch one of your comrades, the lightest of foot, to bring me news of the yeoman.—As for thee, honest fellow, cheek, by jowl! wend thou with me to Copmanhurst, and fear not, all shall be well.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Woody Landscape.—Sunset.—REBECCA *discovered, watching a Litter that stands at the back of the Stage.*

Rebecca. How much longer must I tarry, like Hagar in the Desert, watching my last hope!---My father returneth!

Enter ISAAC.

Good, my father, what success? Hast thou procured assistance?

Isaac. No: and I fear me, maiden, we shall greatly repent our succouring this youth; those heartless Nazarenes, who guaranteed to convey us safely to York, have fled, on the first alarm of robbers being at hand, and left us here, to night, plunder, it may be, murder!

Rebecca. Fear not, my father, the God of our people shall protect us, seeing we do but our duty.

Isaac. Of a verity he is a good youth, and hath done us service. Holy Abraham! my heart bled to see the gore trickle down his rich embroidered hacqueton, and his corslet of goodly price! But to carry him to our house thus, hast thou well considered, damsel? He is a Christian; and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of our commerce.

Rebecca. Speak not so, dear father; we may not indeed mix with them in banquet and in jollity; but in wounds and misery, the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother.

Isaac. I wish I knew what the Rabbi, Jacob Ben-Tudela, would opine on it. Beard of Aaron! what, if the youth perish, if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?

Rebecca. He will not die, my father,—he will not die, unless we abandon him; and, if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man.

Isaac. Nay, it grieved me as much to see the droppings of his blood, as if each drop had been a golden bezant from mine own purse; and, I well know that the lessons of Miriam, thy instructress, whose soul is in Paradise, made thee skilful in the art of healing, and that thou knowest the craft of herbs, and the force of elixirs: besides, if he of the Lion-heart shall return to this land, as is now noised abroad, then shall this Wilfred of Ivanhoe be unto me as a wall of defence, when the king's displeasure shall burn high against thy father for his dealing with Prince John.

Rebecca. Thou consentest then? thou wilt lend ear to my counsel; thou wilt let the stranger journey with us to York, and our house be to him as a home until his wounds shall be healed.

Isaac. Yea, do as thy mind giveth thee; thou art a good damsel---a blessing, and a crown, and a song of rejoicing unto me, and unto my house: but the night cometh, and no aid approacheth; the spoilers may rush upon us, and we be utterly cast down.---Raise up thy voice, my child! let thy call for help ascend on high! who knoweth but thy pure summons may find grace, when mine may fail.---By the rod of Moses, some one is even now at hand!—A goodly company; albeit, they are Gentiles!

Enter CEDRIC, ATHELSTANE, ROWENA, WAMBA, OSWALD, *and Attendants.*

I will exhort them.

Rebecca. Do so, my father! thy grey hairs shall gain favour with the Nazarene.

Cedric. Haste, varlets!---Noble Athelstane, thy long tarrying at our noon banquet will cause us to travel all night, an' we would reach Rotherwood without further stop.

Isaac. Hold! Hold! Please your noble valours to permit a poor Jew to travel under your safeguard! I swear by the tables of our law, that never has favour been conferred on a child of Israel since the days of our captivity, shall be more gratefully acknowledged!—We stand in fear of Outlaws.

Athel. Dog of a Jew! Dost not remember how thou didst beard us in the Gallery Lists? Fight, or flee, or compound with the Outlaws as thou wilt; ask neither aid nor company from us!---If they rob only such as thee, who rob all the world, I, for mine own share, shall hold them right honest fellows.

Cedric. Nay, we shall do better to leave them two of our attendants, to convey their burthen, and be their safeguard---it will diminish our strength but little; and with

your good sword, noble Athelstane, should there be Outlaws at hand, it will be light work for us to face a score of them!

Rowena. Outlaws! Gracious Heavens, let us onward!

Rebecca. Nay, nay, lady! Give us your safeguard! It is not for myself that I pray this favour, nor is it even for that poor old man.—I know that to wrong and spoil our nation is a light fault, if not a merit with the Christians: but it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported, with care and tenderness, under your protection; for if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be embittered with regret for denying that which I ask of you.

Rowena. Dearest Sir! the man is old and feeble! the maiden, young and beautiful! their friend sick, and in peril of his life!—Jews, though they may be, we cannot, as Christians, leave them in this extremity! Let our serfs convey this litter, and the old man and his daughter join our company.

Cedric. It shall be so! they must travel in the rear, where Wamba may attend them with his shield of boar's brawn.

Rowena. The damsel, at least, may journey by my side.

Rebecca. Nay, it were not fit, if my society might be held a disgrace to my protectress!

Cedric. Onwards, knaves!

Athel. Ay, ay, for I marvellously lack my supper!

Oswald. My lord! My lord!—The Outlaws!

(Malvoisin, Bois Guilbert, De Bracey, *and Normans rush out; attack* Cedric, Athelstane, *and Attendants.*—Wamba *lays about him with the Brawn, but finding his party are worsted, retreats, and makes good his Escape.* — Cedric, Athelstane, Isaac, Rowena, Rebecca, *&c. are taken prisoners.)*

Isaac. Oh! mercy, mercy, gentle Philistines!

Bois Guil. Bear them away!

Cedric. Seiz'd — bound — you should be Englishmen! and yet, sacred Heaven, you prey upon your countrymen, as if you were very Normans.—You should be my neighbours; and if so, my friends; for which of my English neighbours have reason to be otherwise!—What then would ye have of me? or, in what can this violence serve ye?—Ye are worse than brute beasts in your actions! will you imitate them in their very dumbness?

Bois Guil. There is no time, nor use for words; away for Torquilstone!

Cedric. Ha! is it so? to Torquilstone! tell me, dogs, is it my life or my wealth you aim at?—Is it too much, that two noble Saxons—myself and the noble Athelstane, should hold land in the country—the patrimony of our race. — Put us to death, and complete your tyranny by taking our lives, as you began with our liberties.—If the Saxon Cedric cannot rescue England, he is willing to die for her! I only beseech you to dismiss the lady Rowena in honour and safety! She is a woman, you need not dread her; and with us will die all those who dare fight in her cause!

Bois Guil. You are mistaken in our aims; but it is not my business to explain.—Onwards, there!

Isaac. Oh, for the sword of Gideon! the patience of great Job!

Cedric. We must submit to fate, and hope the best!—Come, noble Athelstane; and thou, Rowena!

Rebecca. As ye are men, tread lightly with your litter! Ah! should he come to harm through this our peril!—Unhappy, lost Rebecca! What say I?—Sinful wretch!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE. III.

Friar Tuck's *Cell, in the Forest of Copmanhurst.*

Enter FRIAR.

Friar. Of all the clerks in Christendom, find me one who lives so good a life as I do; that is, speaking logically, which is speaking like a clerk.—I live a good life, because I live well; and I live well, because I live at my ease; and I live at my ease, because I take care to live on the best wines and pasties in the country, with plenty of them, and sleep as soundly as any squire or knight of them all.—I'll proceed at once to my holy devotions! I've a famous buck pie, and cup of canary in my cupboard sanctuary.

Black Knight. (*Without.*) Holloa! Holloa! within there, holy hermit!

Friar. Hey! Who's that bawling so lustily? I must be on my guard! Pass on, whoever thou art, nor disturb the Servant of Heaven and Saint Dunstan in his evening devotions!

Black Knight. (*without.*) I pray you, reverend father, undo

your door, and either give me shelter, or point out the road to it.—I am benighted in this darkness, and cannot travel further without aid.

Friar. And I pray you, good Christian brother, disturb me no more.—You have already interrupted one pater, two aves, and a credo, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moon-rise.

Black Knight. (Aside.) This will not serve my turn, Sir Hermit; either open the door directly, or by the rood, I will beat it down, and make entry for myself!

Friar. Then I must bestir! Where is my crabstick?—Patience, patience, good traveller! I will undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure.

(*Opens the door of his Cell, threatening with his Stick; Enter* Black Knight;—Friar *draws back.*)

Gramercy, I must be civil!—Your pardon, Sir Knight; enter freely! I am unwilling to open my lodge after sun-set; there are a multitude of Outlaws abroad, who would not respect even my holy person!

Black Knight. Hum! the poverty of your cell, good father, should seem a sufficient defence against thieves! But, if it will not interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know two things of your holiness;—first, what I can have for my supper; and, secondly, where I can take up my couch for the night.

Friar. (Pointing to a corner of the Hut.) Your bed is there, and your supper (*taking down a platter of parch'd peas*) is here.

Black Knight. Hum! somewhat of the scantiest!—Have you no liquid that I can wash down these same dried peas with; for I find some difficulty, as you seem to do, in masticating them!

Friar. There is a cup of water from the well of St. Dunstan, in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized an hundred heathen Danes and Britons! Blessed be his name, thy health! (*Drinks.*)

Black Knight. Sorry fare, this, after travelling all day; I have strange suspicions! *(Aside.)*—Reverend Father, it seems to me, that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously! You appear a man more fit to win a ram at a wrestling match, than to stay here, saying masses, and living upon parched peas and cold water.

Friar. Sir Knight, your thoughts are fleshly! It has pleased St. Dunstan to bless the pulse and water, to which

I restrain myself, with the relish of wine and meats, and to give me content and grace therein.

Black Knight. Would it were so with me! May I crave your sainted worship's name?

Friar. Thou may'st call me the Clerk of Copmanhurst, an' thou wilt, for so I am termed in these parts, to which they add the epithet Holy; but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—What may be thy name, valiant knight?

Black Knight. Truly, holy Clerk of Copmanhurst—Men call me, in these parts, the Black Knight, and many, Sir, add to it the epithet Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished.

Friar. Hum! Its plain I can't get rid of him, so I must e'en be content to trust him!—I see, Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence, and of counsel; and, moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not; and, now I bethink me, when the charitable keeper of this forest last visited me, he left certain food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me, amid my more important meditations.

Black Knight. I dare be sworn so! I was convinced there was better food than this in your cell, holy Clerk; Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow: let us see his bounty! without delay!

[*Friar produces Pasty from Cupboard.*

Friar. Here it is—a venison pasty!

Black Knight. Ay, and a good one it is too! (*begins to eat.*) How long is it since the good keeper has been here?

Friar. About two months.

Black Knight. By the true lord, every thing in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk; for I would have been sworn, the fat buck that furnished this venison had been running on foot within this week.

Friar. Hum, an' I make not haste he will devour it all! yet, having professed abstinence, how can I partake? (*Aside.*)

Black Knight. But thou dost not eat, Sir Clerk! I have been in Palestine, and I bethink me it is a custom there, that every host who entertains a guest, shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him.—Wilt thou not do so?

Friar. To ease all unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, albeit, I have sworn abstinence, I will, for once, depart from my rule!

Black Knight. 'Tis well said, ay, and well supported; but, Holy Clerk, I would gage my armour here against

a zeechin, that same honest keeper, to whom we are obliged for the venison, has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty.—This is a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so holy an Anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find I am right in my conjectures.

Friar. I will comply with thy request, brother, by chance there may be wine!—(*Searches.*) Good St. Dunstan, here is, indeed, a bottle left me for charitable purposes—to comfort those in want.—Waes hael, Sir Sluggish Knight! (*Drinks.*)

Black Knight. To comfort those in want! of that class am I!—Drink hael, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst! (*Drinks.*)

Friar. It is better to enjoy the good God sends us, than be impertinently curious how it comes! fill thy cup; I like thee well! Let us drink, sing, and be merry: if thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst, so long as I serve the Chapel of St. Dunstan, which will be as long as I live; Saint Dunstan knowing, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a jovial Friar.

SONG.—(*Friar.*)

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth, or twain,
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, if you seek till you tire,
So happy a man as the bare-footed friar.
Derry down, &c.

Your Knight for his Lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought forth at even-song prick'd with a spear;
I confess him in haste,—for his Lady desires
No comfort on earth—save the barefooted friar's!
Derry down, &c.

Your princes! psha—many a prince has been known,
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But, which of us e'er felt the idle desire,
To exchange for a crown, the grey-hood of a friar.
Derry down, &c.

The friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the barefooted friar's.
Derry down, &c.

He's expected a' noon, and no wight till he comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the barefooted friar.
Derry down, &c.

He's expected at night and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;
And the good wife would wish the good man in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow—the barefooted friar.
Derry down, &c.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil, and trust of the rope,
For, to gather life's roses, unscath'd by the briar,
Is granted alone to the barefooted friar.
Derry down, &c.

Black Knight. Bravo! by my troth, thou hast sung right well and lustily; and in the high praise of thine order I too could sing in my time: nevertheless, it hath passed away—yet I still retain some relish of youthful revels, and I care not if I take part with thee in a two-man song.

Friar. With all my heart—one swoop more, and then for trolling—what say you to the "Brown Bowl, Bully Boy!"

Black Knight. To the Brown Bowl! the Brown Bowl!

Friar. Here goes then—

DUETT.—(*Friar and Knight.*)

Wine will dry the tearful eye,
Will moisten the stubborn clay;
Some men laugh, and some men cry,
Thus runs the world away.
Then troll the brown bowl to me,
Bully Boy, Bully Boy.
Come, troll the brown bowl to me,
Ho! Jolly Jenkin,—I spy a knave in drinking,
Come, troll the brown bowl to me.

Wamba. (*without.*) Ulloa! What black sanctus is this you're singing, brother hermits, at this late hour? Open, and let us join chorus, for the love of heaven!

Friar. Hey! by my beads, here come more benighted guests. I would not, for my cowl, they found us at this goodly exercise. All men have their enemies, Sir Slug-

gard; and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, into sheer drunkenness and debauchery, vices alike alien to my nature and my disposition;—clear away then, Sir Sluggard, for the sake of Saint Dunstan!

Black Knight. Base calumniators! I would I had the chastising of them!—Nevertheless, holy clerk, it is true all have their enemies, and there be many in this very land I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet, than barefaced.

Friar. Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Sluggard, as quickly as thy nature will permit, while I am removing those pewter flaggons, whose late contents run strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter, (for in faith I feel somewhat unsteady) strike into the same tune thou hearest me—"*There was a Man in Babylon*"—*(singing.)*

Wamba. (without.) What devil's matin are you after at this hour I say?—Why do you not open?

Friar. Wend on thy way, in the name of Heaven and St. Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother!

Robin Hood. (without.) Mad priest, open, I say, to Locksley!

Friar. Locksley!—All's safe—all's right—he is a friend—the honest keeper I told thee of awhile since, whose pasty we have eaten with such relish.—(*Opens the Door.*) Welcome! Welcome!

Enter ROBIN HOOD, WAMBA, *and* GURTH.

Robin Hood. Why, hermit, what boon companion hast thou here?

Friar. A brother of our order;—we have been at our orisons all night.

Robin Hood. He is a monk of the church militant, I believe, and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, Friar, thou must lay down the rosary, and take up the quarter staff: we shall need every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman.

Friar. Say'st thou so?—I will exchange my grey gown for a green cassock then, e'er thou canst count one.

Robin Hood. (*to Black Knight.*) Sir Knight, thou art he, if I mistake not, who did such good service to Ivanhoe, at the Tournament of Ashby, and disappeared so strangely.

Black Knight. What then, an' thou guessest rightly.

Robin Hood. Then thou should'st be a friend to the weaker party.

Black Knight. Such is the duty of a true Knight at least, and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me.

Robin Hood. But for my purpose, thou should'st be a good Englishman, as well as a true Knight.

Black Knight. I am: you can speak to no one to whom England and the life of every Englishman can be dearer than to me.

Robin Hood. Hear me, then, and arouse thyself:—a band of villains have made themselves masters of the persons of a noble Englishman, Cedric the Saxon, Rowena his ward, and his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh—they have transported them to a Castle in this forest called Torquilstone; and I ask of thee, as a good Knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?

Black Knight. As truly as I breathe: I am a nameless man, but I am the friend of my country and of my country's friends.

Wamba. So then, we have got a new ally: I trust the valour of the knight will be truer than the religion of the hermit, or the honesty of the yeoman—for this Locksley looks like a born deer stealer, and the priest a lusty hypocrite.

Gurth. Hold thy peace, Wamba: it may all be as thou guessest; but, were the horned devil himself to rise, and proffer me his assistance, to set at liberty our master Cedric and the Lady Rowena, I fear I should hardly have religion enough to refuse the foul fiend's offer, and bid him get behind thee. It was lucky our falling in with thee after thy flight from those robbers of men and women, for thy folly may serve us in more stead than another man's wisdom.

Robin Hood. We have already declared the Castle in a state of siege, and sent in our manifesto—to which that villain De Bracey has sent an answer, requiring us to send a confessor to the Castle, out of Christian charity, to confess their prisoners, as 'tis their purpose to execute them early to-morrow morning.

Black Knight. 'Tis but a contrivance to gain time: they dare not do a deed, for which so fearful a penalty could be exacted.—I would there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged:—methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at

once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we require.

Friar. A plague on thee and thy advice! I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, nay, my very Latin are put off along with it; and when I am in my green jerkin, I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian!

Black Knight. I fear me greatly then, there is no one here qualified to take on him for the nonce this same character of father confessor.

Wamba. Hum!—I see that the fool must still be the fool, and put his neck in the venture which wise men shrink from.—You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar, ere I found I had wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which is stitched into the cowl of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric and his companions in adversity.

Black Knight. (to Gurth.) Hath he sense enough, think'st thou?

Gurth. I know not; but, if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account.

Black Knight. On with the frock then, good fellow, and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle; their numbers must be few, and it is five to one but they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack, —time wears—away with thee!

Robin Hood. And in the mean time we will beset the place so closely, that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence; so that, my good friend, *(to Wamba)* thou may'st assure these tyrants, that whatsoever violence they exercise on the persons of their prisoners, shall be most severely repaid upon their own.

Wamba. (*in Friar's dress.*) Pax Vobiscum—I shall do well, never fear:—this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

Gothic Hall in the Castle of Torquilstone.—Enter De Bracey *and* Bois Guilbert.

Bois Guil. Thus far then our plans are accomplished. In the disguise of Outlaws, we have succeeded in lodging

our prisoners safely within this castle's walls. It is now time thou should'st leave us, Sir Maurice, in order to prepare for the second part of our mystery: thou art next, thou know'st, to act the Knight Deliverer.

Bracey. I have thought better of it: I shall appear before the Lady Rowena in mine own shape, and trust she will set down to the vehemence of my character, the violence of which I have been guilty.

Bois Guil. E'en as you like it, for I care not for your blue-ey'd beauty. There is in that train one who will make me a better mate.

Bracey. What! would'st thou stoop to the waiting damsel?

Bois Guil. No, Sir Knight, I have a prize among the captives as lovely as thine own.

Bracey. By the mass, thou mean'st the fair Jewess! I could have sworn thy thought had been more on the old usurer's money-bags, than on the black-eyes of his daughter.

Bois Guil. I can admire both,—the old Jew is but half a prize; I must share his spoils with thee; therefore, I have fixed on the Jewess as my peculiar booty. Cedric and Athelstane bear their imprisonment haughtily; they have demanded the terms of ransom, with full defiance after liberation. I will now try the metal of the Jew; meanwhile, that thou canst visit the fair Rowena.

Bracey. Be it so; I hasten to woo my pardon,—may'st thou speed as well with the black-ey'd Jewess.

[*Exit* Bracey.

Bois Guil. Fear not; but I must try her father first. What ho! Abdallah! Hamet!

(Enter Saracen Slaves—Bois Guilbert *motions to them—they exeunt, and return with* Isaac *the Jew—a pair of scales, materials for kindling a fire, instruments of torture, &c. &c.*

Bois Guil. Hum—'tis well: give me the balance.

Isaac. What means the son of Dagon?—Who shall deliver me from out of this den?—Who now will prove mine ark of defence? (*Aside.*)

Bois Guil. Advance, Jew!

Isaac. Most noble sir, I do await your bidding and high will.

Bois Guil. Accursed dog of an accursed race! See'st thou these scales?

Isaac. I do, most noble valour.

Bois Guil. In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London.

Isaac. Holy Abraham! Heard man ever such a demand? Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver? What human sight was ever bless'd with the vision of such a mass of treasure? Not within the walls of York, ransack my house, wilt thou find the huge sum of silver that thou speak'st of!

Bois Guil. I am reasonable; and if silver be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for every six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbelieving carcase from such punishment as thy heart has never yet conceived.

Isaac. Have mercy on me, noble Knight! I am old, and poor, and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me. It is a poor deed to crush a worm.

Bois Guil. Old thou may'st be—more shame to their folly who have suffered thee to grow grey in usury and knavery: feeble thou may'st be—for when had a Jew either heart or hand? but rich it is well known thou art.

Isaac. I swear to you, noble Knight, by all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common——

Bois Guil. Perjure not thyself: let not thine obstinacy seal thy doom. Think not I speak to thee only to excite thy terror.—Slaves, commence your work!

(Hamet *and* Abdallah *kindle a fire in the grate.*)

Isaac. God of my fathers! Those fearful preparations! for what am I reserved?

Bois Guil. See'st thou, Isaac, the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal? On that warm bed shalt thou lie, stripp'd of thy clothes, as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down—one of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint those wretched limbs with oil, lest that the roast should burn: now choose betwixt such a scorching bed, and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver—for by the head of my father, thou hast no other option.

Isaac. It is impossible that your purpose can be real: the good God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty.

Bois Guil. Trust not to that, Isaac—it were a fatal error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a town sack'd, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by flood, and by fire, will blench from my purpose

for the outcries or screams of one single wretched Jew? Be wise, old man: discharge thyself of a portion of thy superfluous wealth. Thy cunning may soon swell out thy shrivell'd purse; but neither leach nor medicine can restore thy scorched hide and flesh, wert thou once stretch'd on those bars. Tell down thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such a rate thou canst redeem thee from a prison.-I waste no more words with thee: choose between thy dross and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choosest, so shall it be.

Isaac. So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of my people assist me, I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your exorbitant demand.

Bois Guil. Seize him and strip him, slaves, and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can!

(Hamet *and* Abdallah *seize* Isaac, *and are about to execute the orders of* Bois Guilbert, *when* Isaac *faulters.*)

Isaac. Hold! Hold! I will pay the thousand pounds of silver! that is, I will pay it with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue, ere I make up so unheard of a sum!—When and where must it be delivered?

Bois Guil. Here!—Here it must be delivered! Weighed, and told down on this very floor!—Thinkest thou I will part with thee, until thy ransom is secure?

Isaac. And what is to be my surety, that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid.

Bois Guil. The word of a Norman noble, thou pawnbroking slave—the faith of a Norman nobleman, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe!

Isaac. I crave pardon, noble lord; but wherefore should I rely wholly on the word of one who will trust nothing to mine?

Bois Guil. Because thou canst not help it, Jew: wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, and were I craving a loan of thy shekels, it would be thine to dictate the time of payment, and the pledge of security:—this is *my* treasure chamber—here I have thee at advantage—nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I grant thee liberty.

Isaac. Oh, holy Father!—Grant me at least with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel—they scorned me as a Jew, yet they pitied my desolation;

and because they tarried to aid me by the way, a share of my evil hath come upon them. Moreover, they may contribute in some sort to my ransom.

Bois Guil. If thou meanest those Saxon churls, their ransom will depend pon other terms than thine. Mind thine own concerns, Jew.—When shall I have the shekels?

Isaac. Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York, with your safe conduct, noble Knight, and, as soon as man and horse can return, the treasure shall be told down on this very floor.

Bois Guil. Thy daughter,—Ha! I must dissimulate. (*Aside.*) By heavens, Isaac! I would I had known of this. I deemed that black-brow'd girl had been thy concubine, and I gave her to be a hand-maiden to Philip de Malvoisin, after the fashion of the patriarchs and heroes of the days of old, who set us in these matters a wholesome example.

Isaac. What say'st thou? My daughter with Malvoisin? Take all you have asked, Sir Knight,—take ten times more: reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with thy poiniard—broil me on that surface, but spare my daughter; deliver her in safety and honour. As thou wert born of woman, spare the honour of a helpless maiden; she is the image of my deceased Rachael; she is the last of six pledges of her love. Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort? Will you reduce a father to wish that his only living child was laid beside her dead mother in the tomb of our fathers?

Bois Guil. I would that I had known of this before:—I thought your race had loved nothing but their money-bags.

Isaac. Think not so humbly of us: the hunted fox—the tortured wild cat, loves its young, and the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children.

Bois Guil. Be it so: I will believe it in future, Isaac, for thy very sake;—but it aids us not now; I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow: my word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewesses to boot:—besides, why should'st thou think evil is to come to the girl, even if she is become Malvoisin's booty?

Isaac. There will, there must.—When did Templars breathe aught but cruelty to men, and dishonour to women?

Bois Guil. Dog of an infidel!—blaspheme not the holy order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or woe betide thy Jewish throat!

Isaac. Robber and villain! I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter is delivered to me.

Bois Guil. Art thou in thy senses, Israelite? Has thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?

Isaac. I care not—do thy worst: my daughter is my flesh and blood; dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, Nazarene, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited. Take my life, if thou wilt, and say, The Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian.

Bois Guil. We shall see that,—for, by the blessed rood which is the abomination of thy accursed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel;—strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars!

(*The* Saracens *seize* Isaac, *who struggles with them; they tear off his doublet, and he is about to become their victim, when* Bracey *hastily rushes in.*)

[*Horn sounds.*

Bois Guil. What now?

Bracey. Hold! hold! forbear! we are beset. The castle is summoned—besieged by a fool, a knave, and a swineheard. Heard you not that infernal horn?

Bois Guil. I did:—It interrupted you in your love-suit, I presume, as it did me in my suit with the Jew, whom I was warmly wooing for his zeechins? How have you sped with the proud Saxon heiress?

Bracey. By the bones of Thomas à Becket, not at all. The Lady Rowena must have heard that I cannot bear the sight of women's tears.

Bois Guil. Away! Thou a leader of a free company, and regard a woman's tears? A few drops sprinkled on the torch of love, make the flame blaze the brighter.

Bracey. Gramercy for the few drops of thy sprinkling: this damsel hath wept enough to extinguish a beacon-light: never was such wringing of hands, and o'erflowing of eyes, since the days of Niobe;—but that horn is sounding more and more clamorously; secure thy Jew for some more apt occasion, and let us hence and answer.

Bois Guil. Thou counsellest wisely.—Hamet! Abdallah!

(*Makes signs to Saracens apart, who take* Isaac *off—he exclaiming.*).

Isaac. God of my fathers! thanks for this timely rescue!

Bois Guil. Now then, De Bracey—onwards to the ramparts!

[*Exeunt* Bois Guilbert *and* Bracey.

SCENE V.

Refectory in the Castle of Torquilstone.

Enter CEDRIC, ATHELSTANE, SEWER, *and Attendants.*

Cedric. This then is to be our prison. It was in this very hall that my father feasted with Torquil Wolfganger, when he entertained the valiant but ill-starred Harold.

Athel. I hope our keepers will not forget to entertain us, and send us some wine and refections: my tongue fairly cleaves to my palate.

Cedric. Who could have thought that you, noble Athelstane, descended from Harold's blood, and I, whose father was not the worst defender of the Saxon crown, should be prisoners to a vile Norman, in the very hall in which our ancestors held such high festival!

Athel. It is sad enough; but I trust they will hold us to a moderate ransom. At any rate, it cannot be their purpose to starve us outright; and yet, although it is high noon, I see no preparations for serving dinner. Look up at the window, noble Cedric, and judge if it is not on the verge of noon.

Cedric. It may be so; but I cannot look on that stained lattice without its awakening other reflections than those which concern the passing moment or its privations.—Far better was our homely diet, eaten in peace and liberty, than all the luxurious dainties of our conquerors.

Athel. Hum! I should hold very humble diet, at present, a luxury; and it astonishes me, noble Cedric, that you can bear so truly in mind the memory of past deeds, when, it appeareth, you forget the very hour of dinner.

Cedric. It is time lost to speak to him of aught else but that which concerns his appetite.—Alas! that so dull a spirit should be lost in so goodly a form! (*Aside.*)

(*Enter an* Attendant, *shewing in* Wamba, *disguised as a Friar.*)

Attendant. This way, Holy Father! Here is your charge!

Wamba. Pax Vobiscum! the blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Dennis, and all the saints in the calendar attend you!

Cedric. We thank you, friar; with what intent art thou come hither?

Wamba. To bid you prepare yourselves for death.

Cedric. It is impossible! fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open and gratuitous cruelty.

Wamba. Alas! to restrain them by their sense of humanity is the same as to stop a run-away horse with a bridle of silk thread.—Bethink thee, therefore, noble Cedric, and you, gallant Athelstane, what sins you have committed in the for this very night must you sup with the saints.

Cedric. Hearest thou this, Athelstane? We must rouse up our hearts to this last action; since, better it is we should die like men, than live like slaves!

Athel. I am ready to stand the worst of their malice, and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner.

Cedric. Let us then to our holy gear, Father!

Wamba. (In his natural voice.) Stop! Stop! we're not in such a hurry as all that, good uncle! 'tis a long leap in the dark, and requires looking at.

Cedric. Eh! surely I should know that voice!

Wamba. You do! it is that of your trusty slave and jester, Wamba!—Had you taken a fools advice formerly, you would not have been here at all; take a fool's advice now, and you shall not be here long.

Cedric. Ha! what meanest thou, knave?

Wamba. Even thus:—take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in your stead!

Cedric. Leave thee in my stead! why, they would hang thee, my poor knave!

Wamba. E'en let them do as they are permitted! I trust, no disparagement to your birth, uncle, that the son of Witless may hang in a chain with as much gravity, as the chain hung upon his ancestor, the Alderman.

Cedric. Well, Wamba, on one condition will I grant thy request; and that is, that thou make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane, instead of me.

Wamba. Not I, by St. Dunstan! there were little reason in that, methinks! Good right there is, that the son of my father, and that's myself, should suffer to save the son of your father, and that's you; but little wisdom

there were in his dying for the benefit of one, whose fathers never knew if his were gentle or simple.

Cedric. Villain! the fathers of Athelstane were monarchs of England!

Wamba. They might be whomsoever they pleased, but my neck stands too straight on my shoulders, to have it twisted for their sake. Wherefore, good my master, either take my proffer yourself, or suffer me to leave this dungeon as free as I entered.

Cedric. Nay, let the old tree wither, so the stately hope of the forest be preserved.—Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba; it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins!—thou and I will abide together the utmost rage of our injurious oppressors; while he, free and safe, shall arouse the awakened spirits of our countrymen to avenge us.

Athel. Not so, Father Cedric! not so! I would rather remain in this hall a week without food, save the prisoner's stinted loaf, or drink, save the prisoner's measure of water, than embrace the opportunity to escape, which this slave's untaught kindness purveyed for his master.

Wamba. You are called wise men, sirs, and I a crazed fool; but Uncle Cedric and Cousin Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for you, and save ye the trouble of straining any further.—I am like John-a-Duck's mare, that will let no man mount her but John-a-Duck.—I came to save my master; and if he will not consent—Basta, I can but go away home again: kind service cannot be chuck'd from hand to hand, like a shuttle-cock, or a stool-ball.—I'll hang for no man but my own born master.

Athel. Go then, noble Cedric! neglect not this opportunity!—Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue; your remaining here would ruin us all.

Cedric. And is there any prospect then of rescue from without.

Wamba. Prospect; ay, marry, that there is; when you fill my cloak you are wrapt in a general's cassock:—there are five hundred men without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders; my casque was my fool's cap, and my truncheon my bauble.—Well, we shall see what good they do, by exchanging a fool for a wise man! Truly, I fear they will lose in discretion what they may gain in valour; and so farewell master, and be kind to poor Gurth, and his dog Fangs; and let my coxcomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool.

Cedric. Thy memory shall be preserved, while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth.—But, that I trust I shall be the means of saving Rowena, and thee, Athelstane, and thee also, my poor Wamba—thou shouldst not overbear me in this matter.—But how am I to play the Reverend Friar; I know no language but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman.

Wamba. Put on the cowl! *(they exchange dresses.)* The spell lies in two words:—Pax Vobiscum will answer all queries.—If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban—Pax Vobiscum carries you through it all.—It is as useful to a friar, as a broom-stick to a witch, or a wand to a conjuror; speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone—*Pax Vobiscum,* it is irresistible.—Watch and ward, knight and squire, foot and horse, it acts as a charm upon them all.—I think, if they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow, as is much to be doubted they may, I will try its weight upon the finisher of the sentence.

Cedric. If that is the case, my religious orders are soon taken—Pax Vobiscum!—I trust I shall remember the pass word.—Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head; I will save you, or return and die with you.—The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt, while mine flows in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave, who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it:—farewell. [*Exit* Cedric.

Wamba. Farewell, and remember Pax Vobiscum.—Now then am I truly a fool—my master goes free, and I stay and hang; I have exchanged safety and servitude for gentility and the gallows.—Well, I will make the most of my new-gotten dignity; — Cedric must be cl ear off by this time.—Your hand, noble Athelstane!—What, ho! varlets!—A banquet here!—mean you to starve us to death?

Athel. Thine is no bad movement, fool, for truly I stand in great need of food.

[*Exeunt* Wamba *and* Athelstane.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Castle.—An open Window on one Side of the Stage.

Enter REBECCA.

Rebecca. Still no rescue! No ransom! Would to

Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem my benefactor from the chains of his oppressor;—and my father!—Ah! What say I? Oh, my father, evil it is with thy daughter, when thy grey hairs are not remembered, because of the golden locks of youth. What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's! who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger! But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!—What fearful man is this!

Enter BOIS GUILBERT, *in the disguise of an Outlaw.*

His dress bespeaks his business to be plunder! Here are my bracelets, my collar, take them, good friend, and for Heaven's sake be merciful to me and my aged father.—These ornaments are of value, yet they are trifling to what he would bestow, to obtain our dismissal from this castle free and uninjured.

Bois Guil. Fair Flower of Palestine, these pearls are orient, but they yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth.

Rebecca. Thou art no outlaw, or thou would'st not thus refuse my offers! thou art a Norman, noble perhaps in birth! O, be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence.

Bois Guil. And thou, who canst guess so truly; thou art as a true daughter of Israel; but in all, save youth and beauty, a very Witch of Endor.—I am not an Outlaw, fair Rose of Sharon, but one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, than to deprive thee of them.

Rebecca. Ha! what then would'st thou have of me, if not my wealth? We can have nought in common between us!—You are a Christian!—I am a Jewess!—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the Church and the Synagogue.

Bois Guil. It were so indeed! Wed with a Jewess! Despardieux—not if she were queen of Sheba: it is against my vow to love any maiden otherwise than *par-amour*, as I will love thee.—I am a Templar! Behold the cross of my holy order!

Rebecca. Darest thou appeal to that on an occasion like the present? For shame! For shame!

Bois Guil. Hearken, Rebecca! I have hitherto spoke mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror.—Thou art the captive of my bow and spear, subject to my will by the laws of all nations; nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence, what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity.

Rebecca Stand back! stand back, and hear me, e'er thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! my strength thou may'st indeed overpower, for God made woman weak, and trusted her defence to man's generosity; but I will proclaim thy villainy, Templar, from one end of Europe to another.

Bois Guil. Thou art keen-witted, Jewess, but loud indeed must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle.—One thing only can save thee, Rebecca, embrace our religion, and—

Rebecca. Submit to my fate! Embrace thy religion!—Never! the God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter, even from this abode of infamy: See thou this latticed window? thus I throw it open, and now there is not the slightest screen between me and the depth below.—Remain, then, where thou art, proud Templar, or, at thy choice, advance one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed, out of the very form of humanity, upon the stones of yon court-yard, ere it becomes the victim of thy brutality.

Bois Guil. Forbear, rash girl! What is it thou would'st do? I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence! If not for thyself, for thy father's sake forbear. I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one.

Rebecca. Alas! I know it but too well! Dare I trust thee.

Bois Guil. May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured, if thou may'st not!

Rebecca. I will believe thee!

Bois Guil. Thou need'st no longer fear me!

Rebecca. Fear thee, no! thanks to him who reared this tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live!

Bois Guil. Rebecca; she who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and powerful soul.—Mine thou must be! nay, start not,—must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms; thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch. (*Horn sounds without.*) I

will explain hereafter.—That bugle announces something which may require my presence.—Think on what I have said:—Farewell; I'll soon return, and read this matter further. [*Exit* Bois Guil.

Rebecca. God of my fathers! how hast thou preserved me? thrice do I thank thee, for mine, my fathers, and ——, the Christian's sake! What? For a Nazarene—a foeman to my faith! Alas! e'en so!—Great Judah, they bear him hither!

Enter Attendants, *bearing a Couch, on which is* Ivanhoe.

1*st. Attendant.* Here, Knight; thou here must tarry awhile, we have no time to 'tend your ailments now: there'll be hot strife without anon, and we must not be absent.—Come comrades!

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Rebecca. Sir Knight! and is it, indeed, thou! How hath my art availed?

Ivanhoe. Bravely, bravely! thanks, dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill!

Rebecca. He calls me dear Rebecca; but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word—his war-horse, his hunting-hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess. (*Aside.*)

Ivanhoe. My mind, gentle maiden, is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain: from the speeches of the men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner; and if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now dispatched them thence on military duty, I am in the power of mine enemy, Bois Guilbert—if so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?

Rebecca. He names not the Jew or Jewess—yet what is our portion in him? and how justly am I punished by heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him. (*Aside.*)

Ivanhoe. Something I must do, or attempt; yet, how can I determine, until I know how matters stand without? Ha! what sounds are those? Listen, Rebecca!

Rebecca. Yes! Yes! it is the quiver rattleth! There is the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains, and the shouting!

Ivanhoe. Ha! they prepare for war then!—Oh, that I could but drag myself to yonder window, and see how this brave game is like to go!—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or a battle axe to strike, were it but a single blow

for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain! I am alike nerveless and weaponless!

Rebecca. Vex not thyself, noble Knight;—the sounds have ceased of a sudden: it may be they join not battle.

Ivanhoe. Thou deemest not right, Damsel: this dead pause only shews that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window——

Rebecca. Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble Knight: I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to thee as I can what passes without.

Ivanhoe. You must not! You shall not! Each lattice—each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers.—Some random shot——

Rebecca. It shall be welcome!

Ivanhoe. Rebecca—dear Rebecca! this is no maiden's pastime! Do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable, for having given thee occasion! At least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and shew as little of thy person at the lattice as may be.—

[Rebecca *does as desired.*

Now then, what see'st thou?

Rebecca. The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.

Ivanhoe. Under what banner?

Rebecca. Under no ensign of war which I can observe.

Ivanhoe. See'st thou who they be that act as leaders?

Rebecca. A Knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous—he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.

Ivanhoe. Are there no other leaders?

Rebecca. None of mark and distinction, that I can observe from this station; but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first, bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on—they raise their bows!—God of Moses forgive the creatures thou hast made!—I can look no more!

Ivanhoe. And I must lie here, like a bed-ridden monk, while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others!—Look from the window

once again, kind Maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.—Look for the Black Knight, fair Rebecca—see how he bears himself: for, as the leader is, so will his followers be.

Rebecca. I see him not.

Ivanhoe. Foul craven! Does he shrink from the helm, when the wind blows highest?

Rebecca. Oh, no, no, no! I see him now—he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican—they pull down the piles and palisades—they hew down the barriers with axes—his high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain—they have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Bois Guilbert heads the defenders! I see his gigantic form above the press! He and the Black Knight fight it hand to hand upon the breach, amidst the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heav'n strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!—Ha! he is down! he is down!

Ivanhoe. Who is down?—For our dear Lady's sake tell me which has fallen?

Rebecca. The Black Knight!—But no:—the name of the Lord of Hosts be praised, he is on foot again—and fights as if there was twenty men's strength in his single arm! His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Bois Guilbert with blow on blow!—The giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman.—He falls! He falls!

Ivanhoe. Bois Guilbert?

Rebecca. Bois Guilbert!—His men rush to his rescue, headed by the stern De Bracey! Their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Bois Guilbert within the walls!

Ivanhoe. The assailants have won the barriers—have they not?

Rebecca. They have! They have! and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall!—Great Creator! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!

Ivanhoe. Think not of that—this is no time for such thoughts!—Who yield! Who push their way?

Rebecca. The besieged have the better!

Ivanhoe. Saint George strike for us!—Do the false yeomen give way?

Rebecca. No: they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern, with his huge

axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle: stones and beams are hurled down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!

Ivanhoe. By Saint John of Acre! methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!

Rebecca. The postern gate shakes! It crashes! It is splintered by his blows! They rush in! The outwork is won! Oh heaven, they hurl the defenders from the battlements!—Oh, men—if ye be indeed men—spare them that can resist no longer!

Ivanhoe. The bridge! the bridge which communicated with the castle! Have they won that pass?

Rebecca. No: the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed! Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others!—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look on victory than on battle!

Ivanhoe. What do they now, maiden?—Look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed!

Rebecca. Great heaven, they're throwing lighted torches in the castle! They ford the moat! The Castle fires! That crash! The work of flame and ruin is beginning—it burns! What can we do to save ourselves?

Ivanhoe. Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life, for no human aid can avail me!

Rebecca. I will not fly! we will be saved or perish together!—And yet, my father! my father! what will be thy fate?—Ha! the Templer here again?

Enter BOIS GUILBERT.

Bois Guil. I have found thee! I have found thee! Thou shalt find I will keep my word, to share weal and woe with thee.—There is but one path to safety—I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it out to thee—up, and follow me!

Rebecca. Alone! no—I will not follow thee!—If thou wert born of woman—if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee—if thy heart be not as hard as thy breastplate—save my aged Father! Save this wounded Knight!

Bois Guil. A Knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame—and who cares how or where a Jew meets with his——

Rebecca. Savage warrior!—Rather will I perish in the flames, than accept safety from thee!

Bois Guil. Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca—once didst thou foil me—never mortal did so twice.

Rebecca. Help! Mercy! Help!

(Bois Guilbert *bears off* Rebecca.

Ivanhoe. Hound of the Temple! Stain to thine order! Set free the damsel!—Traitorous Bois Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee!—Villain! I will have thy heart's blood!—By Heaven, the walls give way! The flames are circling us around! Great Heavens, must I perish here!

(Loud Crash—the Walls at the back give way, and discover the Castle in Flames.)

Bois Guilbert! Bois Guilbert! 'tis Ivanhoe defies thee!

Enter BLACK KNIGHT.

Black Knight. Here! thank Heaven!—I had not found thee, Wilfred, but for thy shouts.

Ivanhoe. If thou be'st true Knight, think not of me.—Pursue yon ravisher! Save the Lady Rowena! Look to the noble Cedric!

Black Knight. Think not of them—see, they are safe—thy turn is next.

*(*Cedric *rushes in with* Athelstane, Gurth *with* Rowena, Robin Hood *with* Wamba, *followed by Attendants—they return thanks to Heaven.*—Black Knight *points out the Road they must pursue. Attendants raise* Ivanhoe—*and Curtain falls for the Second Act, on the different Parties retreating amidst the burning Ruins in safety.)*

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

The Trysting Tree in the Hart-Hill Walk of the Forest of Torquilstone.

CEDRIC, ROBIN HOOD, BLACK KNIGHT, WAMBA, GURTH, *the* MILLER, *and* OUTLAWS, *discovered.*

CEDRIC, ROBIN HOOD, *and* BLACK KNIGHT, *lying under the Trysting Tree—Practicable Tents on both Sides the Stage—A Pile of Booty near the Centre.*

TRIO AND CHORUS.

WAMBA, GURTH, MILLER, *and* OUTLAWS.

WAMBA, GURTH, *and* MILLER.

There came three merry men, from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

Wamba.

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

Miller.

The next that came forth swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David, ap Morgan, ap Griffith, ap Hugh,
Ap Tudor, ap Rice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welchman wend his way.

Gurth.

But then came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
Therefore losing their roundelay;
For a yeomen of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

Chorus.

So the knight, &c. &c.

Robin Hood. (Starting up.) A right merry carol, boys: you have roused us up most pleasantly.—Sir Knight! Noble Cedric! What, ho! *(rousing them.)* the morning wears apace—we must to business.—Who hath seen our chaplain? Where is our curtal Friar? A mass, amongst Christian men, best begins a busy morning.

Miller. What, the Clerk of Copmanhurst? He hath not been seen since the siege, captain.

Robin Hood. I hope no harm hath o'erta'en the jolly priest—surely he hath not abidden by the wine pot a thought too late.—Who saw him since the castle was taken?

Miller. I mark'd him busy about the door of a cellar, swearing by each saint in the calendar, he would taste the smack of Bois Guilbert's Gascoigne wine.

Robin Hood. Now the saints, as many as there be of them, forefend, lest he has drunk too deep of the wine-butts, and perished by the fall of the castle!—Away, Miller! Take with you enow of men—seek the place where you last saw him—throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins. I will have them removed stone by stone, ere I lose my curtal Friar.

[*Exeunt* Miller *and four* Outlaws.

Noble Cedric! our spoil is divided into two portions; do thou make choice of that which suits thee, to recompense thy people, who were partakers with us in this adventure.

Cedric. Worthy yeoman! my heart is oppressed with sadness—the noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh is no more! Hopes have perished with him which can never return: my people, save the few who are now with me, do but tarry my presence to convey his honoured remains to their last mansion. The Lady Rowena is desirous to return to Rother-

wood, and must be escorted by a sufficient force; bu for that, and to render thanks to thee and thy bold yeomen for the life and honour ye have saved, I had long ridden on my way—for the booty, I value it not; neither I nor any of mine, will touch the value of a liard.

Robin Hood. Nay, but we did but half the work at most: take of the spoil what may reward your own neighbours and followers.

Cedric. I am rich enough to reward them from mine own wealth.

Wamba. And some have been wise enough to reward themselves. They do not march off empty-handed altogether—we do not all wear motley.

Robin Hood. They are welcome—our laws bind but ourselves.

Cedric. But thou, my poor knave, how shall I reward thee, who feared not to give thy body to chains and death, instead of mine? All forsook me, when the poor fool was faithful.

Wamba. Nay, if you pay my services with the water of your eye, the jester must weep for company, and then what becomes of his vocation?—But Uncle, if you would indeed pleasure me, I pray you to pardon my playfellow Gurth, who stole a week from your service to bestow it on your son.

Cedric. Pardon him! I will both pardon and reward him. Kneel down, Gurth! (Gurth *kneels.*) Serf and slave art thou no longer, but freeman and landholder shalt thou be henceforth. A hyde of land I give thee, from me and mine to thee and thine, ay, and for ever, and heaven's malison on his head who this gainsays.

Gurth. Free, and a landholder! a smith, and a file to do away this collar from the neck of a freeman!—Noble master! doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you! There is a free spirit in my breast! I am a changed man to myself, and all around!

Wamba. Nay, not changed to me; I still remember thee.—It is only thou who art likely to forget both us and thyself.

Gurth. I shall forget myself indeed, ere I forget thee.

Wamba. Well, think not I envy thee, brother Gurth: the serf sits by the hall fire, when the freeman must forth to the field; and better a fool, than a wise man at a fray.

Robin Hood. Well, I would we could hear some tidings of our joyous chaplain. (*A shout without.*) Ha! by my fay, this is even he!

Enter FRIAR, *leading* ISAAC, *followed by Miller and Outlaws.*

Friar. Make room, my merry men, for your godly father and his prisoner! cry welcome once more! I come, noble leader, like an eagle, with my prey in my clutch.

Robin Hood. In the name of St. Nicholas, whom hast thou got there?

Friar. A captive to my sword, and to my lance, noble Captain; whom I have redeem'd, by my divinity, from a worse captivity.—Speak, Jew! Have I not ransomed thee from Satan? Have I not taught thee thy creed, thy *Pater*, and thy *Ave Maria*? Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?

Isaac. For the love of Heaven, will no one take me out of the keeping of this mad—I mean, this holy man?

Friar. How, Jew! Dost thou recant? Did I not rescue thee from a dungeon I had mistaken for the wine cellar, and took thee to where thou hast had store of prayers, and I nought but sack?

Miller. We can bear witness to that; for when we cleared away the ruins, we lighted on a spot, where we found a runlet of sack half empty, the Jew half dead, and the Friar half exhausted, as he calls it.

Friar. Ye be knaves! ye lie! It was you and your gormandizing companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught.—I am a Pagan, an' I kept it not for the captain's own throat! but what recks it;—the Jew is converted, and understands all I have told him very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself.

Robin Hood. Is this true, Jew? Hast thou renounced thine unbelief?

Isaac. May I so find mercy in your eyes, as I know not one word the reverend prelate spake to me all this fearful night.—Alas! I was so distraught with agony, and fear, and grief, that had our Holy Father, Abraham, come to preach to me, he had found but a deaf listener.

Friar. Did'st thou not promise, dog, to give all thy substance to our Holy Order?

Robin Hood. Hold, hold; here cometh one may convert this Jew forthwith, and end this needless controversy: some of my fellows have in custody a jolly monk, who seemeth, by his wearing apparel, to have been on a visit to his Leman.

Enter OUTLAWS, *with* PRIOR AYMER *in Custody.*

Aymer. Why, how now, my masters; what order is this among me? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a Churchman thus? menaced with corporal punishment, nay death, an' I pay not down 400 crowns, in addition to the rings, and chains, and treasures ye have robbed me of!

Robin Hood. It is too little a sum; you must pay a good round ransom, Prior, or your convent is likely to be called to a new election, for your place will know you no more.

Aymer. Well, if I must needs, for once, hold a candle to the devil, name thy lowest!

Friar. Were it not well, Captain, that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?

Robin Hood. Ay, ay, thou'rt a mad knave, but thy plan transcends:—Here, Jew, step forth! Look at that Holy Father Aymer, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him; thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee.

Isaac. Assuredly, I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought great store.—Oh, 'tis a rich abbey, and they do live upon the fat.—Six hundred crowns the good Prior might well pay to your honour'd valours, and never set less soft in his seat.

Robin Hood. Six hundred crowns! I am content! thou hast well spoken, Isaac! It is a sentence, Sir Prior—Solomon had not done it better!

Aymer. Ye are mad, my masters! where am I to find such a sum?

Isaac. I will lend it thee, most reverend Prior, an' thou wilt grant me thy note!

Robin Hood. He shall grant thee whatsoe'er thou dost list! thou shalt lay down the redemption for him, and thyself too!

Isaac. For myself! Ah, courageous sirs! I am a broken and impoverished man! a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns!

Robin Hood. The Prior shall judge of that matter! Now, I pray you, Father Aymer—Can the Jew afford a good ransom?

Aymer. Can he afford a ransom! Is he not Isaac of York? rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes! Since you require me to put a price upon the Caitiff, I tell you openly, that you will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns!

Robin Hood. A sentence! a sentence! the Christian has shewn his good nurture, and dealt with us more generously than the Jew!

Isaac. The God of my fathers help me! will ye bear to the ground an impoverished creature? I am this day childless; and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?

Aymer. Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless!

Isaac. Alas, my Lord, your laws permit you not to know, how the child of our bosom is entwin'd with the strings of our heart.—O Rebecca! Daughter of my beloved Rachael, were each leaf on that tree a zeechin, and each zeechin mine own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know, whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!

Robin Hood. Thy daughter, Jew?

Isaac. Yes—yes—the blessing of Jacob be upon thee! Can'st thou tell me aught of her safety?

Robin Hood. I can! she was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks yester even. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, fearing she might take harm from the arrow.

Isaac. I would to heaven thou had'st shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom:—better the tomb of her fathers, than the dishonourable couch of the licentious and savage Templar.—Ichobad! Ichobad! the glory hath departed from my house!

Robin Hood. Friends, the old man is but a Jew; nathless, his grief touches me.—Isaac, we will take thee at half the ransom that has been named, leaving thee the other to treat for thy daughter's release.—Hasten to Bois Guilbert, ere worse comes of it:—thou wilt find him at the next Preceptory House of his order, so say our scouts.

Isaac. Wealth and a blessing to thee, and thine, whom I may not call good, but cannot, will not call evil.

Aymer. I grieve for the maiden Rebecca—she is of fair and comely countenance; Bois Guilbert knows me, I can and may do much with him; bethink thee how thou may'st deserve my good word with him?

Isaac. Alas! Alas! On every hand the spoilers rise against me!

Robin Hood. Make him thy friend, Isaac! Ply him with gold!—thou can'st easy do it.—I heed not thy vows of poverty.—What, man! Know I not the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money? Know I not the great

stone under the apple tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber, beneath thy garden, at York? But, fear nothing; we are of old acquaintance.—Do'st not remember the sick yeoman, thy daughter, Rebecca, redeem'd from prison at York, and kept in thy house until his health was restored, when thou did'st dismiss him recover'd, and with a piece of money?

Isaac. Dickon—Bend-the-bow?

Robin Hood. The same;—Shall I treat with the Prior, to recover thy daughter?

Isaac. Alas! good Dickon! never was deed more Christian;—but thou art mistaken: I have no money, only some poor merchandize. Thou wilt keep the vaulted chamber secret.

Robin Hood. A plague on thy fears and avarice. Prior, the Jew gives thee one hundred marks to intercede with thine ally, Bois Guilbert, for his daughter.

Aymer. One hundred marks! I will be moved: where are my tablets? (*Writes.*)—Bear that to Bois Guilbert, and, if well back'd with thy broad gold, fear not thy daughter's safety.

Robin Hood. Go, then, thy several ways: I take thy word, good Isaac, for the ransom. Harkye! be liberal of thine offers for Rebecca; trust me, the gold thou shalt spare in her cause, will hereafter give thee more agony, than if it were poured molten down thy throat.—Away! my men will guide thee.

(*Exeunt* Isaac *and* Aymer *opposite sides, attended by* Outlaws.)

That business settled, we will now to banquet: down yonder dingle roasts a savory buck. Sir Knight, (*To Black Knight*) if you disdain not to grace by your acceptance a bugle I have once worn, I will pray you to keep this as a memorial of your gallant bearing; and, if ever you are beset in any forest between Trent and Tees, wind three notes on it thus, (*sounds Horn*) and it may chance you shall find helpers and rescue.

Black Knight. Gramercy for thy gift, bold yeoman; and better help than thine and thy rangers would I never seek, were it at my utmost need.

Robin Hood. To our sylvan banquet then, noble Cedric, Sir Knight, friends, and followers.

Black Knight. Nay, as I have already told Sir Cedric, in reply to his invitation to Rotherwood, I have matters of high and immediate import that call me hence; hereafter

I may be thy guest, and then may claim a boon of him he may not all expect.

Cedric. Whate'er it be, I swear to grant it for thy noble service:—Farewell, most gallant Knight! Now, Yeoman, for thy banquet, ere Rowena 'waits me.

Black Knight. Farewell, brave Outlaw, till next we meet, my benison be on you.

[*Exeunt* Robin Hood, Cedric, *and* Outlaws.

(*Manent* Black Knight, Gurth, *and* Wamba.)

Black Knight. Brave Cedric gone, now for our wounded charge, good Wamba, whom our joint care and Gurth's hath placed in safety within yon tent. Wilfred! Ivanhoe!

Enter IVANHOE *from the Tent, right hand.*

Ivanhoe. (Kneels.) My deliverer!

Black Knight. Rise!—After our last night's counsel, there needs no more be said. We will meet at Coningsburg, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father Cedric holds the funeral feast for his noble relation. I would see your Saxon kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. There it shall be my task to reconcile thee to thy father, as it now shall be to introduce thee to thy love.

Ivanhoe. Wilt thou not let me guard thy sacred footsteps?

Black Knight. Nay, rest this day, thou wilt have scarce strength enough to journey on the next. I will have no guide with me but honest Wamba, who can play priest or fool, as I shall be most in the humour.

Wamba. With all my heart! I'd feign see the feasting at Athelstane's funeral, for an it be not full and frequent, he'll certainly rise up, if its only to knock the Cook down, and that would, indeed, be a sight worth seeing. We shall pair prettily enough, for my folly will succeed where your valour fails, and your bravery get me out of the scrapes my wit may get me into.

Black Knight. 'Tis well. Now, Wilfred, will I see thee in the arms of thy love, and then depart.—Wamba, awake Rowena with some stirring carol.

Wamba. That will I.—I will sing you as 'twere any nightingale—soft and amatory; and, more, to recommend myself to the lady, will borrow my character from my young master, Wilfred.

DUETT.—*(Wamba and Rowena.)*

Wamba.

Rowena! Rowena! love, up is the sun;
Rowena! Rowena! love, day is begun;
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morn, love, Rowena to me.
Rowena! Rowena! love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn;
The echo sings merry from rock and from tree,
'Tis time to arouse thee, Rowena, for me.

Rowena. (From Tent, left hand.)

O Wilfred! love, Wilfred! awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit;
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared to these visons, O Wilfred! my love!
Let the birds to the rise of the mist, carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill;
Softer sounds! softer pleasures! in slumber I prove,
But think not I dreamt of thee, Wilfred, my love!

(Rowena *enters from Tent; sees* Ivanhoe; *rushes into his arms.* Gurth, Wamba, *and* Black Knight *behold the meeting with pleasure.—Scene closes on them.*

SCENE II.

Gardens of the Preceptory at Templestow.

Enter Lucas Beaumanoir, *Grand Master of the Templars, and* Philip de Malvoisin.

Beaumanoir. It is but too true, the irregularities of our brethren in England are even more gross than those in France. Though they were commanded to extirpate magic and heresy, they are charged with studying the accursed cabalistical secrets of the Jews, and the magic of the Paynim Saracens; and though they should shun the glance of a woman as the eye of a basilisk, they hold commerce not only with daughters of their own race, but those of the accursed heathen, and still more accursed Israelites.

Malvoisin. I confess it with grief, reverend father,—pray heaven he know not of Bois Guilbert's sojourn here with fair Rebecca. *(Aside.)*

Beaumanoir. But I will slay the sinners; I will purify

the fabric of the temple; and the unclean stones, in which the plague is, I will remove and cast out of the building.

Enter DAMIAN.

What tidings now? Speak! Damian,—we permit thee. What is thine errand?

Damian. A Jew stands without the gate, noble and reverend father, who prays to speak with Brother Brian de Bois Guilbert.

Beaumanoir. A Jew! and speak to Bois Guilbert! Thou wer't right to give me knowledge of it. Lead the Jew to our presence, and have a guard ready to wait our sudden call.

Damian. I will, most holy sir,—the Jew is here.

Enter ISAAC,—*draws back in terror.*

Beaumanoir. Fear nothing for thy wretched person, Jew, but speak the truth. What is thy business with Brian de Bois Guilbert?

Isaac. I am bearer of a letter, so please your reverend valour, to that good Knight, from Prior Aymer.

Beaumanoir. Said I not, Malvoisin, that these were evil times? A Cistercian Prior sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and finds no fitter messenger than this, an unbelieving Jew! Give me the letter!—back, dog! I touch not unbelievers, save with the sword! Malvoisin! take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it me.

Malvoisin. This will betray all. (*Aside.*) Reverend father, thou wilt not break the seal?

Beaumanoir. Assuredly! (*Reads.*) Here is goodly stuff for one Christian man to write to another:—"Aymer, by divine grace, Prior, &c. &c. to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, wishes health, with the bounties of Bacchus, and of my Lady Venus.—We have learned, from Outlaws, of thy misfortune, and that thou hast escaped with that Jewish sorceress, whose black eyes have bewitched thee.—We are heartily rejoiced at thy safety, nevertheless we pray thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor, for we are privately assured, your Grand Master comes from Normandy, expressly to amend your misdoings." What say'st thou to this, Malvoisin? No wonder we lose place by place before the Infidels in the Holy Land, when we have such Churchmen as this Aymer! What meaneth he by this Second Witch of Endor?

Malvoisin. 'Tis merely an expression of dalliance.

Beaumanoir. Nay! nay! there is more in it than thou

dost guess! this Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam, of whom thou hast heard! thou shalt hear the Jew own it even now!—Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois Guilbert? *(to Isaac.)*

Isaac. Ay; reverend valorous Sir, and whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance——

Beaumanoir. Peace! this, thy daughter, hath practised the heart of healing, hath she not?

Isaac. Ay, gracious Sir; and Knight, and Yeoman, Vassal, and Squire, may bless the goodly gift heaven hath assign'd to her;—but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her.

Beaumanoir. See, Brother, the deceptions of the devouring enemy! thy daughter worketh her cures, I doubt not, by words, and sigils, and other cabalistical mysteries.

Isaac. Nay, reverend and brave Knight, it was in chief measure, by a balsam of marvellous virtue.

Beaumanoir. Where had she that secret?

Isaac. It was delivered to her by Miriam, a sage Matron of our tribe, so please you!

Beaumanoir. Ah! false Jew! was it from that witch Miriam, the abomination of whose enchantments has been heard of in every Christian Land. Her body was burnt at a stake, her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and my order, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also.—Damian, spurn this Jew from the gate; shoot him dead, if he oppose, or turn again!—With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law, and our high office warrant.

Isaac. Alas! for the daughter of my house! woe for the daughter of Zion! will not my gold—my tears—my prayers prevail? Rebecca! Rebecca!

Beaumanoir. Off, infidel dog! and Egypt's plague be on thee!

[Damian *and Attendants force* Isaac *off.* Prepare the judgment hall, and cite the witch for trial! I'll mean time seek our sinful Brother Brian, and yield such admonition as is meet.—Away!

[*Exeunt* Beaumanoir *and* Malvoisin.

SCENE III.

State Apartment in York Castle.

Enter PRINCE JOHN *and Attendants.*

John. De Bracey! Bois Guilbert absent! Isaac the Jew

too, vanished, and with him all the hopes of money he and his brethren promised to provide! this is indeed a perilous deficiency—the traitors! to desert me at this pinch!—Whom have we here? De Bracey, by the rood! in a strange 'guise methinks he comes before us.

Enter DE BRACEY, *as from Battle, followed by Page.*

De Bracey! what means this? speak, I charge thee! Are the Saxons in rebellion? thou wert wont to be a man! where is the Templar? where the Jew, old Isaac?

Bracey. The Templar is fled! the Jew you'll never see again! he has found a red grave among the blazing rafters of our castle, from which I alone have escaped to tell you.

John. Cold news to us—though you speak of fire and conflagration!

Bracey. But the worst news is not yet said—Richard is in England.

John. Richard in England! thou ravest! it cannot be!

Bracey. It is as true as truth itself! I was his prisoner, and spoke with him.

John. With Richard Plantagenet, say'st thou?

Bracey. With Richard Plantagenet! with Richard Cœur de Lion! with Richard of England!

John. And thou wert his prisoner? he is then at the head of a power?

Bracey. No; only a few outlawed yeoman were around him, and to these his person is unknown: I heard him say he was about to depart from them.—He joined them only to assist them at the storming of Torquilstone.

John. Ay, such indeed is the fashion of Richard!—a true knight errant he, and will wander in wild adventure, trusting the prowess of his single arm, like any Sir Guy, or Sir Bevis, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered. What dost thou propose to do, De Bracey? There is but one road to safety; this object of terror journies alone—he must be met withal.

Bracey. And quieted!

John. Nay, nay, I said not that! I mean not that you should slay him! a prison were better; and whether in Britain or Austria, what matters it?

Bracey. The best prison, Prince, is that which is made by the sexton:—no dungeon like a church vault! I have said my say.

John. But who ——

Bracey. Stay not for that! I will take on me the con-

duct of this perilous enterprize; and if you receive such news, as I trust to send you, our enterprize will no longer wear a doubtful aspect.—Page! hie to my lodgings, and tell my armourer to be there in readiness with Stephen Steelheart, broad Thoresby, and the three trusty spears of Spying law! And now adieu, my Prince.

John. My better genius! good fortune speed your aims! Farewell! Once more I breathe in safety!

[*Exeunt* Prince John *and* De Bracey.

SCENE IV.

Grand Hall in the Preceptory of Torquilstone, fitted up for the Trial of Rebecca.

Enter LUCAS BEAUMANOIR, MALVOISIN, BOIS GUILBERT, DAMIAN, *and Knight's Templars in grand Procession;*—REBECCA *guarded;*—BEAUMANOIR *seats himself on the Throne of Judgment;*—DAMIAN *marshals the Court; another Brother of the Order attends to take Depositions.*—REBECCA *is marched down on one side the Stage;*—BOIS GUILBERT *slowly takes the front of the Stage on the opposite side;*—MALVOISIN *watches, and follows him anxiously.*

Bois Guil. (*Aside.*) Oh, Rebecca! thou art like to cost me dear! Why cannot I abandon thee to thy fate? But no, love is too strong; one effort will I make to save thee! yet, ah, beware of ingratitude! If I'm again repulsed, my vengeance shall prove fiercer than my love!—The life and honour of Bois Guilbert must not be hazarded, where contempt and reproaches prove his only reward.

Beaumanoir. Daughter of an accursed race! stand forward!

Rebecca. What is thy purpose with Rebecca?

Damian. 'Tis not for thee to question, but to obey:—thou art brought before the tribunal of the grand master of our holy order, to answer for thine offences.

Rebecca. May the God of Abraham be praised! the name of a judge, though an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a protector!

Beaumanoir. See, Damian, how this holy work disturbs our Brother Brian! To this, can the light looks of woman, aided by the prince of darkness, bring a valiant and worthy knight! Seest thou? he cannot look upon us; nay, nor on her! Who knows, by what impulse from his tormentor, his hands now form those cabalistic signs upon the floor?

Damian. It is, indeed, most pitiable.

Beaumanoir. Reverend and valiant men, Brothers and Knights of this our Holy Order, we have summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, one infamous for witcheries and deceit, who hath ensnared our Brother, brave Brian Bois Guilbert, by charms and sorceries, with other acts worthy immediate death.—Stand forth in witness, ye who know these doings, that justice may be satisfied with our dread punishment of a most infidel enchantress.

Damian. None stand in accusation, mighty Sir, but here is one would speak in her behalf!

Beaumanoir. He must be heard.—Stand forth!

Enter HIGG, *the Son of* SNELL.

Bois Guil. For this at least thou hast my blessing, fate. *(Aside.)*

Rebecca. Great Judge of Israel, prove my strong defence in this my hour of danger!

Beaumanoir. Now, fellow—what say'st thou?

Higg. Gracious sir, she cured me of the palsy. I laboured for her father, wealthy Isaac—a joiner, an' it please you: her sovereign balsam gave the use of limbs I had deem'd lost for ever—'twas most miraculous!

Beaumanoir. Clear proof of witchcraft.

Higg. Witchcraft!

Beaumanoir. Peace, slave—begone! There's many here to tell the same tale as thou of most miraculous cures and wond'rous healings: 'twas by no mortal art effected, but by damn'd sorcery!—Hast thou the balsam that thou spoke of?

Higg. 'Tis here, so please you—what have I been doing? *(Aside.)*

Beaumanoir. (looking at the box) Hum! Unknown characters—ay, cabalistical!

Rebecca. Nay, nay, they are but Hebrew, mighty sir—They're purchased to destroy me!

Beaumanoir. What, fellow, is thy name?

Higg. Higg, sir—the son of Snell.

Beaumanoir. Then Higg the son of Snell, I tell thee, knave, 'twere better thou hadst still remained bed-ridden, than have been cured by diabolic charms.—Unveil, Rebecca!

Rebecca. 'Tis not the wont, sir, of the daughters of our people, to uncover their faces, when alone in an assembly of strangers.

Beaumanoir. What's this? Refuse! Damian, tear off that screen.

Rebecca. Nay, for the love of your own daughters!—But no, you have no daughters, or you would not thus maltreat the humblest woman—but for the remembrance of your mothers—for the love of your sisters, and of female decency, let me not thus be handled in your presence. I will obey you—ye are elders among your people—and at your command I will shew the features of an ill-fated maiden. *(unveils.)*

Higg. Let me go forth! Wretch that I am!—To look upon her face again will kill me—for I have been her murderer! *(Aside.)*

Bois Guil. She must not, shall not die! Yet how to save her!—Ha! my tablets!

(*Writes—and with a rapid motion conveys a Scroll unseen into* Rebecca's *hand, who receives it as if unconsciously.*)

Beaumanoir. Now, woman, hast thou ought else to say against the sentence of indignant condemnation it is my grateful duty to pronounce?

Rebecca. T'invoke your pity would, I am aware, be useless, as 'twere mean.—I but reliev'd by simple skill the sick: if that be witchcraft, I am guilty of it. It is the custom of my people—I had almost said my country—but, alas, we have no country. For my oppressor, Heav'n be judge between us! I'd rather undergo ten thousand deaths, than yield me to the suit he urg'd upon me! Friendless, defenceless, and his prisoner—I'll not return on him the charge he brings against me—but to himself—yes, Brian de Bois Guilbert! I appeal to thee, whether these accusations are not false—are not as monstrous, Knight, as they are deadly?

Bois Guil. She cuts my heart! By Heav'n, I cannot answer!

Rebecca. Speak! if thou'rt a man—if thou'rt a Christian. speak!—I conjure thee, by the habit thou dost wear—by the name thou dost inherit—by the knighthood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and bones of thy father! I conjure thee, tell me, are not these things true?

Beaumanoir. Answer her, brother, if thou hast the power.

Bois Guil. (to Rebecca.) The scroll! The scroll!

Beaumanoir. (*Overhearing.*) The scroll! This is indeed full testimony.

The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which no doubt compels his silence.

Rebecca. The scroll! What's this? *(looking at the Writing* Bois Guilbert *had given her.)* "Demand a champion!"

Beaumanoir. Hast thou aught else to say, Rebecca?

Rebecca. One chance of life is still left to me, e'en by your own fierce laws.—Life has been miserable to me, (that is, of late) but I will not cast away the gift of God, while he affords me the means of defending it—I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence—I challenge the ordeal of Trial by Combat, and will appear by champion!

Beaumanoir. And who, Rebecca, will draw sword for a sorceress? Who will be the champion of a Jewess?

Rebecca. Heav'n will raise me up a champion! It cannot be, that in merry England—the hospitable—the generous—the free—where so many are found ready to peril their lives for honour, there shall not be found one to fight for justice.—But it is enough that I challenge the Trial by Combat—there lies my gage. *(throws down her Glove.)*

Beaumanoir. Give me her glove. This is but a slight, a frail gage, for a purpose so deadly. See'st thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our order thou hast defied.

Rebecca. Cast my innocence into the scale, and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron.

Beaumanoir. We accede to thy demands—and name the victim of thy arts, Bois Guilbert, for our champion. Him it doth most concern, and he best knows the truth.

Bois Guil. Me fight against Rebecca!

Beaumanoir. How! will he not receive the gage?

Malvoisin. Are you mad? *(Aside to Bois Guil.)*—Yes—yes—he will—he does!

Beaumanoir. 'Tis well: to-morrow shall the fight be fought.—Till then thou hast to find a champion, Jewess.

Rebecca. A most brief space; but Heav'n will be my aid.

Beaumanoir. Break up the court!—Guard well your prisoner, Damian!—Come, brothers! Champion, follow!

(*Exeunt* Beaumanoir *and* Templars, Malvoisin *forcing onward* Bois Guilbert.——*Manent* Rebecca, Higg, Damian, *and Guards.*)

Rebecca. And is there no one here then, that for the love of justice, or of gold, will seek my father, and relate

my peril?—Am I in English land to be deprived of my poor chance of safety, for want of that charity which would not have been refused to the worst of criminals?

Higg. (*coming forward.*) No: I am but a maimed man; but, that I move at all, I owe to your assistance—and I will do your errand: perhaps I may repair with my legs the mischief I've done with my tongue. Alas! I little thought when I was boasting of your charity, that I was leading you into danger!

Rebecca. Heav'n is all-righteous!—Seek out Isaac of York. Here is that, to pay for man and horse. Let him have this scroll.—Surely a champion will be raised up for me.—Farewell, and speed thee! for life and death are in thy haste.

Higg. Fear not.—Some now might fear to hazard their soul by interfering in this business, but she saved my body, and I'll e'en chance all that comes.—Fear not, Jew damsel, I'll find old Isaac, and help;—or die in the attempt.

[*Exit* Higg.

Rebecca. Generous creature!—Thus do good deeds reward themselves, and I will not despair,—On to my dungeon, guards!

Enter Bois Guilbert, *hastily.*

Bois Guil. I have escaped from them!—Hold, Rebecca! Thou art condemned, and I am made thy adversary—no matter—thy friend and protector I will yet be; but mark at what risk, and then blame me not if I make my stipulations, before I offer up all that my life has hitherto held dear, to save the life of a Jewish maiden. If I appear not in the lists against thee, I lose name and rank: if I do appear, I must maintain my name and arms—and if I do so, champion'd or unchampion'd, thou diest by the stake and faggot, for none e'er coped with me, save Richard Cœur de Lion, and his minion Ivanhoe—Richard is prisoner—Ivanhoe is sick— where then is thy hope? Thou'st only this—say but Bois Guilbert, I receive thy love, and fame and fortune I'll resign to save thee.

Rebecca. Never! Think not that fear will work upon me. No! thou knowest not woman! When we enter those fatal lists, where thou must fight, and I perchance may suffer, my courage shall mount higher than shall thine.—Farewell! I will waste no more words on thee.

Bois Guil. There is a spell on me, by Heav'n!—The reluctance with which I part from thee, hath something in

it more than natural. Fair creature! so young—so beautiful—so fearless of death—yet doom'd to die with infamy and agony! Who would not weep for thee? I do weep tears of blood! But nothing now can save thee! Farewell! Thou forgivest me?

Rebecca. As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner.—On to my dungeon!

[*Exit* Rebecca, *guarded.*

Bois Guil. Can I destroy her? Yet why not? She has despis'd—repuls'd—reviled me—I will not lose myself and her—no!—To the lists!

[*Exit* Bois Guilbert.

SCENE V.

Part of the Forest of Sherwood.

Enter BLACK KNIGHT *and* WAMBA.

Wamba. Never tell me, Sir Knight, of the good deeds of Outlaws—they are but bad blessings at best—they do but give a sprat to take a herring. Yet for all that, there be companions far more dangerous than they for a traveller to meet with.

Black Knight. And who may they be, I pray you, fool?

Wamba. Marry, Knight, your gentlemen cut-throats, such as Bois Guilbert and De Bracey. I pray you, what would'st thou do, an' thou should'st meet two of them?

Black Knight. Strike the villains to the earth with my axe.

Wamba. But what if there were four of them?

Black Knight. They should taste of the same cup.

Wamba. What if six, and we as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?

Black Knight. What! sound for aid against a score of rascals like those, whom one good knight would drive before him, as the wind drives the wither'd leaves?

Wamba. Hum.—Let me have a close sight of that self-same horn, an' it please you.

(Black Knight *gives* Wamba *the Horn, who puts it round his own neck.*

Black Knight. What mean you, knave? Restore me my bugle.

Wamba. Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping; when Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the

horn, because she can blow the best: attempt not to gainsay me, or Folly will shew a clean pair of heels, and leave Valour to find out his way through the wood in the best way he can. If I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake, that are on the look out for us. I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morion among the green leaves;—had they been honest men, they had kept the path:—Ha! I'm right!

(De Bracey *and followers rush out and attack* Black Knight.)

Black Knight. Ha! St. George! Have we traitors here?

Bracey. Die, tyrant!

Wamba. Not if I and the horn can help it.

(*Sounds the Horn:*—De Bracey *and followers start back.* Wamba *and* Black Knight *sustain an unequal Combat; are just overpowered, when* Robin Hood, Friar, *and* Miller, *rush in with* Outlaws, *and turn the fortune of the fight.* Black Knight *overthrows* De Bracey.)

Black Knight. Timely aid, faith!—I thank thee, gallant friends! But, let me see who are these unprovoked foes of mine? Wamba, open the vizor of that blue Knight: he seems the chief of these villains.

(Wamba *does as requested.)*

Maurice De Bracey! Who urged thee to this traitorous deed?

Bracey. Thy father's son,—who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father!

Black Knight. Thou dost not ask thy life, De Bracey?

Bracey. He that is in the lion's clutch, knows it were needless.

Black Knight. Take it then unasked; on this condition, that thou leave England, and ne'er mention John of Anjou's name, as teaching thee this treason. Away! this instant! And——but mark me well De Bracey, if thou breathest aught that can attaint the honor of my house! by St. George, not the altar itself shall be a sanctuary to thee! I'll hang thee out to feed the ravens, from the very pinnacle of thine own castle. Locksley, let him depart unharmed.

[*Exit* De Bracey *and followers.*

Robin Hood. But that I judge I listen to a voice whose

behests must not be disputed, I would send a shaft after the sculking villain, that should effectually save him the labour of a long journey.

Black Knight. Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley; and well dost judge, thou art the more bound to obey my behests:—Thou judgest rightly; in the Black Knight thou dost indeed behold Richard, the Lion-heart;—Thy King, and King of England!

(Robin Hood, Wamba, Outlaws, &c. *kneel.)*

Rise, friends! your services have well atoned the misdeeds of your life. Rise, liegemen; be good subjects from henceforward: and, Locksley——

Robin Hood. No longer Locksley, Sire, but Robin Hood.

Friar. And I Friar Tuck, not Clerk of Copmanhurst—pardon! pardon! King!

Wamba. Ay, ay, pardon them, Sire! as the old Proverb has it, "When the Cat is away, the Mice will play."

Richard. Pardon! that will I, willingly; nor, fool, shall thy good service be forgotten.—Ha! Wilfred here! Welcome! welcome!

Enter IVANHOE *and* GURTH.

Ivanhoe. I am too late—unhappy chance! my sovereign owes his life to other hands than mine.

Richard. Treason has been at work, young Ivanhoe; but, fear not, it has met its meed: thanks to these gallant friends—Outlaws no more:—but, now I think on't, thou art a traitor too,—Why dost thou journey, ere thy wound is healed?

Ivanhoe. 'Tis heal'd already, gracious Sir!

Richard. What man is this? Stand all aside.

[*Omnes stand aside.*

Enter ISAAC *and* HIGG.

Isaac. Oh! fatal news! Child of my sorrow, thou should'st be called Benoni, not Rebecca. Thy death will bring my grey-hairs to the grave; till, in my heart's deep bitterness, I curse the author of my life, and die. Oh! my daughter! my daughter! thou art as Daniel in the lions' den. Captive to these Belialites! for they will wreck their cruelty upon thee, nor spare thy youth and comely favour. Thou wer't as a crown of green palms unto mine aged locks; and now, must thou wither in a night, like the gourd of Jonah. Child of my love! child of my old age! Oh? Rebecca! daughter of my Ra-

chael, the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee!

Higg. But, read the scroll, Jew! we may find out a way to rescue her.

Isaac. Nay, read thou, Nazarene; for, oh! mine eyes are as a fountain of tears.

Higg. I will;—she tells you she is doomed to death for witchcraft, unless she finds a champion, and begs you will seek out Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

Ivanhoe. Rebecca in danger! nay, let me fly to her aid!

Richard. Stay, thou'rt too weak,—I will be her champion.

Ivanhoe. Thou must not risk thy precious life, my king! Give me the scroll! Come on, old man! Follow me, Gurth! —I'll risk ten thousand lives to save Rebecca.

[*Exeunt* Ivanhoe, Isaac, *and* Gurth.

Richard. Wilfred! Ivanhoe! stay! stay! thy king commands thee! Rash boy! he hears—he heeds me not: we must follow him, at every hazard. After me, friends!

[*Exeunt* Richard, Robin Hood, Friar, *the* Miller, *and* Outlaws.—*Manent* Wamba *and* Higg.

Wamba. A still tongue makes a wise head, they say, yet a fool could say something that might not be out of all reasonable wit. Nathless, I'll keep in the rear: I dare say I shall be time enough for the end of the fight, and it may be for the beginning of the feast that will follow it, both which extremes will suit me much better than their opposites. [*Exit* Wamba.

Higg. So they've left me all alone, with nothing for my pains in pooting thither. That Jew might have thrown me a mancus or two. I think I was bewitched in earnest, when I was beside that girl: but it was always so with Jew or Gentile, whosoever came near her—none could stay when she had an errand to go; and still, whenever I think of her, I would give shop and tools to save her life.

[*Exit* Higg.

SCENE THE LAST.

The Lists of St. George, at Godstowe, in the Tilt Yard of the Preceptory of Templestowe;
Arranged for the Trial by Combat, of Rebecca.
On one side a pile of Faggots, with Bois Guilbert's *Saracen Slaves before it, holding lighted Torches;—in the Centre, at the back, State Chair for the Judges, &c.—A Crowd of*

Peasants assembled, Guards arranged, &c.—Knight's Templars enter in Grand Procession to the Combat, from the Preceptory, in the following order:—

Knight, bearing the Grand Banner of the Order,
Preceded by Six Trumpets;
Twelve Knight's Preceptors, two and two;
The Grand Master;
Bois Guilbert, *armed Cap-à-pée;*
Two Esquires, with his Sword and Shield;
Malvoisin *and* Damian;
Twelve Knight's Companions;
Eight Warders, in Black;
With Rebecca, *Prisoner, in White;*
Esquires and Pages.

The Grand Master ascends the Judgment Throne;—Rebecca *is conducted to a Black Chair, placed near the Fatal Pile;*—Bois Guilbert *takes the opposite side of the Stage;—Knights, &c. arrange themselves:*—Malvoisin, *as Godfather to the Champion,* Bois Guilbert, *lays* Rebecca's *Glove at the Feet of the Grand Master.*

Malvoisin. The good Knight, Brian de Bois Guilbert, standeth to do battle with any Knight, who will espouse the cause of Rebecca, the Jewess, condemned to death by sorcery.—Sound the challenge, Herald!

[*Trumpets sound;—a pause.*

Beaumanoir. No champion appears for the appellant!

Bois Guil. (*Aside to Rebecca.*) Rebecca! one chance is still preserved to thee for life and liberty! speak but the word—I'll cut a passage for thee yet to safety!

Rebecca. Tempter, be gone! I cannot—will not yield!

Beaumanoir. Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt, or is she resolute in her denial?

Bois Guil. She is indeed resolute—and lost.

Beaumanoir. Sound once again the trump, and then prepare her for the pile.

[*Trumpet sounds 2nd time;—a pause.*

No answer!—Once more, and then her pledge is forfeit! Conduct her to the stake! [*Trumpet sounds 3rd time.*

Rebecca. Support me Heaven! every hope is lost!

[*The Challenge is jauntily answered from a distance.*

Ha! the trump is answered!

Beaumanoir. 'Tis but an echo! Conduct her to the stake!

Rebecca. No, no, I see a cloud of dust from far; it is no echo, but an answering challenge:—He comes! he comes! my life—my hope—my Champion!

(*Enter* Ivanhoe, *almost breathless, as Warders are dragging* Rebecca *to the Stake.*)

Ivanhoe. Hold! Monsters! Hold! Wilfred of Ivanhoe defies Bois Guilbert, and defends Rebecca!

Bois Guil. Confusion! (*Aside.*) Ivanhoe! I'll not fight with thee; get thy wounds healed!

Ivanhoe. False Coward! thou shalt fight! Dost thou accept me for thy champion, maiden?

Rebecca. I do—I do—the Champion heaven hath sent me! Yet—no, no, thy wounds are uncured! Meet not that proud man—why should'st thou perish also?

Ivanhoe. Brian! Defend thyself!

(*Trumpets.*—Ivanhoe *and* Bois Guilbert *fight;*—Bois Guilbert, *after exchanging a few passes, throws away his sword, and receives that of* Ivanhoe *in his Body;—staggers to the Chair of* Rebecca, *falls at her feet, and exclaiming* "Maiden—I die for you; pity;—forgive;"—*Dies.*—Beaumanoir *rises.*— Rebecca *falls at* Ivanhoe's *feet, and embraces his knees; then rushes into the arms of her Father* Isaac, *who enters, followed by* Richard, Cedric, Rowena, Robin Hood, Friar, Miller, Wamba, Outlaws, *and Attendants.*

Richard. I am too late! Ivanhoe, this was not well, to take upon thee this venture at this time.

Beaumanoir. I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless.

Richard. Sir Cedric, I claim performance of the boon you promised, not as the Black Knight, but as Cœur de Lion. Wilfred must wed Rowena, and thou, Knight, must forgive him; and the Jewish damsel——

Rebecca. We will to Spain, my father, and there find peace and safety; there is no tarrying for Rebecca here—a life of prayer alone can soothe her sorrows, and express her thanks.

Cedric. Monarch, I will obey thee, for thou hast proved worthy a knight's obedience.---Wilfred, I pardon thee: Rowena, thou art my daughter *(joins their hands,)* and now ——

Wamba. "Now all is ended, like an old wife's story," and we've only to pray, that our hearers may kindly go to bed satisfied, and not damn the teller.

Omnes. Huzza! Long live the Lion Heart!---Joy to Ivanhoe!

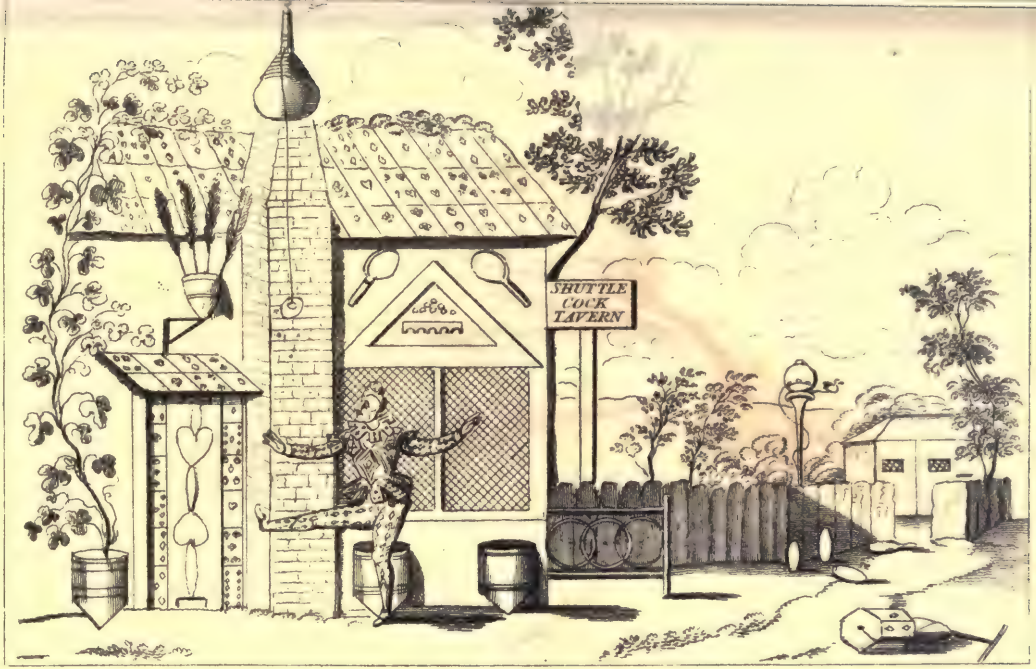
Parties form Tableau——Curtain falls.

THE END.

Marshall, Printer, Kenton Street, Brunswick-Sq.

Scene 2. *"Great Nox, There's a row among the Cards".*

Mr. PAULO *as* POPE JOAN.



Scene 4. *Outside of Shuttle Cock Tavern in the Favorite Comic Pantomime of*

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OR HARLEQUIN AND POPE JOAN.

Dialogue, Songs, Chorusses,

&c. &c.

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OR,

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IRON STATUE,
EL HYDER,
THE LAND STORM, now performing at this Theatre.

WALLACE, *the Hero of Scotland,*—will be the first Melo-drama published;—which will be followed by

EL HYDER, *Chief of the Gaut Mountains,*

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By I. BARKER, at the DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,
ST. CLEMENT'S ARCHWAY, STRAND;
Where may be had
A Matchless Collection of the Ancient & Modern DRAMA.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

King of Clubs a Widower, *(afterwards Harlequin)* } Mr. HOWELL, Jun.

King of Diamonds, a Widower, *(afterwards Pantaloon)* } Mr. BLANCHARD.

King of Spades,.....Mr. FIELDING.

Ghost of the King of Hearts.....Mr. HOBBS,

Knave of Clubs,.....Mr. KING.

Knave of Hearts,.....Mr. RANDEL

Knave of Diamonds,.....Mr. HILL.

Knave of Spades,.....Mr. GEORGE.

Pope Joan, *(afterwards Clown)*.....Mr. PAULO.

King of Night,.....Mr. CARTLICH.

The Pack of Cards by the rest of the Company.

Queen of Hearts, *(afterwards Colombine)* Mrs. W. BARRYMORE

Queen of Spades, ... Mrs. ST. JOHN.

Queen of Night, ... Mrs. DAVIDGE.

Ghost of the Queen of Diamonds.....Mrs. BRADLEY

Ghost of the Queen of Clubs .....Miss PARSLOE.

The other Pantomime Characters are too numerous to insert.

Dialogue, Songs, and Chorusses,

IN

POPE JOAN;

&c. &c.

SCENE 1.

Interior of POPE JOAN's PALACE.

The whole Pack of Cards discovered seated.

DIALOGUE CHORUS.

HERE Diamonds, Clubs, and Spades, and Hearts,
Are met to night to play their parts,
And lose a game or win.
So deal away, mind, dress the board,
Your stops too, count, the eight discard,
Two dozen to begin.

CHORUS.

Deal! deal! deal!
Pope Joan's the game we all approve,
Pope Joan's the game we all do love.

FIRST TABLE.

Q. Hts. I play first, the diamond king,
Kn. Cb. A stop I vow,—you well begin.
Q. Hts. The seven of hearts, the best I have,
Kn. Cb. The eight's a stop ma'am I believe.
Q. Hts. Knave, queen, and king of clubs, you'll own
Gives me the game, besides Pope Joan.

CHORUS.

Game! game! game!
To the winner quickly pay;
Then shuffle, cut, and deal away.

K. Cbs. While stupid old diamonds looks after his game,
The heart of the sweet queen of hearts is my aim;
So win her I will, and elope with her too,
Spite of Pope Joan, the king, and jack too.
Q. Hts. His majesty cheats so, I vow I'll not play,
But off with sweet clubs I'll e'en run away;
He beckons, he ogles,—oh! dear coaxing king,
Diamonds I cut, and walk off by the wing,
And a new game begin.

The King of Clubs here elopes with the Queen of Hearts.

CHORUS.

Deal! deal! deal!
Pope Joan's the game we all approve,
Pope Joan's the game we all do love.

Q. Spa. Ill luck alas! attends my lot.
J. Dia. Four aces in my hand I've got.
Q. Spa. Lead off ma'am pray.
Pope Joan's the card.
JCbs. That's foolish play, ma'am, pon my word.

J. Dia. The board's not dress'd,
J. Clbs. I've got too many.
J. Dia. Those cards are your's,
J. Clbs. I've not got any.
J. Dia. Such cards as these can ne'er be borne,
J. Cbs. With luck like this I'd play till morn;
Behold! all stops! the game is in my hand,
The nine and out——
Stop! stop! I do command!
Game, game.
(Spoken) Stop!
K. Dia. Queens, knaves, aces, and all the diamond pack,
Excuse your king, for oh! alack,
The naughty king of clubs has borne away
Sweet queen of hearts, the beauty of the day:
Thus clubs is trumps, a losing game my lot,
For vile king clubs, the queen of hearts has got;
So jack of diamonds and your pack away.
K. Sp. Stop diamond king, I command you stay,
You cheating king, you ne'er have paid your game
Oh, king of diamonds! diamond king for shame!

K. Dia. Ah! expos'd!—then thus the pack I cut,
And in my pocket the Pope board put;
Jack of diamonds fight, and baste the cheating crew,
These my orders are,—the battle's left to you,

*A Battle royal now takes place among the Cards..*Pope Joan *appears, and with her wand knocks down two jacks, a king, and a queen.*

Joan. How now!—ye vile and senseless pack,
Is't thus ye brains and wisdom lack;
To quarrel, cut, and thus divide,
Break up your game, and let other games deride?
Hence dirty cards! no longer will I use
Such cards as ye, but patent ones I'll choose.
So quit my house, bundle out of doors;
Ye're fit for nought but *put*, or low *all-fours!*
So begone!——*(drives the cards out)*
But how to quarrel with the great court cards,
Requires more of thought than words;
I'll to the queen of night, the patroness of games,
And there disclose the rebel court cards' names:
So night appear! with all thy wondrous train,
Pope Joan's dread summon thou wilt not hear in vain.

She waves, and as the king and queen of night appear, the scene changes to

The splendid PALACE of NIGHT,

A large Moon occupying the back of the stage.

Erebus. Dear Pope Joan, of all round games the best!
Your wishes name, and put me to the test;
No want of your's but what I'll freely grant,
That's if my power permits,—if not, you know
I can't:—

So pour forth your grief, and that in fewest words.

Joan. King of night, there's a *row* among the cards!

Nox. A *row* among the cards?

Joan. Yes, great Nox, they knock each other down,
In short great Nox, they're very am'rous grown;
The queen of hearts loves the arch king clubs,
This vexes diamonds, and diamonds clubs well drubs:
The kings of spades and hearts are lost, or else gone dead,
The queens of clubs and diamonds are also dead 'tis said;
While jacks and aces are in such confusion thrown
We can't make up a table for Pope Joan.

Nox. A shuffling set, but straight this game I'll end,
The deuce play with 'em, and Pope Joan befriend;
So spirits of night, attend my firm decree,
Let the cards appear, tho' at the court end they should be.

The spirits of night appear as the moon turns red,

Nox. See the pale moon e'en blushes at the deed,
When *she* doth blush, 'tis cursed bad indeed:
Let clubs appear—

K.Cbs. Great Nox, I'm here.

Nox. What have you with heart's queen done,
And where, sir, is she carried?

K.Cbs. I've nought, great Nox, to heart's queen done,
And I wont tell where she's carried.

Joan. Oh! wicked clubs! he bids us bold defiance,
Who on bad cards, like me, would place reliance?

Nox. Clubs, begone! let diamonds now appear;

Clubs. Clubs is gone.

Diam. And diamonds, Nox, is here.

Nox. Say bright diamonds why sweet hearts you love?

Diam. Because I to *hearts* a friend would prove;

Joan. Nonsense, old king, clubs doth like her better,

Diam. That may be, but diamonds swears he'll get her.

Nox. Unblushing diamonds, quit the sight of night,
If clubs but triumph, night will feel delight;
So diamonds go, brush, be off I say,

Diam. I'm gone, old night, but still I'll win the day.
Nox. Now let the pretty queen of hearts appear,
The truth from her we soon shall hear;
Hearts, pretty queen of hearts appear.

(The queen of hearts appears)

Nox. 'Tis said, sweet queen, two kings would gain your love,
Q. Hts. Great Nox, I hope that you your words can prove;
But thus it is—clubs loves me, clubs I love,
Clubs I've promis'd, and clubs I'll have.
Nox. You *will* have?
Q. Hts. Yes, old Nox, and as night's a friend to love,
So Nox to hearts must a protecter prove;
For clubs and I are bound as man and wife,
To venture boldly on the game of life:
So cut and deal---to settle here the matter,
Shuffle as you please, we still will come together.
Nox. That bold queen we'll try, at least ma'am for a while,
And thus with cards I'll mortal's hours beguile;
So in my Iron Tower let the rebell'ous crew appear,
And from the lips of night their sentence hear.

A Large IRON TOWER appears, and floats down the stage.

Clubs, hearts, and diamonds, no longer court cards be,
But change your court card forms, to forms of revelry.

Tower changes to a BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE, in which the king of clubs appears as Harlequin—*the king of diamonds as* Pantaloon—*and queen of hearts as* Columbine.

Nox. You Pope Joan shall hunt them fairly down,
Not as Pope Joan, but Pope Joan's Clown.

Pope Joan is then changed to CLOWN—*and the bustle of Pantomime commences with an Outre Scene of*

CLUB CASTLE, at Sunrise,

(SCENE 3,)

Retaining all the character and shape of the *Club Card.*

Here the game of '*Laugh and Lay Down*' is the first game played. The characters then '*shuffle*' and '*play again*' in

SCENE 4,

THE ISLAND OF CARDS,

oooooooo

SCENE 5,

A TAILOR's SHOP,

On a new Principle,

Where side coat pockets form side shop doors, and knockers are proved to be worth no more than a common button.

Here *Cricket-bats*, *balls* and *stumps*, form excellent ornaments of a gateway: while the Parish-pump is proved to be a complete '*trap*' He who gets to '*game hole*' meets his due reward, and he who plays '*cribbage*' and picks pockets of snuff-boxes must be up to snuff to keep them; or else be obliged to '*draw again*' and run the risk of a '*pocket pistol*' instead of a pocket-book.

SCENE 6,

Outside of the SHUTTLECOCK TAVERN,

A new built House, on a new principle;

A *Cribbage-board* forms the door..*cards* the tiles..a *peg top* reversed, the chimney..*whipping-tops* the seats..*cup and ball* the pigeon-house..*dominoes* and *hoops* the palings..and a *te-to-tum* the rolling-stone.

At this Public-house a '*Club*' is held, at which the clown gets '*One for his Nob!*' and the Pantaloon '*two for his heels!*' which satisfies them, and they walk off.

SCENE 7,

Inside of SHUTTLECOCK TAVERN,

Introduces *Mr. Peter Pack*,—the landlord's fanciful arrangement of his room—here a call is made for tea,—the tea-kettle is heard to 'sing' a Duet with pantaloon.

The Kettle runs a chromatic devision.

RECITATION.—*Pantaloon.*

What sounds are those assail my ravish'd ears,
Sure tis the music of the tuneful *spheres.*

DUET.

Tea-kettle, and Pantaloon.

I.

Kettle Away with Melancholy,
And all such drowsy things;
Be brisk, and blithe, and jolly,
For Sukey merrily sings.
Fal. la.

Pant. Oh songstress, sweet and sooty,
Your notes with rapture sing
Tis true you're rather smutty,
But then you merrily sing
Fal, la

II

Kettle. For you I'm full of trouble,
For you I bear loves's sting,
For you I boil and and bubble,
For you I merrily sing
Fal la

Pant. Most charming Mrs. Sukey,
Some comfort quickly bring;
I'm very thirsty, look ye,
Then merrily, merrily sing
Fal, la.

III.

Kettle. Now fetch your best Bohea, Sir,
Your cream and sugar bring;
You'll quickly have some tea, Sir,
For, hark, I merrily sing
Fal, la.

Pant. Then away with melancholy,
And all such drowsy things;
I'll soon be blithe and jolly,
Since you so merrily sing
Fal, la.

The game is now kept up, and many tricks are got; but harlequin plays off '*the odd trick*' by '*clearing the board*' and '*beating his neighbour out of doors.*'

SCENE 8,

Is INSIDE OUT,

Which all must allow when they see it.

SCENE 9,

Is SPADE FARM,

A bishop is found serviceable, his mitre forming a famous chimney pot..knights and pawns of no use..but the king an ornament to the castle. Dice form seats, but he who inclines towards them can never rest. If you play at Back-gammon you'll be glad to lose a *hit*..not mind *being taken up*..nor even *back-gammon'd*..so that you escape being *pigeon'd.*

SCENE 10,

A DOCTOR's SHOP,

Produces a good dose of fun, and a complete remedy for the spleen. An EMPTY SHOP affords ample scope for '*speculation;*' clown and pantaloon take the shop, and setting up as bakers, determine to have a touch at '*commerce.*'..A wheat-sheaf is raised as a sign..from the corn, flour is produced, and from flour a rare batch of bread. A new method of playing '*beggar my neighbour*' is invented by the clown:..a bad game is now introduced, and the selling of *light* bread is made a *heavy*

charge against the clown--the beadle of the parish appears to see there's '*no foul play*,' but gets terribly '*cut up*.'--A bad trade makes the clown '*shut up shop*' when a row of bailiffs, tradesmen, and constables, finish the scene.

SCENE 11,

MATRIMONY AND INTRIGUE.

Here it is evident the pantomimical characters are watched by more eyes than one--harlequin and columbine enter '*matrimony*'--pantaloon sticks to '*intrigue*' when clown is arrested by a '*stop*.'

NIGHT.

Hold! Pope Joan no longer be a clown,
The rebel crew are caught and hunted fairly down;
So quit your form and straight become old Joan,
Your friends to greet and bid them welcome home.

The clown is now changed to his former character of Pope Joan.

POPE JOAN.

Ah! my sceptre here—then hail returned power,
Vengeance nerve my arm, and let this hour,
A warning be to e'en the lowest card,
How they dispute great Pope Joan's word.

She waves her wand and the scene changes to

SCENE 12,

CLUB CAVERN and COURT CARD CEMETRY,

At the opening of the scene, as harlequin, pantaloon, and clown enter--Pope Joan strikes each, and they ap-

pear stationary..on which the ghost of the king of hearts rises near columbine..ghost of the queen of diamonds near pantaloon..ghost of the queen of clubs near harlequin, who with one voice, exclaim

Ghosts. List! List! Oh! List!

K.Hts. Oh! mistress hearts, no sooner am I dead,
Than naughty thoughts enter thus your head;
I thought you bad, but now I know it,
Repent, amend, or else you'll rue it.

Q.Hts. Hush dear ghost! don't let my husband hear,
Or else my faith he'll doubt I fear;
You're dead and gone, and can't live with me,
So pray dear ghost, oh pray forgive me.

Q.Cbs. Diamond king, what hast thou to say?
Your poor dead wife died but t'other day.

Har. To my dead wife I nothing have to say,
But that I wed again but yesterday.

Q.Dia. Vile king diamonds, you black hearted man,
Look on my face that now is pale and wan;
While I was living you lov'd sweet hearts most true
Forsook your loving wife, who broke her heart for you.

Pant. Mother diamonds, you know that you're dead,
So mother diamonds brush, or else I'll break your head.

The ghosts seize them, they struggle——Nox, arises in his Throne.

Nox. Now rebel cards, what have you to say,
Dare you again with Pope Joan play?

(The characters kneel and implore forgiveness)

That bended knee is all that Pope required,
Then Joan's content, she's gained the point desired;
So shades begone, our game with this scene ends,
Formed to amuse our real best of friends.

SCENE LAST.

PALACE OF DIAMONDS.

FINALE.

Our Pantomime Frolic here happily ends,
And diamonds & clubs henceforwards are friends.
While sweet queen of hearts shall taste of heart's care,
If her little love frolic her patrons doth please,

If so each night we'll play
And pass the hour away,
No pack of cards so pleased as we,
To have our efforts plauded be.

FINIS.

THE

SIEGE OF CARTHAGE;

AN

HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts.

BY

WILLIAM FITZGERALD, JUNR.

London:

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Price Three Shillings.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Romans.

Scipio, the Roman General.
Manlius, his fellow officer.
Cato, a Senator.
Censorious, Nepos, } two Consuls.
Captain, &c.

Carthaginians.

Asdrubal, the Carthaginian Leader.
Mecius, his son.
Fabius, his infant son.
First Soldier, &c.

WOMEN.

Octavia, Asdrubal's wife.
Vestals of the Temple.

Roman and Carthaginian Citizens, Soldiers, &c.

Scene,—Rome and Carthage.

PREFACE.

Justice ! Patronage ! and Merit !

THE Author of the following Lines humbly hopes the Public—the friends of genius—will not consider that his attempt to come within their notice is rudely wanton, or maliciously tended : nothing more is meant than to obtain justice, sue for patronage, and thereby hope the reward of merit.

Circumstances have urged the present resort, and let those illustrious characters—those adornments of society, who rescue genius from oblivion, save youth from destruction, and procure an Englishman the liberty of his soil—an impartial hearing (wheresover that hearing ought to be granted), take this juvenile production into their hands, and compare it with recent matter that hath been played within the walls of both Houses. I will not name any piece as a mark of slander, yet, from the literary talent of those who have inspected, I may with them compare, and invite the world to do likewise. Have I presented it to the management of either house? may be suggested. I here answer, no : for this reason,—I have offered one piece (a Tragedy) of a different nature to their notice,—more particularly to Drury Lane, as I conceived I had some claim on its attention, and that piece having been sanctioned by JOHN KEMBLE, Esq. some

years since, as in his judgment worthy of representation with proper corrections (which it then required), would naturally induce a surmise that some respect might be paid to it. However, they did not think it fit for their Theatre, though I stated my willingness to undertake expences if a failure should occur: but, courteous Reader, the want of a friend deprives numbers from the enjoyment of those liberties which their birthright holds out. Yet, I cannot think a British Public will neglect a cause like this, nor treat it contemptuously. Where would many productive pieces now be if Managers always thought aright? Goldsmith was told "She Stoops to Conquer" was not likely; Pillon met the same fate by his "He would be a Soldier;" Gay, by his "Beggars' Opera," &c. What are those pieces now?—the most prominent of their rank, particularly the last. And may I not be allowed a trial of talent? Read the Siege of Carthage, and then pronounce whether I am wrong when I think it may cope with many that an audience refuse not to see. I own it differs from old writings, —the rage of the day is stage show—stage effect, and light materials, combining at once interest, effect, poetry, and drama—all this is requisite for success, and I think what is now in view will yield it. When Mecius is followed throughout—his situation pictured —Octavia also closely watched—the disposition and arguments of Scipio—the cowardice of Asdrubal, all contrasted, yet agreeing with history in the main point, I hope I shall not be deemed lavish when I say, that if well painted, they would not present a disagreeable picture to any lover or admirer of dramatic performances.

I have stated my reasons why I have acted thus, conceiving it neither of import nor of any effective interest to attempt another offer at the Theatre; and ever being taught that a British Public is equally generous and willing to patronize, I have thus determined to seek shelter under their guardian wings. And if any one or more should interest themselves, and gain my wish by procuring a representation of the following drama, gratitude must ever flow within that couch which holds the spring of every passion. Or should such solace be denied, let me content my ambition by an acknowledged approval of my Tragedy in the closet, reflecting that there I may expect future reception of what my pen inscribes, and that my powers may labour vigorously to gratify the closet if not allowed the stage.

I do not boast of my poetical produce—let the reader determine that, for, whatever merit it may contain, it is the strain of early genius * unassisted by any helpmate but that of perseverance and self-application.

I now quit my preface, and leave the work to a candid world. May envy forbear its venom—prejudice its sting, while generosity holds out its sign, and bids every worthy heart to breathe its flame—lighting that lamp which may, if fostered, guide the way to fame—raising up a monument, that must tell a woful tale if blasted by the hand of tyranny, neglect, and iron injustice: but may virtue and British

* Being now in my twentieth year.

generosity bid my pen inscribe Patronage, Justice, and appreciated Merit.

N. B. Should any one be curious respecting the piece read by John Kemble, Esq., I respectfully inform them, that it is some years since he so acted, and that I presented it as altered by myself, under a different title, yet specifying who had sanctioned it,—which is truth, and nothing but the truth.

THE

SIEGE OF CARTHAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Senate House, at Rome. Enter Scipio and Cato.

Cato. Scipio, you urge, you maintain in vain,
The cause of that insolent enemy,—
Rome's deadliest foe—Rome's glaring rival—
The mighty, the proud Carthaginians.
You're a stranger to that air which swells them,
Like wing'd beings, above their element.
They receive the victorious Roman
With courtesy unmark'd, and homage none:
Shall we, then, at whose approach states tremble,—
Shall *we* witness the blush of diffidence
Tinge the fair hue of innocence, and turn
The friend's embrace to dark and strange envy:
For envy will grow where friendship ceases?
Scipio. To give ear to thy counsel befits me;
But why should Carthage be doom'd for ruin,—
Why should Rome extirpate a foe in dust,

And extinguish that they ne'er can replace!
E'en now the threat'ned citizens tremble:
They behold their massy erections,—
They look on their young that cling around them,—
They sigh, they rend with sorrow for their wives,
And cry out to the gods, "Shall *these* perish,—
Shall Roman cruelty swallow up our life?"
O Cato, why do'st thou still determine
To set forth their direful destruction?

Cato. Because I love valour and my country—
Because Rome cannot stand while Carthage lives.
What Roman is there but would joy with me
When he beholds the flames of that great bulk,
Ascending as incense from an offering!
Our gods would shout again,—they'd ring with praise,—
They'd guard Rome for ever for th' sacrifice.
Oh! how I long to hear the Senate shout,—
Most wisely shout, "Carthage shall be destroy'd."

Scipio. Methinks the air would congeal at the sound,
And drive back the breath that sent forth such words.
Cannot a statesman regard his country
Without bringing to nought his neighbour's home?
Does a hero enact a victory
When destroying a conquer'd citadel?
Scipio will say these are no trophies:
Let the harmless rest—the subdu'd remain.
Add not woe to misery, nor brand to fire.
We have cow'd their courage—rooted their hold:
We need not fear them: they cannot harm us.

Cato. When the lion 's lam'd he rests in quiet:
But let him recover his taming blow,

He'll quickly vent his rage on the giver.
So will our curb'd opponents act with us:
They lie but in ambush to start and strike.
What pow'r would live in dread of another
When that dread could be remov'd? None, I say.
We have beheld our being at a stake,—
Rome hath shook,—it hath trembled like Carthage.
Did they draw back their numbers, did they cease,
Did they delay to execute for us,
Did they heed our embassies, which went forth
To plead the cause of their frighted country?
Scipio, you think I'm ambitious,—
You suppose this breast proof 'gainst pity:
But, no: I can feel for other's sorrows,—
Lend an ear to the writhing tale of woe;
Yet, the gods have made my country dearer
Than the strongest tie of affection,
And when I see an eminence uprais'd,
Tow'ring in clouds above our renown'd pile,
Then 't is my duty to remove the sight
Which must justly annoy ev'ry Roman.

Scipio. To the Senate, which is now assembling,
Let us away: there we will know farther
On the fate of Carthage: to wrangle here
Will not decide their doom. I'll defend them
To the utmost of my weak influence,
And, while I'm pleading the cause of a foe,
I must be, if Rome wills, their enemy.

Cato. Two passions glowing in one breast!
It bespeaks thy noble birth, Scipio.
But, come, to the Senate we'll tend our steps,—
Our presence will be expected there.

[*Exeunt*, P. S.

SCENE II.

The Senate. Enter the two Consuls, who seat themselves ; afterwards, Roman Guards with several Carthaginians as Hostages, who range on one side ; Citizens fill the other. Enter Scipio and Cato, who form on each side.

Censorious, the Consul. Countrymen and sharers of our welfare,
Who oft within these walls have assembled
And giv'n your voices for the good of Rome,
Now let Censorious claim your tendence
To the harangue that shall from him proceed :
Your country,—your birth-place, hath a rival,—
You all know it well,—Carthage is the place
That struggles with us, and may us conquer.
They have till now defi'd our might and strength,—
Our threats they've scorn'd, and our bonds slighted :
Now fortune hath turn'd its wavering tide,
And Rome triumphs, while Carthage rocks with fear.
'Tis in your pow'r, Romans, to crush them :
'Tis yours to command, and Carthage tumbles.
We now are their masters,—we have them here,—
Here are their most valiant, worthy men :
Tell them '*loud*, shall their city fall?
Roman Citizens. It shall.
Scipio. Worthy men, you know not what you enforce :
You would hear the crime before you condemn.
What have these enslav'd bondsmen committed?
What guilt hath been theirs, that you call thus loud?

Tell them their country shall fall—Fall! for why?
Why should the noblest city the world knows
Be reduc'd to a heap of sad ruins?
Recal the word,—say Carthage shall not fall.
Send back their men: go, and stand near their walls,
You'll see the heavens shake with cries for joy,—
You'll hear their young singing "bless the Romans,"
And all the populace shouting, "amen."—
Will not this exult you,—give your souls life?
Will not this be glory? O 'twould be dear,—
Dearer than stains of blood, or swords dull made,—
It would be a victory o'er the mind
Far outvieing any other action.

Cato. Is this a Roman! is this Scipio!
You amaze me! the senate look like mad!
Well they may,—*you'd* pull them down from power:
You bid us unbind our wreathes and waste them:
Whose would be the gain? *Carthage!* Senators.
I would not say the man were a traitor,—
But he that would plead the cause of Carthage
Is not a Roman.

Scipio. What! not a Roman!
Wert thou any other but great Cato,
These walls should not long hold one of our souls,
None dare to startle me with such a blast.
Not a Roman! aspiring monster!
Cry out, Carthage must be destroy'd? *here, here,*
Witness those men, cannot their fate move ye?
Drag forth each Carthaginian in chains,
Make one flame of them,—would that be Roman?
Strike the infant smiling in the lap of sleep,
And cry thou diest by *Roman justice,*
Would that add one laurel to a fair wreath?

Never: it would wither the lasting hue;—
Yet you do this, aye, ten-fold more than this,
When you crush Carthage.
Censorious. This enthusiasm
Sounds not befitting a Roman hero.
It must be well known to every one,
That Carthage is the most dangerous state
Rome hath to fear, and shall we live in dread?
Shall we suffer the hewn bulk to regrow,
And extend its shade over our branches?
Shall we, at the summit of our glory,
Allow one obstacle to sear our sight
While we have the power to remove it?
Romans, whose voices will ever guide us,
Can you wantonly accede to this?
Roman Citizens. No.
Cato. Then Carthage must fall.
Censorious. Cato, it shall fall—
It shall pay homage to its conqueror;
And ye, brave men, who are more than victors,
Shake the senate walls while you loudly shout,
"*Justice* and *Rome!*"
Roman Citizens. *Justice* and *Rome!*

As they are shouting Mecius enters, O. P., *and exclaims as they cease:*

Mecius. Carthage!
Censorious. Who's for Carthage?
Mecius. A Carthaginian:
Yet an humble suitor before Rome's Senate,
To plead, to intreat is my presence here.
You sting the air with dread Carthage shall fall!
Why, grave senators, good Roman people,

Must that fair city blaze in raging flames,
The helpless mother lose her only hope,
And every form perish in death's veil?
The souls that wing for glory in fell war
Lose that life which the gods decree by fate:
But when you thunder fury on your friends,
When envy stabs reason, and raises hate;
When peace is turn'd to war, and love to strife;
When the innocent fall by hatred's hand;
Who shall call it justice? who shall say, strike?
Not the leaders of Rome,—not faithful men,
In whose hands are the bonds of nations,—
Nay, the cords that bind an extended world.
Is Carthage your fear? we give up our arms.
Is Carthage your rival? we would be friends.
If our strength incur our destruction,
We would impair it: yes, throw it away,
Rather than draw upon us your rage.

Cato. If you stand to plead the cause of Carthage,
Our words are few: Carthage must be destroy'd,
Is the determination of Rome.
We are its bondsmen,—we are its subjects,
To fail in executing our duty
Would be to rebel against our country.
You may remove your city, but quickly,
To another spot by re-raising it;
Yet that ancient, lasting foe to Rome
Must in heaps glare.

Mecius. Is this our destiny!

Scipio. Sad indeed: but too sad to rouse up hope.
Go back—tell your friends their impending fate.—
Bid each prepare for arduous warfare—
Rouse them from lethargy—from cold despair.

Stir up courage in every victim,
(For they all are victims to Rome's justice)
That they may fall while rescuing their lives.
Let not dishonour shade over their graves,
Nor history bespeak their dastard fall.
If they die by an enemy's vengeance,
May they die as meriting that vengeance.
May liberty 'waken their souls to arms
And give their weapons the soldier's edge,
That when their walls are beset by numbers,
Fury may startle, and nerve ev'ry vein,
Giving the dullest man warrior's fire
To strive his might, in one desperate act,
To save his liberty and his country.

Mecius. Great soul.

Scipio. I am no more than I was taught:
To love bravery, despise cowardice,
Hate enmity, and inspire the hopeless.

Mecius. May the gods repay you!
My countrymen, for ever we now part,
This is our last adieu: *farewel, farewel!*
Think on Rome, implore our gods for Carthage.
[*Exit.* O. P.

Cato. Who shall undertake the intended siege?

Censorious. None more fitting the charge than Scipio:
His virtue, his valor, both speak for it.
His father's glory sure will shine in him,
And youthful ardour grace his manly race.
We remember one Scipio, his name
Urg'd on the hosts when dread Hannibal fell—
When Carthage received her crippling blow.

Cato. Then let a second Scipio go forth
And crush it.

Censorious. Romans, say, Shall Scipio
Be your General?
Roman Citizens. Scipio for ever.
Scipio. You impose on me, worthiest Romans,
A duty which I would gladly avert.
I thank you for your zeal in applauding—
In pronouncing me worthy of your trust;
But let not this embassy be *my* care,—
Yield my hopes, and place it on another.
Cato. Shall a Roman refuse what Rome demands?
Scipio. I know my duty to Rome and to man:
The one tells me to be wise and ardent;
The other, pure and faithful, void of art.
I love my countrymen more than others:
To see them flourish lifts my soul in joy:
Their renown is my renown: 'tis my pride
To rank among men, the boast of the world.
We are now rais'd in glory high as Mars:
Is there another step to be attain'd—
Mount it, and look like gods on all around.
Ambition is mine,—it is ev'ry man's
That would be noble—that would be worthy.
Some cherish ambition cruel and dire,
Which leads to destruction—to hated tombs.
Let not Rome's ambition be its fall:
Pardon me if I offend by my speech,—
But you may conquer till you are conquer'd.
Every state will behold Carthage's doom.
If we quell it, and leave it in sad heaps,
Others will quake and tremble at our wrath:
But if Carthage should overcome our hosts
(And they will struggle hard for their city),

All our subdu'd foes will sunder their bonds,
And pour in upon us like open tides.
Then Rome will combat, like a sinking bark,
Half welter'd amid the warring billows,
Till rage and victory foam in bodies,
And overwhelm the shatter'd citadel.

Censorious. You infuse fear for our undertaking—

Cato. When from us its taint should be banish'd.
What have we to fear ? are our men tardy ?
Would they reluctantly complete their fame ?
Would their thriving weapons lack in the fight,
And give their foe the chance of wish'd conquest ?
Not when Zama's plains shall ding in their ears ;
Or proud Antiochus of Asia
Be nam'd as overturned by their ardour.
Past exploits will enrage them on to new,
And if a Scipio fulfil his name
The destiny of Rome need not be fear'd.

Censorious. Then, Scipio, in the presence of us,
Swear by the gods, that you'll defend our cause
As a true, brave, and virtuous Roman ;
That Carthage you will destroy—or in death
Silence your form, ere betray your country.

Scipio. May I invoke the fury of the gods,—
May I be dragg'd thro' your streets in show,—
May my head glare on the public forum,
If I prove traitor to a country's cause !
Collect your armies—prepare for the siege.
Give it to my charge ; though against my will,
I set forth for death and destruction :
Yet I would sooner meet horror in flames,
Than take one step to betray my country.

Censorious. Your faith we'll hazard, and trust your virtue;
Nay, we will not suspect your loyalty.
Come, let us prepare for the invasion.
Scipio. I am willing.
Cato. And may the gods ride forth
To invest each soul with a soldier's fire.

Exit Scipio between Cato and the Consul, the others are seen following as the scene shuts.

SCENE III.

The walls of Carthage. Distant view of the city in the back-ground. Enter Asdrubal, **O. P.**, *and Mecius* **P. S.**, *meeting.*

Asdrubal. Welcome here my son! shall Carthage live?
Mecius. Yes, till Roman fury steep it in flames.
Asdrubal. Must we be sacrific'd?
Mecius. Our doom is fix'd—
The senate are relentless—they are bent
To destroy us—utterly destroy us.
Asdrubal. Alas, poor city.
Mecius. Weep not, my father,—
We are Carthaginians, and leaders
Of the dauntless and brave soldiery,—
For us to shed tears looks like cowardice:
We may feel the threaten'd stroke within us,
But should not shew it by tears most weak.
Asdrubal. Pardon me, Mecius.
Mecius. Most willingly.

Yet, oh my father, sink not courage:
Thou cans't not tell what may be done by it,—
It may give the warriors energy,
It may sparkle vigor in our striplings,
Shake off the despair of the hopeless man,
And paint fury in ev'ry countenance.

Asdrubal. Shall we oppose them?

Mecius. What ought we to do?
Ought we to wallow in poor lethargy,
And lie like yelping dogs about our streets;
Should we on our knees submit to our foes,
And behold them sneer on us for dastards;
Should we disgrace our end by brutal fear,
Witnessing the city stain'd by our blood,
While Roman myriads remain'd unscar'd?

Asdrubal. Better to invade their sense with balmy peace:
It might retract their purpose and aid ours.

Mecius. How! Tell a Roman this and he would laugh!
A Carthaginian,—and argue thus!
Where's the spirit that fill'd an Hannibal!
Where's the fortitude that rais'd a Carthage—
The great ambition which soar'd for fame,
And spread our deeds with lasting memory.

Asdrubal. What would'st thou have me do?

Mecius. Deal out war's fare
Among the enemy, turn desperate.
Wield your sword—as a rushing wind on dust
Drive them before you. If that will not do,
Turn madman!

Asdrubal. Madman! What means my boy?

Mecius. I mean, be furious, be nobly wild;
And, while amidst smoking ruins you stride,—
While shrieking groans yell in profusion,
Dance desperate on the hunters of Rome,
Who, athirst for blood, come here to slaughter:
Let them have their fill—let them choak with death,
And we'll triumph o'er their strangling bodies.

Asdrubal. You are on the verge of madness e'en now.

Mecius. Death 's a wild theme: Honor is glorious:
'Tis between the two the soldier maddens;
But neither can inspire your despairing breast,—
Despondency weighs too heavy on you.

Asdrubal. I fear the gods have fated our ruin:
Our words may sound, and many may applaud,
But when the Romans shall clang their approach,
Who will then face them?

Mecius. I will!

Asdrubal. What! a boy!

Mecius. A boy! Is that contemptible?

Asdrubal. No, son:
Yet the city will not follow a boy.

Mecius. Who can they follow? you'll not head their tribe?
They may brand you for deserting their bands,
But not your boy.

Asdrubal. Hold! Is this Mecius!

Mecius. Yes, tim'rous parent. It is Mecius,
Who, when the city's flurry shall call him,
Will go forth undaunted and fight their cause.—
It is Mecius, though betrayed in *you*,
Will not betray his men,—a dearer cause. *(going.)*

Asdrubal. Mecius: stay.

Mecius. Your words must be hasty.

Asdrubal. I command your stay: obey a father.

Mecius. You command! *(with a sneer)* go, and guide the armed hosts
That wait a leader—rouse the city's strength,
And *command* them to obey your person.
Stand and command amidst the city's rage,—
Oppose the torrent that must sweep it down,
Dunn'd in smoke, and scar'd with flames—*there command.*
Or, when surrounded by prowling victors,
While boldly warding off their piercing darts,
You should want an arm to save, *then* command me—
I'd rush—I'd fly, though I fell at your feet,
To obey a father dying with wounds.

Asdrubal. You astonish me! Wonder of thy race,
I am determined to hazard the field.

Mecius. Nor will shrink, though death should stare a huge waste?

Asdrubal. You need not doubt my honour, Mecius:
I'll lead the soldiers through waves of blood.

Mecius. Swear: the cause is sacred,—trifling is vain.

Asdrubal. What shall I swear?

Mecius. To defend liberty:
Or bravely fall in its glorious field,
Reeking with wounds—struggling for that cause,
Which must ever rouse th' spirit of a man.

Asdrubal. I swear by the gods to fulfil your wish,
And oppose our degrading enemy
While life shall give my body action.

Mecius. Nobly sworn : so may it be fulfilled.
Now to the senate, who wait in suspence
To hear of Rome's fatal decision.
Asdrubal. May they hear it as men, and so revenge.
Mecius. To give the lofty state a master-blow
That will shake their empire and bring it low.

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Asdrubal's mansion—Midnight. Enter Octavia, O. P., *in her night-apparel, and with a lighted lamp in her hand, which she places on a table in the back-ground, and then comes forward.*

Octavia. The weight of gloom pervades o'er my spirits,
And keeps them pondering in a dread maze.
No husband return'd! no Mecius here!
What are the proud gods inventing for us,—
Surely th' Roman pow'r will not hold my boy
For insulting their state with manly fire;
Or pleading our cause with wonted ardor?
Oh Carthage! Carthage! when will thy state rest?
When will peace gild thy walls—joy thy streets?
When shall we cease to shrink from war's clamor;
Or hail the morn when fear shall wing its flight?
Destruction clouds o'er us in a mass,
And soon will burst to strike the city dead.
But why stays my husband—why, why so long
Doth he keep away, and torment my breast?

I cannot sleep—my couch hath lost its down :
Nor can the pillow ease my revolving brain.
Thought after thought drives its way, while my heart
In dreadful agitation beats on,
Telling me death must quickly yell around.
(Kneeling) O thou sacred waft that glidedst the soul
Of our renown'd Hannibal to its rest,
Blow from us the clouds that darken our breasts ;
Frustrate our degraders' plans ; turn 'pon them
Blasting winds, and impede their progress here.

Mecius. (without) Octavia ! Octavia.

Octavia. (rising) Who calls ?

Mecius. (Enters O. P., *exclaiming)* Mecius.

Octavia. (falling on his neck.) My Son.

Mecius. Yes, it is thy son.

Octavia. O sudden joy, it quite overcomes me!
But what said Rome ?

Mecius. Rome—*(in a confused manner)*

Octavia. You rebound my words—
What said Rome's senate to you of Carthage ?

Mecius. That it should fall, nor could aught evade it.

Octavia. Thou liest !

Mecius. Mother!

Octavia. Carthage shall not fall!

Mecius. Would to the gods that we could prevent it.

Octavia. We will prevent it !

Mecius. How! dearest mother ? *(much affected)*

Octavia. By opposing them, from child to manhood.
I'll wear the soldier's arms—I'll meet them.

Mecius. Ah, can your tender form face rugged war ?
Oh no : the drops of pain do stain my cheek—
Never did the inward sigh sink my heart

Till now. Thousands there are will rage like you;
But, Oh! when the city's towers shall shake;
When smoke shall rise, and rushing flames follow;
When mingled clashes and victory sound;
While Roman banners shine through each casement,
What horror—what distraction will glare!
Then rage will turn to shrieks, and cries to groans;
The air will shew a canopy of blood,
And fume with savor heart-rending to thought.

Octavia. Most dreadful day!

Mecius. Yet, droop not, my mother,
Let fortitude bear us to hope.

Octavia. It shall.
But look—see my little one—my infant,
Hath left its rest to seek for his mother.

Enter her infant young Fabius, O. P., *she kneels, he clings to her.*

Fabius. Why did you leave me?
I have been so shock'd.

Octavia. At what, child?

Fabius. I heard the cries of murder.
Then the smoke arose—I thought we were burnt.

Octavia. Poor innocent. *(she kisses him)*

Mecius. Dreams, boy, dreams—nothing else. *(shouts without)*

Octaiva. What is that—the shouts of the populace.

(Torch lights are seen passing the window in back)

Mecius. The city's in arms—their fate hath rous'd them.

Mother prepare—get on your daily weeds,
Let us away to th' assembly.
Octavia. I will.
Come, my darling, you must away with me.
Mecius. Haste, Mother.
Octavia. Quickly expect my return.
[*Exit with the child and taking the light.*
Mecius. Oh what, ye pow'rs, is wrong,—why dives fear here! *(striking his breast)*
Ah! my heart heaves in quickest motion.
There seems horror, even in this silence,—
Darkness hath robb'd me of usual flux,—
My thoughts picture a shade at ev'ry turn.

(Turns about in the greatest fear, and, as he is going, startles.)

Who's there? answer; or by the gods I'll—I'll——
What will I do.—Vain sight, you have cow'd me.—
Nothing—nothing but my silly weakness.
What would Asdrubal say to this—he'd smile,
Crying, Mecius, where's thy boasting now? *(going)*
Ha! what light's there. *(calling,* O. P.*)*
Asdrubal. (without) Mecius.
Mecius. Here: what news?

(Asdrubal enters O. P. *with a lighted torch.)*

Asdrubal. The city is in arms and agitated much,
Yet are resolv'd to perish ev'ry one,
Or exult in a glorious conquest.
Mecius. Thanks to the gods, for they have inspir'd them.

Asdrubal. The Senate hath decree'd, that trade shall cease ;
That every one, man, woman, or child,
Shall assist in making arms for the siege.
Mecius. A wise law.
Asdrubal. To-morrow-night they all meet
At our public forum, and there declare
Ev'ry soul to withstand 'gainst the Romans.
Mecius. Proud souls! they ride on fearless waves of might.
But my mother appears prepar'd for all. [*Enter Octavia* O. P. *in her day-attire.*]
Asdrubal. My wife ! (*they embrace*)
Octacia. Well, Asdrubal, our fate is seal'd.
Asdrubal. Yet we'll revenge it! where's my Fabius?
Octavia. I left him, where thou should'st repose, sleeping:
His eyelids, dim for rest, ask'd the favour.
Mecius. Let him slumber on. One more day flush'd o'er,
And then farewel rest.
Asdrubal. So the city cry:
They shout, death alone shall rivet their sight.
Octavia. Poor city ! what a time is hovering.
Mecius. Alas ! the picture presents before me :
Methinks the walls are yielding to might—
The frighted victims fly before their foes,
While triumphant Romans march stately on
Till coming to the arm'd points, death starts up,
And rages 'mong resisting myriads.—
Thousands rush to the precipices and dash down
Amid the conquering band. Shoals of groans

With boiling rage, benumb each tender vital.
Children shriek,—Matrons inspire,—Heroes charge,—
And victory or ruin ends the scene.

Octavia. Deathly times!

(*A horn sounds without—they startle.*)

Asdrubal. 'Tis the army collecting.

Mecius. Duty bids us there. (*hastily*)

Asdrubal. One night ere we go.

Mecius. This is not a time to lull in pleasure,—
To the army.

Asdrubal. What says my Octavia?

Octavia. That no tie should hold when liberty calls.

Asdrubal. Come, I willingly obey its demand.

[*Exit with Octavia.*

Mecius. Now may courage, manlike, breathe within me.
And keep my spirit from the dastard's depth.
Brood o'er me, ye gods, and inspire my arm,
That I may strike a lion's stroke in war.
Place me in the hottest fire, there I'll burn,
Till, sear'd and exhausted, I nobly fall. [*Exit,* O.P.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Senate House, as before. Enter Cato, Scipio, and Manlius, O. P.

Manlius. Cato, thou art made to inspire my soul—
'Tis thy counsel that shall ever have place here.
Scipio. Let warlike duty ever be my care.
Cato. What says Scipio?
Scipio. That every breast
Should be taught, the gods have in them mercy.
Cato. 'Tis false! the gods have in them no mercy
For our proud, indignant foes of Carthage:
They shine forth their mercy on the humble,
Not impart a lustre to defiance.
Scipio. Who defies them?
Manlius. Carthage, and their numbers.
Scipio. Does not Rome defy the gods of Carthage?
Manlius. No.
Scipio. Answer me, Cato.
Cato. What meanest thou.
Scipio. That you're an ememy to mercy's sound,
Which might rescue one trembling form from death:
Th' gods of Carthage have humbled to us,—
They have taught their heroes to become slaves,—
To crouch before their enemies at Rome.
When Mecius—young Mecius came forth,
And completed his painful embassy,—
Bow'd in homage to Rome's decree—parted—
Took a last adieu of his countrymen,—

Left the Senate with god-like sympathy,
Who could not feel the soldier's sorrow?
Mercy struggling with Justice for a foe,—
Neither mov'd you: Hate, swelling up each vein,
Making vent in your speech, hastily cried,
"Who shall undertake the intended siege?"
Manlius. It 'spoke a Roman!
Scipio. It 'spoke no Roman.—
It told aloud the swelling enmity
Which clotted as a cloud within his breast,
To burst, when met by virtue, like thunder,
Rolling vengeance on its awing bellow.
Cato. If each were girted to embrace the sword,
Thou might'st try the metal here. But hear me,—
I fear there settles around thy great heart
A weight of cowardice, which sinks it down,
Giving rise to clamor, more than thou'd'st do.
'Tis thy fear of Carthage, not thy love for it
Which makes thee dread this impending struggle.
Scipio. For a coward rated! down surgy rage!
Nor give to passion deadliest edge,
While hemm'd within the Senate's sacred walls:
For here's the tongue that shall tell my courage.
(*drawing his sword*)
Out dear weapon, and wash thy tainted name
Free from the blasting brand of coward's ire.
Now, Cato, prove whether for fear or love
I bid thee make thyself known a Roman!
Manlius. Desist, Scipio, you're chok'd with madness.
Cato. Dost thou challenge me although defenceless?
Scipio. Quickly lend him thy weapon, Manlius.
I would have him know how my great heart sinks,—

I would try the metal,—know the temper,
Which forms the soul of so great a hero.
Manlius. Sheath, sheath, and put by in peace your weapon
Till a Carthaginian shall face you,—
Cato. Whose death would honour you more, than in Rome
To ruffle up the quiet of its statesmen.
Scipio. I guess'd the test your courage would withstand,
And know by this a man, and soldier,
That to stab his honour will gush forth rage
No aid can extinguish, but will burn on
Till soothing peace shall heal his bruised fame.
Manlius. Let that peace enforce its powerful office
O'er your minds, and root out the sting of hate,
Which hath stolen thus strangely within you.
Cato. I own no hatred towards Scipio:
'Twas but zeal for Rome that over-rul'd me,
And caus'd passion to misguide my words.
The cause of Rome is the life of Cato!
And how you may decide on my doubtings
I know not, but before the gods, I vow,
All I have done, set forth, or enacted,
Was actuated by my country's welfare,—
It was for that I hinted you coward,—
It was for that I inspir'd Manlius,—
And for that I claim Scipio's friendship.
Scipio. My friendship, Cato, is at your command.
The worthiest wisdom is to forgive,
When sense of guilt pays its acknowledgment.
We may separate, but to meet no more:

Then let us part as dying men in love,
Binding each other with cords of virtue,
That when parted by death we may enjoin
To share the joys kept for us by our gods.

Manlius. Your hand, Scipio. Your's I also grasp.—
May we, thus link'd, extirpate all discord;
May nought but Rome, justice, and our country,
Point our swords, or color the Senate's speech;
May Scipio, Manlius, and Cato,
When they strike, or use their might 'gainst justice,
Lose the present means of defending it!

Scipio. And may yon powers ratify our wish!

Cato. To shower down their smiles of victory,
Or blast us by their anger in defeat.

Enter 1st Captain, O. P.

1st Captain. General, your presence is now waited—
The army is collecting.

Scipio. We attend. [*exit captain,* O. P.
Now to review the willing soldiers,
Who cover the plain, like forests planted,
With glittering helms mounting living forms;
There each arm supports its given weapon
And longs to execute.

Manlius. So should they long,—
The tardy soldier cannot conquer.

Cato. Nor does the brave that fights unwillingly:
But Roman warriors all eager are
To strive with the stream of their countrymen.—
May fortune's tide carry their willing souls
Clear of all projected or dashing cliffs,
No mountains meet rear'd by their leaders strife,—
But may death, or victory crown their life.

[*Exeunt,* O. P.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Forum at Carthage. Citizens assembled. Asdrubal, O. P., *Octavia with Fabius* P. S., *Mecius in the Forum.*

Mecius. Citizens, Carthaginians, and men,
By your will I fill this sacred forum :
Never did one stand in a closer wind
Of national exigency than I :—
Rome, elated with the dregs of conquest,—
Surfeited by rancorous passion,—
Filling the couch of peace with venom'd hate,
Startles our quiet by the shock of war.
Never till now did Carthage fear that shock :
We should have return'd it in warlike clang,
And blazon'd our fronts with godly prowess,
To ride the proud torrent, or in it sink :
But how are we to stem our weak branches
Of remaining vigor ? ——————
We want not the glowing sun of valor,
But its radiant darts, outshining gloom,
That we may dazzle all horror from us.
What says Asdrubal to the city's call ?

Asdrubal. I am bound by their voice.
Octavia. Good people, hear,
Hear young Mecius for his country's sake.
All of them. Mecius for ever!
Mecius. I'm here t' obey.
Then, countrymen, I unlock my heart's close
To shew you how high Roman monsters soar—
Monsters shall I call them! yes, they're monsters:
It is not manly to hem us in flames
And envelope our lives in death's embrace,—
It is not befitting their dread summit
To grasp the helpless, and stoop to murder,
Strewing amid innocence envy's gore!
No, Carthaginians, ——————
They are less than monsters, and would do more,
To uplift their arms 'gainst the humbled foe
Who hath sought a friendly shade beneath them,
Discarding strife, to link a chain of peace.

Enter 1*st Soldier hastily,* P. S.

1*st Soldier.* The Romans are encamping near our walls.
Mecius. The Romans near?
1*st Soldier.* 'Tis true.

(Mecius comes down to the front.)

Octavia. Now, Mecius,
Our city stands on the point of hazard,
Which may oversway and sunder it in heaps.—
Think, O think what will save, what will guard it!
Mecius. I know no breast to mark with pity's name
But Scipio's the Roman General.

Octavia. O haste quickly to him : take Fabius,—
Take my darling child, and teach him a prayer
To move a Roman heart for Carthage's fate.

Mecius. Should they hold us captives, what then would rise ?

Asdrubal. Honour must deter them from the base act.

Mecius. To serve my country I'd forfeit my life,
For that I was born : it is my heart's wish
To mount on wings flapping with victory,
Smiling at death, wading o'er fear's gulph.
Could you, my friends, see the soul half winged
Yielding its breast for a nation's cause,
You'd joy at the sight, and exulting breathe
A longing to behold the scene again.
But I am suspending glory too high—
Shall I entreat, good Carthaginians,
Once more for peace, though clad in iron bonds,
Pressing us at once to deadly subjects :
What say ye, citizens, peace or war ?

All of them. [*after a short pause,*] Peace.

Mecius. [*to Fabius,*] Come then, Fabius, spotless innocence,—
Virtue swelling in an infantile couch,
Come, and look the mien of thy enemy.

Asdrubal. I will range the camp most fit for warfare
If you prove hopeless in the embassy,
That obstinate vigor may terminate
Our life with fame, imparting a lustre
To ages yet untold by breathing man.

Mecius. Bid each prepare to defend, and like men
Impede that torrent, restless for slaughter.

Octavia. Oaway, Mecius; fly swiftly hence,
And soften thy tongue with plaintive echo
Of answering peace: for my heart now yearns
O'er those numbers that must rend and perish,
If war clamor through the gathered air.

Mecius. Then let me embrace my related forms.—

Embracing Octavia and Asdrubal: they each kiss Fabius.

And once more farewel each fair citizen.
Wait till the sun shall fade at eve's coming
Before you count me lost,————
And should I fail a return,—think my end,—
And revenge it as it may deserve. Come.

[*Exit with Fabius,* O. P.

SCENE II.

A landscape—A rugged plain. Enter Manlius and Scipio, P. S.

Manlius. So near to Carthage's bulk have we gain'd.
Ere long will issue out its destiny.

Scipio. Too long do those minutes drag onward time,
When destruction raves in foaming surge,—
When reddest gore rills down the paved way,
And branded homes stare a desolate mark,
Till fury's mastiff-rod, striking its prey,
Hurls the whole mass of living quietude
In confused heaps of slaughter and death.

Manlius. Such is the havoc—the slaughter of war.

Scipio. And such is the demand of upmost Rome.
Yet, my country, my country I'll obey,
Nor shall cowardice ever sear my name.

Manlius. How shall we dispose our force for the night.

Scipio. Let them encamp where they are now resting,
And to-morrow we'll mark out the guidance
Of our pending task more eligibly.
Myself will repose, (if repose be mine,)
Beneath the eastern shade, that I may 'wake
With the sunny brightness of morning's glare,
And from the neighbouring summits behold
Carthage's stately piles, which, when lighted up,
Will sheet the air,—a veil of deathly hue.

Manlius. Then, till the morn, we separate.

Scipio. We do.
Yet, oh, my mind waves a gloomy sceptre
———————— of fear. ————————
Its depression haunts my composure,
And ruffles quiet in her whitest tomb :
But, adieu my friend and companion,
Give this night a wholesome sleep—'tis the last
Till our die be set in conquest or death. [*Exit*, O. P.

Manlius. I much fear the purity of his faith :
He holds Carthage too dear for its victor,
Yet manly ardour fumes from his breathings,
And struggles amidst the pitying stream.
Rome knows his worth, and why should I doubt it :
'Tis not my theme to rip with pois'ning edge
The purest vestal of well-grounded fame.
No : let me shun the gulph of envy's lure,
And court a friend with a friend's reliance,
That join'd by faithful twine, in godlike bond,
We may unite as heroes, friends, and men. [*Exit*, O.P.

SCENE III.

The tent of Scipio. The stage dark. A lamp hanging in the middle of the tent. Scipio is discovered sitting and pressing his brows as if sleepy.

Scipio. Adieu, ye smiling lights, which cheer the night,
And glare with glad'ning ray in your huge bed;
Spin out your lustre on my gloomy couch
And pluck me from the abyss of despair.
Begone, tedious thought, nor haunt my rest
With hag-like pictures of thy direful fount:
But let me succour peace, as the infant
Draws from its parent the milk of repose,
So mother-like mind—origin of sense,
Yield forth thy balm, and wrap me in sweet sleep.
[*He lays down to sleep.*

Enter Mecius with Fabius near to the tent O. P.

Mecius. (*To Fabius, who is weak,*) Bear up, Fabius; we are near their camp.

(*Turns and sees Scipio sleeping.*)

The tent of a chief: it is Scipio!
Ah, now Rome have I your fate at command,—
Your leader chain'd in sleep's rivetted snore,
Lies as a victim for barbarous death.—
I could with this impress the secret mine,

(*having drawn his sword*)

And choke Rome's hope in this brave hero's death:
But, O dastardly trade for Mecius,—

Murderer, the worst of all hated names!
Never! never let that stain my being,
And drive me with a curse to hellish verge.
(*sheathing his sword*)

(*To Fabius, who hath lain himself down by the tent.*)

Rise, boy, rise; nor lie in the lion's reach,
Or he may stalk forth and unseen crush thee:
Yet Scipio smiles the kindest visage, (*looking on him*)
And at the Senate told a worthy mind.—
But look, he startles: dreams 'wake his sense,
And thorny plants the couch of moss-like ease.

Scipio starts from his sleep: seeing Mecius, he comes forward. Mecius falls on his knee, holding Fabius.

Scipio. How! Mecius here?
Mecius. Truly, I am here,
And lowered as a supplicant in dust:
For thousands I kneel, for thousands I pray:—
Carthage, struck with dread, and trembling fear,
Sends this boy as an hostage, claiming peace.
[*Offers Fabius to Scipio.*
Scipio. This mean art, Mecius, is beneath thee:
Would'st thou 'tice me from duty,—from my oath
Of allegiance to my country's hope?
Would'st thou have me *blast* Rome's trust in my hold,
Returning home and shouting me traitor!
No, Mecius: thy hopes aspire too high.
Mecius. My knee, not crouching thus low for myself,
But for myriads of half-fainting souls,
Shews me a meanly humble soldier:
But if my tongue, made for the noise of war,

Glut thine ear with fawning sounds, though noble,
Hear, Scipio, hear, this innocent boy.

Scipio. 'Tis vain to urge: my oath is ratified,
Nor can I, though my heart will'd, retract it.

Mecius. You will not hear him, then.

[*somewhat harshly.*

Scipio. No, I cannot:
A traitor's curse sets before me a mount
Barring any intercourse with you.

Mecius. Traitor!
Accuse Carthage, nor broach me with such terms.

Scipio. (*warmly,*) Then hastily repair back to Carthage,
Or thy stay here may hold thee from it more.

Mecius. (*Starting and bursting into passion, eyes Scipio with contempt.*) Ha! ha! hold me, impede me from Carthage!
What! cage me a prisoner thus alone!
I thought thy breast buoy'd a flame chastely pure,—
I thought pity—a warrior's pity,
Would have shewn you my heart free from mischief,
And struck the string of sorrow for our fate:
But come, Fabius, spurn on this monster,—
Curse him with ev'ry breath.

Scipio. Hold, enrag'd boy!

Mecius. Boy! dost thou say? I might have been a man
And sav'd my country—striding o'er Rome's might,
I might have crush'd you when lying in form,
And stretch'd in sleep, on yon nightly pillow.

(*Pointing to the couch, and drawing his sword.*)

Yes, this, this might have prob'd to thy vital,
And delivered Carthage from warring dread.
Scipio. Elated delusion! who could save—
Who could have deliver'd Carthage?
Mecius. Mecius!
Had I not the means when this sword call'd out,
Do a deed, give me passage to a heart,—
To thy heart, could'st thou have sav'd my fell blow?
No: sleep clos'd thee in her deathly tangle.—
I might have cut through life's knot, and wound up
On the roll of time thy existing thread,
Giving another soul to eternity.
Scipio. Was thy purpose here an assassin's?
Mecius. No: my blood turns cool at the thought of it.
Scipio. Then why boast of sparing my existence?
Mecius. Because my arm had wisely stopt that breath
Which now scorns me.
Scipio. Mistaken passion,—
I scorn thee not, but accuse thy rashness:
Thou hast suck'd rage dry from all calmy juice,
And vented with hottest fire its venom;
Judge me as human, manlike, and hero,
I have enacted more than I'm bound;
My feelings, already touch'd for Carthage,
Would, were I to listen now, quite burst forth
And overflow courage with rapid stream;
My will is tied by the Senate-ta'en-oath,
And 'tis that glass which shews me my duty,
Presents Carthage with all her misery,
Yet keeps the mark in view I'm to follow,

Nor dare wave, though pity should excite,
And stride oe'r my way, in meekest posture.
Mecius. O flame of patriotism richly great!
As a burning mount, most grand when throwing
The corrupted lava from its bowels:
So dost thou shine in the tempted hero,
Who standing aghast from treachery's fiend,
Lighted by ardor,—he bursts into rage—
With fire sparkling—his country actuates,
And ever bars out the brand of traitor.
Scipio. Thou art lavishing thy praise void of faith.
Mecius. No, Scipio: thy breathings speak thy heart.
O who can withstand his native current,
Bearing on it the souls of myriads!
Could I see them weltering in anguish,—
Shrieking from the depth of despair for peace,
And, while there was one gleam of hope in view,
Not crouch beneath the ray, and sue its shine?
No, Roman: my heart in pain led me thus,—
Carthage sits weighty on it, and I lost
Your allegiance in enforcing mine.
Forgive the irruption I endur'd,
When passion shook me to my vital,
And madly caus'd me to doubt your virtue.
Scipio. Ask not retrieve of malice, I bear none;
But take my hint, and bear thyself homewards.
Strip each Carthaginian of his fear
And gloriously exult him for the war—
Reflecting fury is now panting
In every Roman soldier's breast,
Who wait for this cloudy cope to yield them light,
Ere they make their arms glitter in conflict.

Mecius. Soon shall conflict stir lethargy to rage,
And buoy it up in desperation.
Come, innocent boy, to a mother's arms,
And kiss the drip of sorrow from her cheeks.
Farewel, monument of heroic fame.

(Pressing Scipio by the hand.)

Think of Mecius in the battle's heat:
Yet, O let mercy stop the savage hand,
And arrest the blow of cowardly conquest;
Suspend justice on every standard,
And when her scales bear down with Roman might,
Then sound aloud for victory, ———
Nor crush another life, ———
Lest justice, hovering above, should smite,
And turn the balance with deadly slaughter.

[*Exit Mecius with Fabius*, O. P.

Scipio. When I lack the sway of mercy's sceptre,
Then I follow justice beyond its bounds:
Man should buoy valor, but not out-glut it.

[*Enter captain*, P. S., *in haste.*]

Captain. Brave Scipio, the Carthaginians
Are in sight, and fast making towards us.

Scipio. (surprised) What 's thy speech! the Carthaginians near!

Captain. So Manlius reports.

Scipio. This sounds but ill,
As if there were treachery floating near:
Beware, Mecius, if thou hast mock'd me,
All the ties of honor, nor hold of love,
Should save thee from my contemnting wildness,

If meanly vile to win a warring chance
Thou didst come here: soon may this sword meet thine

(Drawing his sword.)

And reward thee for thy wretched errand.
Let death overtake thy dastardly art
And grasp thee as a monster in his hold:
Yes, he is deserving the monster's fate
That would betray a man, country, or state.

[*Exit*, P. S.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Carthaginian camp. Sun shining strongly. Enter Octavia from O. P., *back, as between the camp.*

Octavia. (in a state of delirium,) Fates! fates! what
are your councils driving forth!
Where 's my boy—my Fabius—where are they?
Husband—Mecius—all torn away!
O reigning sun, lustre out! O cheer me,
Or else grief congealing will press me down,
And banish me from thy view in death's hold!
(Drums and trumpets very faintly heard.)
Ha! stay my soul, nor elate in madness:
They are about it—what—why in battle.
Where 's Mecius and my little one now?
Perhaps driving amidst the deathly storm.
Hark, hark, the swords are clashing: O I'll hence,—
I'll be a warrior—I'll earn my boy—
I'll yell aloud—nay, shake the plain with voice,
Calling for Fabius,—he is my own,
My dear little innocent—I will storm

Till I bring the heavens about their ears.
(Raving as going off, O. P.*)*
Fabius! Fabius! my Fabius!

[*As she is nearly off, a noise is heard without: she bursts into hysteric laughter, falling about the center of the stage. Enter three or four soldiers with Fabius, she rises, on her knee, passionately fondling over him.*]

Octavia, Again, again. *(kissing Fabius,)*
But, oh! tell me soldiers,
Is Mecius safe?
1*st Soldier.* We left him, lady,
In the battle.
Octavia. Then he is in glory. *(rising)*
But say, justly say, who are conquering?
Soldiers. We were, when we quitted the reeking plain.
Octavia. Oh heavens! it goes well: but are you sure,—
Say it once again, we are conquering?
1*st Soldier.* To say the truth, when I left the battle,
Our numbers were conquering.
Octavia. Happy news!
I could feed on the sound—conquering, oh!
I am chok'd with joy: 'tis delightful fare.
Now, Rome, triumph in our destruction,
We 'll smile at your threats, and scorn your senate:
Carthage saved, and my Fabius too.
Blessed gods! to conquer for us.
Mecius. (without, faintly heard calling) What, ho!
Victory! victory!
Octavia. What is that noise?

1st Soldier. 'Tis Mecius coming.

Mecius enters from back, O. P. *calling, almost breathless,* "Victory:" *he supports himself on the first soldier.*

Octavia. O my Mecius, how goes the battle?
Mecius. (smiling,) Victorious! we are victorious!
Ha! ha! we have conquer'd them.
Octavia. Oh great day!
It doth revive ev'ry hope.
Mecius. With sure step.
Yet hear me tell how we won our conquest:
I'd scarcely left the camp of Scipio
When I fell in with our marching army;
They rested: but the Sun was hardly seen
Before our foe shew'd in robust numbers;
This, at first, threw o'er Asdrubal a fright,
Which I turn'd on the instant to madness.
We gather'd in form, and stood for battle:
Each glorious arm mov'd with ardent thrust,—
And clanging clashes rent the frighted air.
Blood began to stain our gaudy trappings,
And now it was a scene of foaming war.
Soon, soon did I perceive the Roman's loss,
And, spurring on our men, made hot attack:
Down fell the victims of conquering might,
And onward rush'd their impetuous foe.
Over thousands did I stride, wading death,
'Scaping the wounds, which I to numbers gave.
How the Romans rallied! but in vain:
In vain did they inspire with trumpets' thrill,
Their hosts were lost to inspiration;

Long did they struggle, and tried their best art,
But their best was little to withstand us:
Like a massy ship we glided o'er them,
As drove by wind we surmounted all height,
And after obstinate contention,
Lagging in their blood, they dropt their standards,
And we shouted, we shouted, VICTORY!
(The last line to be delivered in enthusiastic exultation)
Octa. What a summit we have, thus victors, gain'd—
Swept by this blow all tremor from our souls.
But, tell me, my valiant Mecius,
Did Asdrubal act the warrior's part,
And mainly glare in godlike action?
Mecius. He outstrung his wildest theme, and went on,
Heedless of danger, ripping might in twain,
As if some lava flowed within him,
And sent out his life in furious flames.
Octavia. Roll, freely roll on, ye ardent billows,
And bear aloof on your topmost surface,
Carthage and her thousands of trembling forms:
But shall we tremble now? no: let's exult,—
Let's away to the city, and shout our
———— presence, ————
Proclaiming loud, conquest and victory.
Mecius. Rather let us bend before that power,
Which stretch'd its arm, and smote our foes with death.
Think you, kind mother, ————
We alone swell'd so gloriously, and stood,
Olympus-lofty, above their struggle?
Oh, no: there was death riding in the air,
Stifling Roman bands, while mercy shining,
Was to us propitious, and gave the
———— day, ————
Unlook'd for, into our all-favour'd hands.

Octavia. Wise Mecius: let us pay our tribute,
Where gratitude demands.
Mecius. To the temple
We'll hence, and offer up our warmest praise
To our deliverers—the mighty gods.
Octavia. But when returns Asdrubal from the fight
To claim the city's triumph, and blaze forth
In stately pomp through the crowded passways?
Mecius. Soon will he accompany our praises,
And unite with us in worthiest song:
Yet, good soldiers, make quickly to him
And impart our wish, that in the temple
We expect his presence: haste and tell him.
[*Exeunt soldiers*, O. P., *back.*
Now, relative dear, to revere our gods,
We summon the vestal choir, with their theme
To solemnize this memorable day:
May our voices chaunt purest harmony,
And, breathing sweet, glide 'round the sacred doom:
Set in gratitude our upraised eyes;
With tongues expressive of the heart-felt notes:
Let us delight in joy, and bound with praise.
Exeunt Octavia and Mecius, leading Fabius between them, O. P., *back.*

SCENE II.

A landscape, representing the Roman camp. Enter Scipio and Manlius, P. S.

Scipio. Our defeat, Manlius, will prove fatal,
Nor dare I return to Rome thus shackled
With the twine of infamous cowardice.
Our troops, half cloy'd with easiest conquest,
Tardily us'd the power that was theirs.

How my blood inly smok'd when o numb ers
Came reeling back from the foes' sturdy charge.
Poorly did they contest so great a cause,
While Carthage, mad with desperation,
Dash'd, as wave with wave join'd, breaking o'er us,
Prowl'd along in pompous elation!

Manlius. To young Mecius Carthage owes the day:
'Twas he who lighted the vigorous flame,
And set it raging amidst his heroes:
While some magic spell withheld our fire,
And lower'd each standard for crouching peace.

Scipio. Bitter recital! deeply doth it sting!
Yet, Mecius, I suspect, is not proof:
I fear honour sits press'd by treachery.
To my camp, when night clouded heaven's base,
He came, and with a boy sought my friendship:
He tempted me with luring art of tale,—
Picturing out Carthage's deepest writhing,
Then, presenting the youth, star'd on my face,
And with bended knee, sued a treaty.

Manlius. For what?

Scipio. Peace.

Manlius. And how did you answer him?

Scipio. As befitting me in such exigence:
Plac'd between the brink of perfidy and
———— pity's shoal, ————
I outsprang the danger, and was a man.
Exhorted him to return, and prepare
For nobler employ than to teach me how
To deceive my country.

Manlius. And did he thus?

Scipio. Yes, and to outward eye, most worthily.
Yet my reflection presents a surmise,
That he intended another purpose,

Fitting more the meanly hireling, than him—
A spy in our camps, to learn their power.
Manlius. If so, he merits—
Scipio. The hireling's reward,—
Death without regret, a grave void of tomb:
The two deepest pangs of a lofty breast.
But see our captain hastily makes here.
Enter captain, O. P.
Well, what news is there now floating within?
Captain. That our army, watching the enemy
As withdrawing themselves towards Carthage,
Have gain'd an advantageous summit,
And are waiting your command to use it.
Scipio. Are they willing to regain their honour,
And combat with energy the proud foe?
Captain. 'Tis your presence they lack to inspire them.
Scipio. What think ye, Manlius, dare we attack?
Manlius. Let us renew it with tenfold rigor,
Swearing by Rome, the gods, and faithful ties,
To count as heroes among the slaughter'd,
Or triumphantly enter Carthage's walls,
Rather than behold our proud citadel
In vanquish'd garb, and desolate mien,
Scipio. Manly resolve, bidding courage revive.
Now tremble to your roots, ye lofty piles:
Scipio comes in desperate array.
Rock each pinnacle with fear: I am bent
To try the test of existing courage.
Come Mecius, and lead your army on,—
Face a warrior you sought to betray.
Bid the steels mingle confusion loud,
And re-echo 'long yon cloud-canopy.
Nay, sweat to your might, mating soldiers,
This is the mightiest mountain you'll e're climb.—
He that gains its top, can defy the world,

And awe the huge base with massy terror.
And now the prize is set, your leader comes,
A soul on fire, he longs to vent the heat.

[*Exit with captain*, O. P.

Manlius. Godlike man! Mounted on the wings of hope,—
Lifted beyond the pitch of worldly top,
His mind, bright-clad, harbours thoughtful plumage.
If death should him strike, his glory but dawns
In those realms where godly wings would him shade;
Victorious, he shares universally
The renown of an elated empire,
While a wondering world would shed no less.

SCENE III.

The temple, beautifully illuminated. Vestals fill the wings. Mecius, Octavia, and Fabius in the front.

Mecius. (holding a lyre) Here, ye sacred powers, high peer'd above,
We raise our ardent theme in humble strain:
Sweetly may each note swell on wafting air
And happy sound through your gilded palaces.
Thankful are we, goodly gods, for this hour—
Tributary to your mighty virtue.
O may it shine on every vestal,
And heavenly dulcify their praises.

Music strikes up and Vestals sing.

Vestals.

Hail, for ever hail, supremest gods,
Brightly waving might's sceptred sway,
Who gave us victorious odds,
And proudly crown'd the battl'd day.

Now we shout your blessed name
Through the temple of our fame:
Greatly good, virtuous, fair,
Ride triumphant on the air
To protect us with your arm
From a prowling war's alarm.

[SOLO, *which may be sung by Mecius.*]

Come, Cynthius, and tune my lyre,—
Kindly teach me how to press it,
That, tinkling fair, my heart may fire,
And blaze for those who possess it.
[*Pressing the lyre,*]
Tink, tink, tink,
The notes are sweet.
Tink, tink, tink,
They glow and meet,
Ev'ry breathing in my breast
Fuming for our gods of rest.

[DUET, *as solemn as possible.*]

May they on their bright airy throne,
Overwatch our enemies prone;
Divulge their dark and venom'd mind,—
Hurtle them down with 'venging wind.

At the conclusion of the duet, they break into the chorus, as at first, which concludes the music.

At the close of the chorus a crash is heard without: Mecius starts, dropping the lyre, the others stand in amaze: the noise is heard plainer.

Octavia. (breaking the silence) What is this, Mecius, speak the meaning.

Mecius (heeds her not, but waves his hand, as unable to account for it.)

Octavia. Ye purest vestals gather around him:
The tremendous shock hath struck his brain.

Mecius. *(the vestals gather round, he puts them away, as seeing some one coming, and breaks forth)*
Look, the messenger comes,—he tends here:
With hurried step he quickly advances
To tell us of our fated destiny.

[*Enter* 1*st soldier*, O. P. *Mecius brings him eagerly in front.*]

Mecius. Say, dread harbinger, thy news.

1*st Soldier.* The Romans,
Making fresh attack on our guardless troops,
Forc'd us before them, and are now breaking
Their way into th' city; our———

Mecius. *(stops him)* Stay thy speech:
For I'll root the tongue from its cursed hold,
Which tells me the Romans are conquering.

Octavia. Hear him on, nor deal out passion's spoil:
He claims thy ear,—'tis Carthage bids you thus.

Mecius. Pardon me, good soldier, 'twas my rage,
Not my will: go on, I will hear thee all.

1*st Soldier.* Our strength was nearly envelop'd in waste,
When I quitted the irrupted body,
And Asdrubal, calling for Mecius,
Shrunk from duty, giving the Romans way.

Mecius. Worst of fear, to fly an enemy's front!
But now I'll mingle with tumultuous arms,
And die, or live, as fate pervading firms.
This arm shall mate in contending warfare,
Till it inactive drop the shield of life:
Nay, my powers all shall outdo their office,
Exhausting in a desperate employ.

Yes, I'll croak till I yell hideous groans,
Busying on the soldiery to arms.
Adieu, good mother, and implore the gods.
I am raging! mad'ning! 'tis Carthage calls!
[*Exit*, O. P. *with soldier.*

Octavia. He is gone! the fearless patriot's gone,
Full of his country and upstarted fire.
Oh, my innocent Fabius, how soon
The torrent of war may overcome us
Unseen time will tell.————
The Romans, razing our defensive mark,—
The city shrieking a terrible fear,
Portend distracted minutes yet to come:
But let me kneel,—a power may withhold
Death and ravaging slaughter from our streets.
Kindly gather around, each vestal fair,
Our homage may raise a friend in yon air.

Octavia kneels in the centre with Fabius, the vestals gather around as the curtain descends with soft music.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The entry of the city. The wings on one side, **P. S,** *showing its walls, the other and back-ground its buildings. Enter Scipio with a party of Roman soldiers,* **P. S.** *back-wing.*

Scipio. Now we ride down the elated victors,—
Conquest crowns our brows, and flaps with wings
Of tireless emotion around us,
Still urging on the hour of completed
Victory.————————————
Now, Romans, you have scar'd the coward's mark,
And rear'd—manly rear'd each blazon'd standard.
What, good soldiers, withheld your spirit,
And drove you, as a wreck, to ruin's shore?
And what, I might ask, snatch'd you from the sand,
Stirring life in death, and hope in despair?
Some clouded power doth fight our cause,
Actuating with mysterious arms:
But we are the instruments, and must work
With labour sturdy in our high employ.
Yet mercy, godlike, should not be banish'd,
Yielding to barbarous and fell carnage,
No: let us subdue and complete our end,
Sparing blood where manly mercy bids it.
Yes, each countenance glows a cheerful will:
I need not press but give you action.
Come, then, I will head the way with temper

Fitting a leader in deathly havoc;
And, Romans, annul not this, my last demand,
Deriding innocence with horrid whet,
But fight like men, and conquer as heroes.
[*Exit with soldier*, O. P.

Enter Manlius, P. S.

Manlius. I have just 'scap'd the madman Mecius:
Darting to and fro, he ravages on,
Calling aloud for Carthage and for Rome.
[*Clash of swords without.*]
See, the heated passion now is up,
And Carthage battles hard for her safety.
Where is the Carthaginian boy now!
Haste, young Mecius, and save thy city.

About to exit, O. P. *Mecius calls and enters*, P. S.

Mecius. What, ho! Roman, turn back, 'tis Mecius:
Fly not, but face the danger manfully.

Manlius. Where's the danger?

Mecius. Here! [*meaning himself.*

Manlius. Go to thy friends, nor stop a life
Which may do them service.

Mecius. What! teaching me!
Know, Roman, you brave the brink of vengeance,—
I hold the sword wreaking,—thus I defy—
I challenge thee to arms.

Manlius. Then beware thy fate.

They fight obstinately. Mecius overcomes Manlius. He falls quite exhausted. Huzzaing and the noise of burning are heard without, O. P.

Mecius. Ha! they light the city in monstrous flames!
Unjust Rome—savage all, to murder thus.
Lie, Roman, in thy gore—see the fire red,
Blazing with human blood to please thy home.
Tell the gods all you witness, and strike them
With shiv'ring horror, for pending our fall. [*Exit*, O. P.

The scene closes, shewing a confined part of the temple, gloomy.

Enter Asdrubal, O. P.

Asdrubal. I will not resist the tide any longer:
The army, half extinguish'd, all in noise,
Fumed in screaming writhe; buildings falling;
Flames dancing upwards—proudly ascending.
No hope to buoy on, how can I hold out!
The Romans are decreed to conquer us:
'Tis folly—'tis madness to withstand them.
Had we receiv'd them with welcome entry,
Carthage might have stood, and one day reveng'd:
But that gleam is buried in prowling war,
Which is now lying each tower in waste.
What if I am traitor: who can broach me?—
Carthage will, ere long, cease its murmuring,
And lie spread in death: while I shall in Rome
Taste the splendor of its spoil.—But my wife
Will curse, when told my resolve, most loudly,
And with her dying groans struggle.

Octavia. (entering O. P., *her hair hanging loose, and calling, as she enters)* Traitor!
Asdrubal! traitor! oh monstrous traitor!

Asdrubal. (with the utmost astonishment)
Octavia! or am I beguiled?

Octavia. No, cursed man: no, 'tis Octavia.
Well thou may'st hide thy dastardly person:
Yes, go and sneak beneath the Roman robe,—
Kiss their feet, and lick, as a dog, the dust
From off proud splendor. How, bitterest wretch,
Wilt thou find an entry within these walls,
And they not crush thee?

Asdrubal. (hastily throwing down his sword.)
There, woman, to their will
I submit myself; but they have sold us.

Octavia. Sold! who hath sold us—you? yes, you have done

(taking up the sword.)

Which this shall never do—'tis now mine,—
Its metal was ne'er temper'd for thy trade,
And I will put it to a test in proof.

(Flames are seen through the window in back.)

Now, now they call me—I obey—I come.
Yes, Fabius, I'll revenge—I feel it—
My soul leaps aloof, so will I.—I'll charge—
On—on—rally on, ye hardy soldiers!
Tear the traitor out,—give him to the flames!—
He dies, he dies. Now, Fabius, I'm thine,
I am mounting into elysium!

[*Exit,* O. P. *in the wildest enthusiasm.*

Asdrubal. She's glutted with madest elation,—
Full flows the distracting boil through her veins.

(Going, starts back)

Ha! the city stares a massive horror;
Mecius, too, alone, makes quickly here;
O that I were dead, rather than see this!—
I must, I must implore Roman shelter,
Or furious hate will sunder me twain. [*Exit,* O. P.

Enter 1st Soldier, O. P.

Soldier. The temple, the temple now is burning!

(*Flames keep darting across the window in back.*)

Carnage is doing its worst: ev'ry street
Bears its deathly load, while Octavia
Seeks a refuge amid the shrieking walls.

(Mecius enters in the wildest manner, stopping the soldier, who is about to exit.)

Mecius. Hold! Carthaginian, and list to me:
Show me the topmost matter of thy breast.

Sol. Perhaps the surge may be worse than th' body.

Mecius. Give it me all—I'm burning in suspense.

Soldier. Thy mother now conceals in this temple;
Fabius hath perish'd in the slaughter;
Asdrubal is gone o'er to the Romans;
And ————

Mecius. (interrupting him by venting his feelings, which are deeply shocked by the recital.)
O stay, heart-strings, nor yield up your office!
May foreign gods blast Asdrubal in pain,—
Wanton violator of nature's laws:
Curse him, curse him, ev'ry Roman parent:
He's a scorpion of deathly venom.
And, oh ye angry powers! guide my soul
Into your regions; save my mother
From vile perdition, and raise her up
With virtuous fire to her infant's home.
Oh smile down—you have had enough of war—
And freely open your gates for our pass:
Presently we'll enter,—another deed,
And I'm with you. [*going.*

Soldier. Seek you Octavia?

Mecius. No: I now go in search of a traitor,
To let out the blood which might breed a race
Of faithless beings to their country's fame.
Lead me on to him, just gods, and I'll dash
From the earth this blaspheming relative. [*Exit with soldier,* O. P.

SCENE III.

The scene opens and discovers the city partly in ruins and partly burning. The portal of the temple is seen in the distant wing, O. P. *Enter Scipio, and captain with Asdrubal, followed by a few soldiers, who range on* P. S.

Scipio. Asdrubal, by wantonly yielding thus,
You stain the fall of this long fam'd city,
And brand it for ages.

Asdrubal. What can I less?
No hope dazzles out of our conquering;
And is it befitting me to give up
A life so dearly infus'd by nature?
No: I value the living spark too much,
For an upstart people to wash it out.
Scipio. Thy wife, thy Mecius, claim a struggle.
Asdrubal. Their claim is but weak:
Who sent these direful flames within our walls?
Who threw up Carthage in these flaky heaps?
Mecius, and my wife, they hurl'd on us
This deathly mass by their tumid breathing.
Scipio. Look, the temple burns to its portal:
They say thy wife is there.
(The flames are seen faintly breaking forth.)
Asdrubal. She is no more:
Madness hath toss'd reason beyond her reach,
Leaving her to the sport of dæmon-will.
Scipio. Torpid monster! flintly wretch!———
Ha! she comes.———————
(Octavia enters from the temple, the sword in her hold: the temple falls in as she leaves it.)
Octavia. Now the ruin is most grandly completed:
Our temple in flames!—triumph on ye flakes!
(Comes in front: she starts on seeing Asdrubal, he attempts to shun her.)
Ha! Asdrubal, stir not, but brook my death.
I blame not thee, worthiest warrior;
Nor Rome, nor its ever transcendant gods:
Yet this tardy, vile Carthaginian,
I will not say husband,—he blasts the name,
I curse to the doors of waiting torment,
For thus wretchedly defacing our fall.
Oh! I am weak: but may yon witnessing gods
Roll you in torrid flames of liquid pain,—

May they toss you above, rack you beneath,
Hissing you to and fro—shrieking *a traitor!*
Asdrubal. Octavia!
Octavia. Aye, 'tis Octavia!
Gaze on me you gaping soldiery!
Take the wretch you hold to resplendant Rome,—
Drag him at your chariot-wheels in show.
Blaze around him hissing serpents with darts
That will shoot from their outforcing venom,
And torment him thus: ————
Expose him to the common multitude;
Place a branded mark, glaring forth traitor,
Then let the rabble vent in shoals on him,
Breaking to pieces his monstrous form:
A feast for the gods.————
And, while I am parching, thirsting for life,
Let me implore more of you: tell that his wife
Defied his treacherous endearments,
And, falling with Carthage, beguil'd not fate
But did thus, ————
(*Stabs herself: Scipio and Captain catch her. Mecius enters from back, calling, as coming on.*)
Mecius. Where's the traitor, Asdrubal!
Octavia. (*faintly answers*) Here!
[*Mecius comes forward, and kneels by Octavia as they bear her down.*]
Octavia. Adieu, good Mecius. I am soaring—
Quickly follow. Yes, Fabius, I come. (*dies*)
Mecius. Excellent of thy sex, soon will I mount
And share with thee the brightest of rewards!
(*to Asdrubal.*)
Well, hoary traitor!
Canst thou tamely—unmov'd, behold her end?
Asdrubal. I answer not thy insolence, boy.
Mecius. Insolence! who complains of insolence!

What! a traitor,—and talk of insolence?
When record shall present our city's fall,
And truth picture out thy monstrous lore,
Who's will be the insolence then?

Asdrubal. Let my deeds glare their own fame.

Mecius. And so mine:
But there is one that shall extinguish all—
A son exterminating his father
To retrieve the debt of slighted honour:
Yes, take the blow, perfidious parent,
At which justice will shout, and treachery—.
Fiendly treachery————
Shake to its soul of hideous issue.

[*Asdrubal makes some attempt to escape, the soldiers prevent. As Mecius stabs him, he falls into the soldiers' arms, and struggles to speak, but cannot.*

Mecius. May thy fate raise a bauk to cowardice,
And warn others from slighting an oath
Sworn by the ties of man, and sacred pow'rs!
Bear him away, soldiers, his sight spoils me
For the happiness that is now op'ning.

(*they bear him away.*)

Yes, set your train in tendance, blessed gods:
My deed is done, and I fulfil my word.
This proves my passport, and sends me to you.

[*Stabs himself: Scipio and Captain bear him down as the Roman soldiers march in from the back wing, bearing the body of Manlius aloof: the soldiers fill the back, Mecius and Octavia lie in the front, Scipio and Captain stand on each side of them, while Manlius is borne in the middle of the groupe behind. The curtain descends with solemn music.*]

FINIS.

Printed by Thomas Chaplin, 1, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

THE

FATE OF CALAS.

A

TRAGIC MELODRAME,

IN THREE ACTS,

PERFORMED WITH UNBOUNDED APPROBATION AT THE

Surrey Theatre.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICTOR,

AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,

By T. DIBDIN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. LOWNDES, MARQUIS-COURT, DRURY-LANE

1820.

[*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*]

Characters.

Jean Calas, *(a Merchant)*.....	Mr. Bengough.
Marc Antoine Calas, *(his son)*..	Mr. Watkins.
Edward, *(Lover of Pauline)*....	Mr. Huntley.
Ambroise, *(Enemy of Calas)*....	Mr. Smith.
The Capitoul, *(or first Magistate)*	Mr. Grant.
Jacob, *(an old Domestic of Calas)*	Mr. Chatterley.
Laurence, *(Servant to Edward)*	Mr. Fitzwilliam.
Gilbert.....	Mr. Brunton.
Officer.....	Mr. Parker.
Assessor	Mr. Walker.
Clerk.....	Mr. Jameson.

Friends of Calas for the Fête, Soldiery, Judges, Lawyers, Peasants, Townspeople, &c. &c.

Madame Calas,.....	Miss Taylor.
Pauline (*her daughter*).....	Mrs. Horn.
Jeannette { *daughter to Jacob, and maid to Pauline* }	Miss Copeland.

Ladies of Toulouse, Peasantry, &c.

SCENE, TOULOUSE,—in the year 1761.

TIME 48 HOURS.

THE

FATE OF CALAS.

ACT I.

SCENE,

A Garden, on one side the Vestibule of CALAS' *House —on the other a Pavilion with a Door—at the back a handsome Iron Gate practicable—on the outside a low practicable Town Rampart—the Suburbs and a beautiful Country beyond them—Garden Seats, banks of Flowers &c. over the Stage—the Pavilion is beautifully shaded with Garden Trees and flowering Shrubs—the whole Scene very gay.—Time Sunrise.*

MUSIC EXPRESSIVE OF BIRDS AND MORNING.

As the Curtain rises, LAURENCE *appears in the distance, traversing the Angles of the Rampart—he carries a bundle on his stick over his shoulder—passes the Walls, and at length appears on the outside of the Garden Gate, which he tries but cannot open—Music ceases.*

LAURENCE.

BLESS us! the bolt won't open—I dare say that's because its lock'd, and the gate's fast because nobody sha'nt go in without ringing the bell—*(rings and calls.)* Jacob! papa Jacob! its only me—what have you lock'd the gate for?

JACOB, *from the Vestibule.*

Coming! coming! I haven't finish'd my toilet— *(Enters, buttoning his waistcoat.)* Who in the name of wonder rings our bell? Monsieur Calas don't expect any one

—ah—why its Laurence, I do declare.

Lau. Yes, its me papa Jacob—I'm here.

Jacob. Indeed!

Lau. Yes, indeed, in *propria persona,* as our curate says.

Jacob. Impossible!

Lau. It may be impossible, but its very true for all that, papa Jacob, so open the gate, for I bring good news.

Jacob. Good news! only let me unlock the gate. *(pulls out a large key)*

Lau. The sooner the better, for I long to shake hands with you, and give my dear Jeanette, your daughter that is, and my wife that will be, such a kiss! *(Jacob opens the gate,* Laurence *enters)* And how are you, and how is Jeanette?

Jacob. She's much as all girls are, who expect every day to be married; she laughs, sings, and talks all day.

Lau. Does she? dear me! love has made *me* quite different—I'm as melancholy as an owl by daylight. I haven't seen Jeanette for three months, and that's a long while for a youth of my insensibility, as our curate calls it.

Jacob. You're an *honest* youth, I believe, and as you're absence was occasioned by your attention to a sick relation, my daughter loves you the better for it. Your master, the counsellor, has spoken highly of you, while you were away, and when he comes from Bourdeaux to marry our young lady, you shall, on the same day, marry my daughter.

Lau. Pretty soul! loves me better for three month's absence! if I had staid *six*, how fond she'd ha' been: and cou'd I have made it a twelvemonth, there'd have been no end to her delight—well, well, as our curate says, I begin to see the aurora of my happiness.

Jacob. But what is the good news you tell of?

Lau. Good news! Oh, true! in the first place, my poor dear uncle is dead.

Jacob. Poor man! in the flower of his age.

Lau. (crying.) Yes, thank fate, he was seventy-seven—a sad thing when a man has lived so long, to die at last—left me his little all—and the doctors said, if he hadn't had a combregation of disorders, and a fit of perplexity, they'd have made a fine cure of him, and saved me all the money he has left behind him.

Jacob. Great pity! great pity! any more news?

Lau. Eh! no, none—but that my master, the counsellor, will be here directly—he desired me to mention it the very first moment I arrived, and you see I have obeyed my orders.

Jacob. Good lad!

Lau. Tell Mr. Calas, said he, and all his good family, I shall be in their arms, and at the feet of my dear Ma'amselle Pauline, within half an hour of your arrival.

Jacob. That is good news, indeed! I must let 'em all know—Jeannette! Jeannette!

Jean. (from the house.) Coming, father!

Lau. Dear me! that's her voice sure enough—how my heart beats!—call her again, if you please, papa Jacob.

Jacob. Jeannette! Jeannette!

Jean. (within.) Stay a moment, father; I'm not half drest, would you have me come this figure?

Lau. Not half drest! call her again papa Jacob, tell her to come directly.

Enter JEANNETTE *tying on her Bonnet*, LAURENCE *hides behind* JACOB.

Jean. La! father, whats the matter? is the house on fire?

Jacob. Eh—why there *is* as a body may say a sort of flame that—

Jean. Flame! where? where, father? *(looking about.)*

Lau. (Coming forward) Here, lilly of my first love—here, rosebud of my recollections, as our curate says, the flame that burns in the first floor of my heart has got so much ahead, that the roof of my attic affections will tumble in, unless the little fireman, Cupid, brings you as the engine to distinguish my conflagration.

Jean. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! how glad I am to be sure.

Lau. (First laughing then crying.) Ah ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—so am I.

Jacob. Now what the devil are you both so glad of?

Jean. Why father, my dream's out—it was such a good one.

Jacob. Indeed!

Lau. Dreaming of me?

Jean. Yes—I thought the first thing I should see this morning was—a white cow.

Lau. Me! a white cow!

Jean. Twice! I dream'd it twice.

Jacob. And—it should have been a calf—well, well, pay the rest of your compliments while I call up the family. How happy it is your master should arrive when they stand so much in need of consolation.

[*Exit into the Vestibule.*

Lau. Consolation! dear me! Jeannette, what does he mean, on so happy a day as this to talk of any thing so cruel as consolation.

Jean. O dear!

Lau. What does he talk about consolation for, its a mournful word, as our curate says, you shall have no consolation when we're married, not a bit—has any thing happen'd to your good master or his dear family?

Jean. Such things!—our good master—don't mention it again, but our good master has enemies—aye, here in Toulouse too.

Lau. Well, so have I—and its partly your fault, for double-jointed Peter the blacksmith was hammerous of you, as our curate says and is so angry about our intended wedding, that he threaten'd to ram a red hot horse-shoe down my throat on the day of my marriage.

Jean. Only to think of his impertinence, what an affront.

Lau. But I shan't swallow it, if he was twice as big—tho' he can thump an anvil, I can thrash in a barn, and my flail shall match his sledge whenever he likes.

Jean. Well but Laurence—

Lau. I'll give *him* consolation, and merrily too.

Jean. Now Laurence, you're such another man.

Lau. And is *he* Monsieur Calas' enemy—I only wish he was—he's a red hot spark, but I'll knock the wind out of his bellows, blow me if I don't.

Jean. No no, our master's enemy is the Capitoul, the first ma—magistrate I think they call him of the city, and there's another, one Mr. Ambroise, not a bit honester than the judge—and then there's our young master, Mr. Antoine—

Lau. What is *he* an enemy?

Jean To no one but himself—I'm afraid he's a—a little mad—and what's worse, he's in love.

Lau. Ah that accounts for his being mad—why before I was in love with you I was—

Jean. Nonsense!

Lau. No, I wasn't—

Jean. Its that Ambroise I tell you has somehow bewitch'd him—he neither sleeps eats nor drinks.

Lau How thin he must have grown.

Jean He walks by himself, talks to himself, and looks so miserable that all the family is in desolation to find out—

Lau. Who has bewitch'd him?—it can't be goody Grizzleton the cowkeeper's widow, because—

Jean. Because she's dead you goose—no, it must be Ambroise, he comes like a sprite, and always tries to avoid us when he visits young master, never looks up, always makes such low bows, and smiles with such a grin that—ah! talk of—

Sees AMBROISE, *who has been coming over the Rampart during her speech.*

Lau. (not seeing him) Talk of the devil as our curate says and—bless me! that's a great likeness—

Amb. Of the devil, my good friend?

Lau. No, no—sir, of double jointed Peter, whom I mean to wallop.

Amb. Jeannette, why this distance?

Jean. (alarmed) Its a very good distance, sir.

Lau. Or if you don't think so sir, she can come further. *(Pulling her towards himself.)*

Amb. I know you are not my friend, but if I should prove the purity of my intentions, the difficulty—

Jean. It would be a great difficulty as you say, sir.

Amb. Indeed. *(turns away)*

Lau. (apart) Is that Mr. Ambro—

Jean. Hush! yes—did you ever see such a—

Lau. No—he's like nothing but himself.

Amb. I wait the commands of your young master.

Jean. I'll tell him, sir. Laurence, I won't leave you alone with him

Lau. No don't Good morning, sir—You dream'd of a white cow Jeannette, and if you hadn't seen me first—

Jean. Come, come along!

Lau. Dreams go by contraries, as our curate says, and that gentleman's so like a black bull, that double jointed Peter himself cou'dn't—

Jean. Come along, I tell you!

[*They go chattering into the house.*

Amb. I am suspected, but I care not—their suspicions come too late, and vengeance is at hand—his sending for me is beyond my hopes—it will enable me to finish the plan I have formed. His father little thinks, that by his boasted integrity, in discovering and chasing from this city a party of, what he called, contraband traders, he ruined all my prospects:—unable, publicly, to reveal my wrongs, my revenge shall be secret, but dreadfully effective! Antoine loves, and loves to madness—his father will never consent to his marriage in a family so opposite to his principles of every sort.—But Antoine has gone too far. he has pledged his patrimony, he has involved himself in their power, and must be exposed, or marry one, whose character, when known, will expose him more:—yes—the marriage shall be performed in secret to-night, and to-morrow the shame of my enemy's family shall be proclaimed to the whole city—but he comes.

Enter ANTOINE CALAS.

Ant. Ambroise! my friend! I have sent for you in a moment of despair. I have more reason than ever to be convinced my family will never consent to my union with Hortensia: it will be impossible ever for me to repay the debts I have contracted, by the seduction of play, with her friends.—I am dying with love for her—remorse for my follies, and fear of discovery—and what!—what will become of me!

Amb. Hortensia is ready to proffer you her hand—the altar waits to receive you.—political and religious opinions, at present, divide your families, but your union will reconcile all.

Ant. I have sworn to my father, and—

Amb. And love has shewn the folly of your oath. Marry—let it be secret for awhile—her fortune will pay your debts, and your family will consent, when there is no remedy.

Ant. You are heavily indebted to my father.

Amb. Which your acknowledgements on paper here will pay—

Ant. And nothing—

Amb. But the fortune of Hortensia will exonerate you —to night you must decide—

Ant. I will!—Gaming—illicit passion!—what shall remedy—

Amb. All will be forgiven, if you renounce the errors of your faith. The altar which I now go to illuminate—the temple where you shall receive the hand of your adored—the forgiveness, your father must perforce accord—and the rejoicing of all your friends to-morrow—

Ant. To-morrow! well, let it come—I have well considered—go—I love Hortensia dearly—dearly as the vital spark which warms my bosom. I have made her father a proposal—take it—should he accept it, all may be well—should he reject it—

Amb. Hortensia will be doomed to a convent; and your disgrace as a broken gamester inevitable! her character is already lost—redeem what you have to answer for, and—

Ant. And, who was my seducer?—but no more—carry my letter—bring back the answer of Hortensia's father, and—

Amb. And if not favorable—

Ant. I know my path—I am the first branch of the family of Calas, who has stained it with dishonor, but I will not be the first who fears to repay the offence with his life!—Aye, Ambroise, with his life!

Amb. Antoine! my friend!

Ant. Begone—you have the letter, an answer quick, quick!

Amb. You are in the power of the father of Hortensia.

Ant. My heart is in the power of his daughter, but no man's honour is in the power of even Hortensia's father—go, go. go! [*Exit Ambroise.*] I am lost—what noise!—let me endeavour to avoid my family—the kind regards of my father and—the tears—the tears of a mother! Oh God! I am in folly! I am in love!—the eyes of her I love are firebrands—but the tears of a mother! and such a mother!—the greatest calamity a son can suffer is to dread the tears of her who first clasp'd him to a parent's bosom; —they come!——I can neither support their kindness nor their anger. [*Exit into the Pavilion.*

Enter from the House, CALAS, MADAME CALAS, PAULINE, JACOB, LAURENCE, *and* JEANNETTE.

Mde. Calas. See, see, my dear husband! our son flies at our approach

Paul. And why, mamma!

Mde Calas. Alas, your father and I are equally ignorant.

Jean. *(To Calas.)* I see the reason—master! sir! Monsieur Calas! look, there lurks that Mr Ambroise—that wicked man that turns our young master's head.

Calas. Jeannette, I forbid you so to speak of one we scarcely know but who is honour'd by the friendship of my son.—*(To Madame Calas.)* Let us not estrange a heart by reproaches, which is already too much disposed to forget us.

Paul. Do not believe it dear father, my brother has never, never ceas'd to love you.

Jacob. Shall I command him to attend you, sir?

Calas. O no—no *commands*—they would make him think he was summon'd before a judge—his own heart will direct him when to seek his father—the arrival of my friend Edward gives me a hope that *his* influence may prove a remedy.

Paul. That it will I'm certain—Edward is so good, so manly, so full of dignity—that for all he's a counsellor he does every thing I bid him, and I'm sure will be the friend of my dear dear brother.

Mde. Calas. Dear, good Pauline—there is yet hope, my husband——

Jacob. Yes, Madame; and there will be a fête too, I hope, to welcome Mr. Edward.

Paul. Yes; and a ball mamma, if you'll permit it.

Mde. Calas. Certainly: I give up my authority to you for the day.

Paul. Thanky'e, my dear mamma! Now, Jacob, Jeannette, Laurence!

All. Here we are, Miss, ready to receive your orders.

Calas. I'll go and welcome Edward.

(A servant brings his hat and cane, he goes out.)

Jacob. Jeannette, bring my hat and cane, that I may attend our master; and, dye hear, make up the bed in the pavilion for Laurence.

Lau. Do; and then I shall hear the birds sing in the morning, without waking any body.

Paul. And don't forget to send in all the neighbours.

Lau. No, miss; except Peter the farrier, and—

(Sings—" Come along, Jeannette."*—Exit with her.)*

Mde. Calas. Pauline, I depend on you for all—prepare to receive a worthy man; his mature age, talents, and integrity, will insure your happiness.—Go, I would speak with your brother.

Paul. Yes, mamma; Edward is all you say, and if he is not, I wish I may never be married! and, in that case, dear me, what a disappointment it would be to both of us. [*Exit.*

Mde. Calas Dear girl!—she is happy, and deserves to be so.—Ah, were her brother but as kind! he loves and fears his father; but his mother—fear cannot mingle with his love for her—he comes.

Enter ANTOINE *from the Pavilion.*

Ant. My mother! I am conscious that I have given offence, but do not reproach me—you can say nothing more severe than what my heart has already charged me with.

Mde. Calas. Cruel young man—our tears are the only reproaches we shall make you: our hearts are broken—you were our only hope, which is now extinguished.

Ant. As my hopes are! yet am I a monster to cause those tears, which return upon my heart like a devouring flame! I would give my life! yes, every drop of my blood! to turn a single pang from my father, or from the kindest, best of mothers!

Mde. Calas. Indeed! my son! my dearest son!

Ant. Beloved! dearest! yet my conduct—

Mde. Calas Has never estranged from you the regard of your parents.—Oh, give them your confidence—tell them ere too late.

Ant. Tell them!—Oh wait!—patience—to day will finish, and develop all.

Mde. Calas. To-day!

Ant. To-day my trouble, and your uncertainty, will finish—and for ever.

Mde. Calas. For ever! dear, dear, son!

Enter PAULINE.

Paul. Mamma, mamma! Edward is come!—My dear brother, I'm sure you're quite as glad as I am, and need not be half so much afraid to own it.

Ant. I *am* rejoiced, indeed, dear sister.

Paul. And you'll stay and see the fête for my sake?

Ant. For thine, and for the sake of my dear, dear mother.

Mde. Calas. For me! then we shall yet be happy.

[*Exit with Pauline into the house.*

Enter AMBROISE.

Amb. Antoine: I bring you such an answer as I feared.

Ant. There is no hope then?

Amb. None.—To-morrow Hortensia bids adieu to the world: a cloister will shut up that unfortunate, and bury her youth, beauty, and the remembrance, she must bitterly feel, of having loved Antoine.

Ant. Hortensia!

Amb. Would you become her executioner, at the vernal age of seventeen! embellished with all the virtues, all the graces—burning with chastest fires for yourself! would you consign her, living, to the tomb? Had you seen her bless you at my departure—she! the victim! who dies, while you abandon her—a word would restore her to life and happiness.

Ant. And me—to—oh! to renounce my parents, my religion—all, all!

Amb. But your honour—the altar waits your vows—her life depends on it—her father will become the friend of yours—your debts of honour will be extinguished, and—

Ant. Go! go!—haste—the sacrifice is ready, and this night shall consummate all—I go to write once more—send me a messenger.

Amb. And when we meet again 'twill be for happiness.

Ant. Heaven send it—haste! send me a messenger—

[*Exit* Ambroise.

Now an instant of reflection—my patrimony I have lost at play—my love is given to the daughter of a house which has ever been my father's greatest enemy—Hortensia loves me—but there are horrid doubts—her character—and—yes—I—I love *her*—the confidence of my family is

gone—reared with the greatest care—I've no excuse. I see my crime and have no remedy—even Ambroise I suspect—he would seduce, and then expose me——come then, foul demon! tempter!—How my brain revolves!—my father!

Enter CALAS, MadameCALAS, EDWARD, PAULINE, JEANNETTE, LAURENCE, &c. &c.

Calas. Dear Edward, take my daughter.

Mde. Calas, Yes, the heart of Pauline and her parents are in unison.

Edward. May I believe—dearest Pauline?

Paul. I always am of the same opinion as ma and pa.

Lau. What an obedient hussey it is.

Jean. Well, and so are all girls, when they're bid.

Calas. (who has been observing Antoine) My son, will you not welcome Edward?

Ant. Welcome him! yes! dear father!

(embracing Edward.)

Mde Calas. (to her husband) His heart is not changed.

Ant. (with mournful congratulation) Edward! you are going to be united to my dear sister, my parents love you—be you to them a kind, an affectionate son—the happiness of Pauline and of all my family is my first desire—

(retires as if overcome)

JACOB *Entering.*

They're all coming to welcome Mr. Edward, and prepare for the fête.

Paul. Yes mamma, they're all coming.

Mde. Calas. (observing Antoine.*)* My son!

Ant. Allow me to retire—father! at your knees—

Calas. In my arms!

Ant. And you will forgive——

Calas. Forgive! who! what!

Paul. Oh, why did I attempt to have a fête, when—

Jacob. The company's coming.

Lau. Yes, they're all come.

Ant. Edward! comfort, console my parents: you have acted rightly! may your lot, as it must, be happy.

[*Exit abruptly.*

Mde. Calas. My son!

Jacob. Fear not, madam; I'll not lose sight of him [*Exit.*

Guests enter, and a dance takes place. At the end of it, Madam Calas *says to* Jacob :—

How have you left my son?

Jacob. Composed, madam; quite composed :—he has written a short letter, and insisted on giving it himself to a porter.

Calas. Our friends are departing.

The company go—Servants light them out with flambeaux —The family go into the house, and when the stage is clear, Antoine *enters.*

Ant. The noise of festivity has ceased: darkness has succeeded the brilliancy of mirth: there wants no light to avoid the path of dishonor. Yes, *(pointing to the pavilion)* that shall be the place—I shall have no witnesses and I have written and sent a confession to the magistrate, which will act, I hope, as a warning for others. Mother!—father!—friends! adieu!—my faults will be—no matter—Ambroise will be disappointed—my deceivers will be deceived—and those who loved me—farewell—farewell, for ever! [*Exit into the pavilion.*

(The family re-enter from seeing the company out.)

Jacob. Every body's gone—its very late.

Jean. (coming from the Vestibule.) Mr. Edward's apartment is quite ready.

Calas. Come, my children, to-morrow will exceed today in pleasure; your marriage will take place, and we shall all be happy. Jacob, shut the doors.

Calas *affectionately takes leave of* Edward, *who embraces* Pauline, *then leads* Madame Calas *into the house, and* Calas *conducts his daughter.*

Jacob. Now, Jeannette, you must make up a bed for our friend here.

Lau. No, thanky'e, I'm so happy, I'm sure I shan't be able to sleep at all.

Jean. Nonsense!

Lau. Nonsense, what for, I wonder!

Jean. Because, I won't marry any man who doesn't go to sleep every night; so, shut the gates, father, and I'll go look to the bed.

Lau. And I'll go with you.

Jean. Lord, you'll be of no use—go help my father to lock the great gate [*Exit into the pavilion.*

Laurence *goes with* Jacob *to lock the gate, when a scream is heard from the pavilion.*

Lau. O, lud! what's the matter—don't be frighten'd, papa, Jacob.

Jacob. Frightened! when did you see me—O, dear! it was the voice of my daughter!

Jean. (from the pavilion) Oh, father! father!

Jacob & Lau. Eh! what!

Jean. (entering.) A man murdered! assassinated!

Lau. Oh, mercy! oh, lud, oh, lud!

Jeannette *runs into the vestibule to give the alarm.* Ambroise, *who has been watching, enters*—Jacob *and* Laurence *go into the pavilion.*

Amb. A man assassinated in the house of my enemy—this may produce more food for my revenge—let us observe. [*retires.*

Calas, Madame Calas, Edward, Jacob, Laurence, Jeannette, *and Attendants enter.* Jacob *and* Laurence *from the pavilion.*

Jacob. 'Tis our young master! he is murdered!

Calas. (rushing towards the pavilion.) A murder! in my house!

Jacob. (to Madame Calas*)* Madame! do not go, for the love of Heaven!

Mde. Calas. Why, in Heaven's name?

Paul. (entering.) Mother! mother! my brother is not in his room!

Mde. Calas. I feared, I feared it all!—let me go—

Calas *enters in great agony from the pavilion, interupts* Madame Calas *as she is going to the spot, who understanding his distress, exclaims:—*

My son! my son then is no more!

(falls into the arms of Jacob.*)*

Paul. My brother!

She is caught by her father—Jeannette *is held by* Laurence. Ambroise *appears observing all that passes*—Jacob *watches him. A picture is formed, and the act-drop falls.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE,

The Interior of the Vestibule, looking towards the Garden, as in Act I. *Doors on each side, the Pavilion seen in a reversed position, as from the house. As the Drop rises the town clock is heard to strike two—a lamp hangs from the ceiling of the Vestibule.*

Mądame Calas *discovered seated, and attended by* Pauline *and* Jeannette. Calas *in front of them, comes forward as if listening, looks around, and speaks.—*

Calas. I tremble at the slightest noise that disturbs the silence, and augments the horror of the night. If from yon ramparts, or any of the neighbouring houses, they should have seen us remove the body of my unfortunate son, all will be lost! [*The women rise.*] Silence!—dear wife, and thou, my daughter, suppress your grief, tremble to awake suspicion. Alas! you know not the severe law which, in this country, sentences to the last disgrace, the corpse of each unfortunate who has been guilty of self-destruction;—his bleeding remains must be given to the public executioner, ignominiously dragged forth by an infuriated mob, and disgracefully cast out without the rites of sepulture.

Mde. Calas. My son!

Calas. Let us at least save his remains from such horror—let us hide his error, and let our affection for his memory arm us with strength to conceal our despair.

Mde. Calas. Yes, yes, my husband—we will be silent—we will cease to weep. *(In an agony of tears.)*

Paul. Unfortunate brother! Oh, what misfortune! what misery!

Jean. My father!

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. (Placing a lanthorn on the floor.) Hush! the clock has strucken two,—in the silence of the night the smallest noise will be overheard.

Calas. Did Edward depart without being perceived?

Jacob. He did—I concealed my light while he and Laurence went out together, and I am certain that no one pass'd at that moment.

Jean. Why did Laurence go?

Jacob. To accompany his master, to be sure, in such a night.

Paul. In such a night could Edward quit us——

Mde. Calas. In a moment so cruel?

Calas. Do not accuse him: he is gone secretly to find the pastor of our church, and concert with him on the means of performing the last duties to our lost son.

Jacob. I gave Mr. Edward a key, to let himself in on his return. Had not Madame better retire to rest?

Mde Calas. Is not the corpse of my son within that chamber?

Calas. For that reason, pray retire; leave us to watch —Pauline, persuade your mother.

Paul. Pray, dearest, dearest mother—*(she permits herself, after some difficulty, to be led out between the daughter and husband.)*

Jacob. I had forgot—stay here, Jeannette, while I—

Jean. (terrified.) Father! would you leave me—here, and alone!

Jacob. Why not? I must watch what passes without.

Jean. No, father; stay here, or take me with you—I am so frightened to be so near the murdered body of—— hush——what was that?

Lau. (from the garden, softly.) A-hem!

Jacob. Hem!

Jean. Some one calls.

Lau. Papa, Jacob! are you there?

Jean. Ah, 'tis Laurence!

Jacob. This way; where's your master, and what news have you?—whisper.

Lau. No good, papa Jacob: oh, if you did but know—

Jean. & Jacob. What! what!

Lau. Why, as our curate says—

Jacob. Confound your curate—speak out.

Jean. Aye, do, dear Laurence, speak out.

Lau. Speak out! why, just now you bid me whisper—well, its all over the city, already—and worse than that—

Jacob. Worse!

Lau. Yes; they say it was an assassin killed the young man.

Jacob & Jeannette. An assassin! who?

(a distant noise heard.)

Jean. & Lau. O lud ha' mercy! what noise was that?

Lau. Let us call Monsieur Calas.

Jacob. No—why alarm him now?

Jean. I hear voices in the street—ah! some one enters.

Lau. I left my master on the watch—perhaps—

Jacob. Yes, 'tis Mr. Edward—

Edw. (Enters much agitated.) Jacob! Jeannette! where is Monsieur Calas?

Jean. Ah, sir—how alarmed you seem!

Edw. I ask you where is your master?

Jacob. With his wife and daughter.

Edw. He is yet to learn then—and—ah, how shall I inform him!

Jacob. Is it possible that what Laurence says is true—do they think our young master fell by other hands than his own?

Edw. O yes, and worse—worst of all—they suspect—

All. Who? who?

Edw. (After a pause.) Listen!—no, no, I cannot yet bring my tongue to—*(apart.)* listen—my friends—you—you love your good master, and would do much to save his life, if it were menaced?

Jacob. Much!

Jean. Every thing!

Jacob. We would lose our own.

Edw. You haven't an instant to spare then. You Jeannette, inform your young lady, without letting others observe you, that I would speak to her alone.

Jean. Yes, sir. [*Exit at the door on the right.*

Edw. You, Jacob, watch the gate next the street—if people assemble, give intelligence.

Jacob. On the instant. [*Exit by the garden.*

Edw. You, Laurence, pass quietly to the town-hall—observe what goes forward, and return to inform me.

Lau. Mightn't I take Jeannette with me, for fear she should be seen?

Edw. Fly, blockhead. *(Exit Laurence.)* Dreadful prejudice!—unfortunate Calas, sixty years of life without reproach have been spent in vain—surrounded by enemies,

a single word has proved sufficient to prosecute thee. *(Jeannette returns with Pauline.)* Ah! dear Pauline.

Paul. Edward! why did you not come to the apartment of my parents? come, come, and assist my feeble efforts to sustain their courage.

Edw. Their courage! alas, Pauline! you are yet far from knowing the added misery, the greatness of the peril which yet awaits them, which yet hangs over the head of your worthy father.

Paul. My father! say what added misery! what peril?

Edw. If the savage acclamations of a misguided multitude were not about to inform you, you would not, could not credit your Edward's dreadful story, nay I even yet doubt whether or not my senses have deceived me The hatred and revenge of fiends whom your father's upright conduct has offended, are at the most unnatural height, for sure it is unnatural! horrible! when to secure a victim, they do not hesitate to accuse a father of the murder of his son!

Paul. What say'st thou? gracious Heaven!

Jean. My master a murderer! and of his son!

(Covers her face with her hands, retires by degrees, weeping.

Edw. Dearest Pauline, the softness of your nature, the innocence of your heart, your youth, and the prudence of your parents have placed, till this day, a veil between your ideas and the cruel prejudices which exist among men, misled by error;—never could you have thought them capable of such injustice;—you tremble, and well you may—yes, Pauline, it is said, nay more, it is believed that your brother was about to relinquish the faith of his ancesters to obtain the hand of her he loved, and that he was immolated by his father to prevent the sacrifice.

Paul. God!

Edw. Yes, it is to him only you can appeal against a calumny so monstrous.

Paul. A father immolate his son! the crime is impossible—but he will justify himself.

Edw. He is lost unless we can snatch him from the base ruffians of this city, from his accusers, and even from his judges—dear Pauline, I depend on you, and on your courage, on the empire which your filial love gives you over the heart of your father, to preserve him from the dreadful effects of this fatal evil.

Paul. O do but speak, what shall I do, what will I not try to accomplish.

Edw. You must persuade your father to quit his home, to fly far from Toulouse.

Paul. Now?—in the middle of the night?

Edw. This very moment—but in uniting our efforts for this necessary purpose, let us spare him the knowledge of this terrible accusation—the thought would be his death.

Paul. And my mother too——Oh, Edward, how my heart bleeds for *her!*—father! brother! Edward! do not, do not *you* forsake us.

Edw. We lose time—come. *(Noise heard.)* What now?

Jacob. (enters alarmed.) Ah, my dear Mr. Edward—we are lost——all's over—the street is full of people, they watch our house—they whisper—they are agitated and confused; voices speak of our master, of murder, and revenge, nor do I think they will long refrain from forcing their way in.

Edw. They dare not unless sanctioned by the magistrates—let us profit of this delay to—*(A tremendous crash as if windows were driven in, accompanied by a hurried shout of* Calas! Calas!—*the family all rush in from the door on the right.)*

Calas. Great Heaven! what tumult!

Mde. Calas. (running to Pauline.) My daughter! *(*Calas *goes towards the gate.)*

Edw. (stopping him.) Hold! stay! do not show yourself.

Calas & Mde. Calas. (with astonishment.) Edward!

Calas. Not show myself!—what mean you?

Edw. & Paul. Silence! caution!

Jacob. Be ruled, sir, or we are lost.

Mde. Calas. Fear not—he will never resign to their rage, the corse of his hapless son!

Calas. Resign it! never—no, not with my life!

*(more noise is heard—*Jeannette *enters.)*

Jean. They break down all before them, and are forcing their way. *(a drum heard.)* There are are soldiers too, who bid them retire.

Calas. Our misfortune is at its height then—they come, armed with the law, to take useless vengeance on a hapless suicide!—did you see the pastor? *(to* Edward.)

Edw. No, my friend; and your misfortune surpasses your imagination—I know not what demon discovered and reported the death of your son; but hatred, ignorance, and fury, have armed even the magistrates of the town against you,

Calas. I feared it—yes; their barbarity would expose on a scaffold, the corpse of my unhappy son; merely, for the sake of overwhelming a poor old man, his wife, and daughter, with ignominy and disgrace, in addition to the cruel weight of affliction, which already bows him down.

Edw. Alas! you do not know all yet.

Calas. Not all!!!

Edw. No: you stand on a horrid precipice, and flight is your only resource: at Bourdeux, my family will open an asylum for you.—I will conduct you to their arms, and never quit you. I am now your son, the betrothed husband of Pauline, and our fate is inseparable.—Come then, my friend, my father, favored by the night, we may pass disguised through the throng, or by way of yonder ramparts.

Jean & Jacob. Yes; come, come.

Calas. Me! fly!

Mde. Calas Quit his house!—who will watch over the remains of my boy? who will supplicate the magistrates to have pity on him, if not his father?

Jacob & Jean. We will, madame; *we* will.

Paul. My father; if ever you loved your daughter—if ever you loved my mother, or your dear lost child, be guided by my Edward. *(they all kneel to him, except* Madame Calas.*)*

Calas. What cause? what mystery?

Edw. Another instant, and you are lost for ever!

Mde. Calas. My husband lost!

Paul. (wildly.) His life! his life's at stake!

Mde. Calas. His life: oh, let him go then—I too will kneel—

Calas. Explain, or on this spot—

Enter Laurence *running.*

Lau. Monsieur Calas! Monsieur Calas! oh, there you are, and I have lost so much breath, that——

Edw. Are they at hand?

Lau. They're come to arrest, poor dear Mr. Calas—they're close at my heels—judges, clerks, soldiers—

Calas. He is insane—his fears have driven him mad.

Edw. Believe him—

Jean. He speaks the truth—

Jacob. My master! my poor master!

Edw. 'Twill be too late—

Mde Calas What's to be done?

Calas (calmly, after having stood horror struck) What's to be done? submit us to the will of Heaven, and pray, that it will deign to soften the hearts of my enemies, in favor of my son's remains. [*loud knocks & a voice without.* In the name of the Capitoul, open! *(picture of alarm.)*

Calas (coolly, after a pause) Jacob, open the gates. (Jacob *looks at* Edward, *he and* Pauline *seem to forbid.* Jeannette *stops her father, and* Madame Calas *clings to her husband, who after a moment's pause, says firmly:)* Jacob, I have commanded, and will be obeyed.

Jacob. And for the first time unwillingly. [*Exit.*

Paul. Edward, my father must—he must be told.

Edw. (apart.) 'Tis too late—let us hope—perhaps, they will not dare accuse him

Calas Dearest wife, have better resolution—whatever they think of us, they will not be proof against so heart-breaking a spectacle *(throws open a door, where there is just light enough to perceive a corpse is laid out.)* there, will they behold the lifeless form of him, once the hope and delight of his family—here, at their feet a father, a sister, and mother, who will supplicate them to spare those precious relics, and not to cover with opprobrium his parent's remaining years. Should they be insensible to such a prayer, God himself will be offended!

They form in a groupe, to receive a procession, which enters solemnly, Jacob *first, shewing the way.*

Officer and Guards, *with flambeaux.*

Apparitors, Goaler, Clerks.

A Judge—the Capitoul in his Robes—a Judge.

Two Surgeons.

Peace Officers and People *with flambeaux.*

They go shortly round—the Soldiers range across the Garden entrance at the back—the Capitoul *and* Judges *in the center, the* Officers Clerks *and* Surgeons *on one side*—Peasantry *on the other, and* Ambroise *at a particular moment glides in from the crowd*—Madame Calas *and* Pauline *kneel*—Jacob, Laurence *and* Jeannette *bend over them in an attitude of supplication*—

Edward *supports the* Ladies, *and* Calas *stands in a firm but mournful manner pointing to the open door of the room where* Antoine *lies*—Ambroise *at some distance from him, also points significantly, and the* Judges *notice the mournful cabinet.—the* Capitoul *looks sternly around him upon all the groupe.*

Calas. (with modest boldness to the Capitoul.*)* My Lord, we seek not to disguise the truth—my son is no more. I would have concealed his crime; nature and my love for him, would have made it a duty, nor do I think there is a father in the world would condemn me for it—you behold at your knees a family in despair, of whom the honour, and the fate is about to depend on your humanity.

Cap. (not noticing Calas.*)* Rise, Madame, rise.—*(to* Madame Calas *and* Pauline.*)* You *(to* Calas.*)* ought to expect from magistrates, nothing but justice, and the punishment of crime.

Calas. Crime! is it not already expiated?

Cap. Society must be avenged—gentlemen *(to the surgeons)* enter that apartment, examine the unfortunate who has ceased to live, and make your report conformable to truth—*(they go in and the door is closed, Madame Calas is following)*—you Madame must remain—and you *(to Calas)* deliver to those officers the keys of your house and of those places where your papers are enclosed.

Calas How do they relate, my lord, to the event which brings you hither?

Cap. (severely.) Obey, sir

Calas. My servant Jacob has been twenty years the depositary of my keys.

Cap. (to officer.) You have my instructions—accompany that man, *(pointing to Jacob)* do you conduct him, and without reply or observation, do all he may command you.

Jacob. Pardon me, your lordship—but in this house, I am accustomed to obey nobody's orders but those of my worthy master—if he commands, its quite another matter.

Calas. Yes; my friend—I order you to obey the magistrates.

Jacob Aye, aye, then indeed—this way. *(Sullenly to the Officers, and leads them off at the right hand door, two soldiers follow with torches; the clerks, &c., place seats and a table.)*

Calas. What are your intentions, my lord? one would imagine by these formalities, we had been guilty of some culpable action.

Cap. (receiving a folded paper from one of the other Judges.*)* You ought to know. *(seating himself, as do the others;* Madame Calas *sinks on a chair and hides her face, weeping;* Pauline *and* Edward *exchange anxious glances.)*

Cap. (to Calas, *examining from his paper.)* Was not your son in the habit of passing much of his time from home?

Calas. Too much, my lord.

Cap. Was he from home, yesterday?

Calas. No, my lord. *(they copy his answers at the table.)*

Cap. You received friends last night—what time did they retire.

Calas. About nine.

Cap And at what hour did your son die?

Calas. Merciful powers? my son die! about that hour.

Cap Were you then with your friends?

Calas. (abstractedly.) Yes—all the family—

Mde. Calas No, my dear husband—you mistake—our son—was not with us.

Calas. True—my grief made me forget.

Cap. (to the other judges.) Observe how he contradicts himself.

Edw. Contradict himself! my lord, my lord, can a father overwhelm'd with agony, possess presence of mind sufficient to retain the most trivial circumstances of the frightful event which involved him in such affliction—do you imagine he would deceive you—what feelings could induce so evident an error?

Cap. You forget, sir, that I am the only person to ask questions here.

Lau. (eagerly.) No, your lordship, my master is too much of a gentlemen to forget that he—

Officer. Silence!

Cap. (to Calas.) In what place did your son perish?

Calas. Yonder—in that pavilion.

Cap. (referring to his paper.) What—in the very moment of reconciliation—after a quarrel you had had with your son—at the instant when you were close to the pavilion, conducting forth your company, your son, as it

were, expires before your eyes, and you pretend ignorance of what was passing. *(*Ambroise *approaches and whispers to the* Capitoul.*)*

Calas Nothing can be more true, my lord.

Mde. Calas. The cries of our attendants first apprised us of the dreadful circumstance.

Jean. (apart.) Mr. Edward! sir! madam! look—there's that—that Ambroise whispering with the judge.

Mde. Calas. Ambroise! what does he here? endeavour to inform my husband.

Jean. I will madam.—*(she steals round towards* Calas, *when* Ambroise *points her out to the* Capitoul, *who sternly addresses her.)*

Cap. Whither are you going—

Jean Going, my lord, I was going to—*(*Madame Calas *makes a sign to her.)*

Cap. (perceiving it.) Let her speak, madam, Jeannette tell the truth.

Jean. The truth—to be sure my lord—I was going—I was—well, I was going to bid my master take care of himself.—*(pointing to* Ambroise.*)*

Cap. And why? dare not deceive.

Jean. Me—deceive—my lord—

Lau. My lord, Jeannette never deceived nobody in all her life, not even me—and—

Cap. Remove that fool—speak damsel—why was your master to take care of himself?

Jean Because—why because that person there—Mr. Ambroise is here.

Cap. Very well. *(she resumes her place.)*

Amb. (significantly.) You observe, my lord. *(the* Surgeons *re-enter, they present a paper to the* Capitoul, *who examines it and gives it to the other* Judges.*)*

Cap. (to the Surgeons.*)* Gentlemen, we are of the same opinion—the circumstances you have remarked relative to the violent death of this young man, have been well considered. *(they bow.)* There can be no doubt—what horror! *(looking severely at* Calas—*a general movement of surprise—Jacob, &c. re-enter—the* Officers *gives papers to the* Capitoul.*)*

Jacob. (apart to Calas.*)* My dear master, they have ransacked every where, and took those papers from my dear young master's room.

Cap. (to Calas.*)* Is this fragment of a letter your son's writing?

Calas. Yes, my lord, most certainly it is.

Cap. Hear then: *(reads.)* "Willingly would I fly to "your arms—but what, upon the terms your family ex- "act, would be the consequence?—I should draw upon "myself the anger of my father, which would be the sen- "tence of my death!"

Mde. Calas. Of his death!

Edw. (apart.) He is lost!

Paul. My brother! oh, my brother! what evil thou hast done!

Mde. Calas. (to her husband.) Do you comprehend this?

Calas. (to the Capitoul.*)* Suppose those *are* the words of my son—what mean they?

Cap. Since you persist in this affected ignorance, I must inform you, that all was prepared for his marriage with Hortensia, upon certain conditions, which you dis- approved—the temple was illuminated, the altar was dressed, the priest attended—and—this fragment of a letter tells the rest.—You did not chuse the nuptials, un- der such circumstances, should take place.—It is proved, on the authority of these professional gentlemen, the wounds your son received, could not be inflicted by him- self, the question is, who gave them?

Mde. Calas. Almighty Providence!

Calas. (in the last astonishment.) Who gave them!

Cap. You!

A general start of horror—Madame Calas *falls into the chair she had quitted—a chord is struck by the or- chestra, and a picture of strong effect of grief, anger, and surprise is formed.*

Calas. Just Heaven! did I hear right—destroy my son! *(turns towards the cabinet.)* Oh, Antoine! beloved of my heart:—arise—arise, I conjure you, and confront the daring, false, and wicked accusers of thy broken hearted father!

Edw. And can so execrable a falsehood, find no baser issue, than from the mouth of a magistrate!

Calas. Barbarian! you!—a father! and dare imagine such a crime!

Cap. Wretch, we have a witness here—

All. (with horror and contempt.) Ambroise!

Calas & Edw. An impostor!

Lau. Aye, you may pull, and pinch, and wink, and nod, and cry silence, if you please, but I will speak now, if I never speak again—I know that person, I saw him come peeping through the gate—I was at first jealous of Jeannette, but little as I am, when I looked at his jesuitical leer, not so bad as that, thinks I, neither—and so I saw him creeping in again just as Mr. Calas came down out of the pavilion.

Cap. (significantly.) Mr. Calas came down out of the pavilion! a good witness—

Lau. To be sure I am—and Mr. Calas knows, as well as I do, all that happened there.

Calas. (to Ambroise.*)* If, sir, it is true, you were the friend of my son, you ought to have pity on his unfortunate father, and proclaim the truth.

Amb. (advancing.) You shall hear it:—at nine o'clock I came to conduct your son to the altar, where he was expected; on my arrival, cries of distress and expressions of "murder and assassination," assailed my ears—I saw Calas run from the pavilion, pale, disfigured—all seemed transfixed; and Madame, as if divining the crime her husband had committed, met him in well affected terror, and exclaimed—"my son is no more!"—overcome with horror, I fled this place of crime, believing that Heaven and man required me to denounce, what upon honor, I declare has taken place.

Edw. Monster!

Cap. (to Calas.*)* What have you to answer?

Calas. Nothing, my lord.

Paul. (rushing into her father's arms.) What, my father, have you nothing to reply to such a villain!—we are all witness you adored my brother.

Jacob, Jean. & Lau. All, all, my lord, all!

Edw. My lord the Capitoul, it is impossible you can persist in so horrible an accusation—Nature forbids you, and you outrage Heaven in not resisting the foul charge—do you suppose men more ferocious than monsters?—The tyger cherishes his offspring, and do you think, a human father and mother, the most tender, the most respectable, could destroy the infant *he* had loved, and *she* had che-

rished at her bosom—What! cannot sixty years of virtue, kindness, and paternal example, guarantee from an action which reverses the order of nature—no—you do not yourselves believe it, can nor you find any other magistrates, who would admit the possibility of a similar outrage on nature and humanity.

Mde. Calas Aye, my lord—hear him, and reject this horrible calumny.

Cap. Woman, thy speech becomes thee not.

Mde Calas. True my lord, I am *but* woman—though long settled with my husband in a land of strangers, I have the honor to be an English woman—and in the dear land of my fathers, no one even when known to be guilty is pronounced so, until the accused is sentenced by an open and fair trial by his peers—by twelve impartial judges, who are neither *friends* nor *enemies*, my lord,

Cap. We must perform our duty—secure your prisoner, observe his family, and let the body of the son be conveyed to the place of trial. [*they all implore.*] Obey!

Procession moves—Calas *is surrounded by Guards.*

Calas. (after a pause) My wife!——my daughter! need I express that I am innocent—courage! Heaven will not permit a just cause to perish—Edward—will you, dare you be my advocate?

Edw. I will justify or perish with the father of Pauline!

The Procession goes on—the family of Calas *surround him—Soldiers with flambeaux are just seen entering with the body of* Antoine, *covered with white drapery,* Calas *rushes out,* Madame Calas *falls senseless, the rest form a groupe, and the Act Drop slowly falls to a mournfully impressive sympathy.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE,

A grand Gothic Antichamber, at the back, a fine painted glass window looking into the main street, so that passengers &c. may be seen—on each side a lofty door—one inscribed "COUNCIL CHAMBER" *the other* "HALL OF JUSTICE"——*Guards are at each——antique chairs, &c. furnish the hall.*

MUSIC. *Enter* EDWARD.

Edw. I have then pleaded his cause in vain; I see too well which way their thoughts are biased.

Music. Ambroise *enters from the Chamber of Justice, and is hastily crossing the stage, when he is stopped by* Edward.

Edw. Stay, sir—I must speak with you—I insist.

Amb. By what authority?

Edw. You shall hear that, in spite of your wish to the contrary—here in the presence of all those witnesses—you shall escape no part of the truth, you shall avoid no part of the malediction of an innocent family whom you would drag to the scaffold.

Amb Dare you, sir, prefer an accusation against me! do you know that this offence is equally directed against the majesty of that tribunal, whose sentence will quickly justify my conduct and repel your calumny.

Edw. And by what proofs will that tribunal give so horrible a sentence? if on *your* execrable accusation—if on *your* sacrilegious oath, it must be without consulting their consciences.—with a front of brass you swore before Heaven to tell the truth!—I saw the magistrates turn pale while you, without remorse, swore that the father had murdered his son under your observation—ah wretch!—if the thunder has not been launched aginst you, if the earth has not opened under your footsteps, acknowledge that clemency which yet gives you a respite to repent of your dreadful acts against the innocent.

Amb. You go too far—

Edw. Yet hear me—Calas is innocent, and you know it—what injuries has he done you?—I will repair them. I will yield to you all I possess, and keep your secret be what it may—you reflect—follow, without hesitation, the voice of your conscience, retract your guilty deposition, and arrest the arm of death ready to fall on a helpless good old man! The blood of the innocent will return upon your head, and will cry for retribution on the terrible day of judgement—on the other hand be honest and I will overwhelm you with riches, I will spare you the terrors of crime, of remorse, and from the vengeance of your fellow men—come, come, let justice, let humanity triumph

Amb. And dare your hypocrisy propose this to me! if I return to the tribunal tremble for yourself, lest I should add to the honest proofs I have brought, the criminal and insulting offers you have had the audacity to make me.

Edw. Your heart then is inaccessible to remorse and to that feeling of terror which is experienced by the most daring.

Amb. I have nothing to dread; the Capitoul is convinced

Edw Your art has known too well how to mislead him.

Amb. Dare you accuse the premier magistrate?

Edw. I accuse none but you—and that before my God! since nothing can stay your crime, since, in your blind rage you see nothing but the abyss into which you would plunge Calas; hasten, wretch, and accomplish thy dastardly, thy fell intention! but hear the oath which I swear—if the father of my betrothed thro' thy accursed perjury should be doom'd to mount the scaffold, the very bowels of the earth will not hide thee from my vengeance, and thy blood, yes, thine, traitor, thy blood shall answer me for his

Amb. Imprudent! daring man! I hasten to denounce you.

Edw. Denounce me! so thou shalt—Villain, I'll drag thee to the judgement seat. [*siezes him,*]

Enter Officer. JACOB, JEANNETTE *and* Guards.

Officer. Clear the entrances—the debates are finished, and the judges are retiring to the council chamber.

Edw. It is over then, and sentence is about to be pronounced—dost thou not tremble villain ?*(to Ambroise)*

Jacob. Friend ! Mr. Edward—how do they proceed ?

Jean. O say—tell us—

Edw. They are going to debate upon the sentence,

Jacob. Sentence, O Heaven!

MUSIC.

Soldiery, &c. cross and form on a platform which leads from the hall of justice to the council chamber, people also enter but are kept just between the wings by the muskets and halberds of the guards—Madame Calas *and* Pauline *enter in front.*—Ambroise *tries to escape up the steps towards the judgement hall, but is put back by the officer of the guards.*

Officer. No one passes till the judges leave the hall.

Edw. (to Mde.Calas*)* Dear Madame! whither would you go ?

Mde. Calas. Whither! Ah Edward, my friend! my husband is about to be condemned—condemned ! no ! 'tis impossible ! behold his judges !—join with me, let us throw ourselves at their feet and implore their clemency.

The grand officers of the court, &c pass across the platform from the hall of justice towards the council chamber, in front of the guards, who present arms when the Capitoul *is in the center, the Music stops, and* Mde.Calas exclaims—

Mde. Calas. Stay ! stop ! hold ! for the love of Heaven !

Jacob & Jean. Mercy ! mercy ! for our beloved master !

Cap. What would you, madam ?

Mde. Calas. My husband is innocent—we swear by all that is most sacred; in the name of that power which must one day judge yourselves, do not consummate so horrible an injustice—do not credit the testimony of a monster, an impostor, when opposed to the protestation of the best, the most respectable of husbands, fathers, and of men.

Paul. Save, oh, save my father!

Jean. & Jacob. Mercy ! mercy!

Cap. Rise, madame :—gentlemen, on to the council chamber.

Edw. Cruel ! obdurate men !

Cap. Nor tears, nor menaces, can now avail: our opinions are formed, and nothing ought to change them—I

permit the accused, during our deliberations, to see you and any of his friends in this hall:—on gentlemen.

The Capitoul *and* Judges *pass on to the council chamber, the guards and people keep their stations.*

Paul. We shall see him then—dearest mother, let us yet hope the best.

Amb. (apart.) I may now escape unnoticed.

*(*Jacob, *who had been looking in at the hall, intercepts him.)*

Jacob. Ambroise!

Edw. Art thou yet here? hast thou the audacity to face thy victims? *(*Ambroise *stands as if petrified.)*

Mde. Calas. Execrable calumniator! comest thou to satiate thyself in my husband's blood! what injury has he done thee, or I, or this innocent maid, who will soon be fatherless?—from what demon art thou sent to exterminate an unoffending family?

Amb. Madame—

Mde. Calas. Thou alone art his accuser, thou alone would drag him to the scaffold,—it is on thy head alone his blood will fall—while our sorrows, our maledictions, and the thunders of insulted heaven will pursue you to the tomb!

Amb. Away—let me depart!

Mde. Calas. No—your punishment is doomed to commence with the suffering of your victim—but *his*, will soon finish in celestial triumph, while your's will continue without an end.—Remorse will unceasingly pursue you, by day and by night, and when thy sickening soul is permitted to shut out this mortal light, thine eyes will but re-open to renewed punishment in the world hereafter.

Edw Hear'st thou, wretch!

Mde. Calas. Malediction! malediction!

All. Malediction!!

Amb. What, oh! help!—'tis insupportable——furies loose your grasp—I will be free of ye—

Runs desperately up the steps of the hall of justice—meets Calas, *starts, staggers back, hides his face, and is caught in the arms of the guards, who take him off.* Calas *runs and embraces his family, who form a momentary picture.*

Calas. Thus surrounded by thee, *(to them all.)* by my children, for thou art one of them, dear Edward—by my

friends, for so my servants still have been.—I can for a moment, forget we have ever been unhappy—you weep—ah, too well I feel, that if it is hard on me, thus to be taken from ye, how much more painful to you, who are in such a world, to be left behind.

Mde. Calas. Do not believe I will support it—no—happy have we lived together, and now I follow thee to death—

Calas. What say'st thou!—and our daughter! is it not enough, that in one day, she should lose brother, father, husband—but thou wou'd'st also take a mother from her!—oh, no—thou must remain.

Jacob. And we too, dear master; my daughter and myself will serve our dear ladies, on our knees will serve them, now ten times more respectable from the misery they suffer.

Edw. And did you say, my father, that your daughter was about to lose the husband of her choice?

Calas. I know your heart—Edward—I know its feelings—but your father was my dearest friend, and should I be doom'd to suffer public execution, I cannot consent that his son should, by such an alliance, become a sharer in the infamy of my injured family.

Edw. Infamy is for crime, not for innocence—the name of Calas will be ennobled by misfortune, and I shall be most proud to share its reputation. If they take your fortune, mine remains for these, and your virtues will be the splendid inheritance they bring me in return—for me, I will for ever protest your innocence and proclaim it to the world at the peril of my life—here in the awful moment while your judges are debating whether they shall consign, not you, but themselves, to disgrace or honour—now give me the hand of your daughter and let your virtuous benediction be the certain gaurrantee of our future happiness. *(they kneel to him.)*

Mde. Calas, Excellent.

Calas. My wife—assist me to join them, and, O my children, may Heaven accept the vows of my heart, and may my sufferings, endured and offered with resignation, call down on you the blessings you so well deserve.

Enter LAURENCE *and* OFFICER.

Lau. (as he enters.) What—refuse to let see him—I tell you I'm one of the family, every body knows it—ha

my name's Laurence, valet and gardener to Mr.Counsellor Edward, and going to be married as soon as possible, to ma'amselle Jeannette, daughter of old Jacob, and waiting maid to her own young mistress—only ask, if you won't believe

Edw Laurence! yes, he belongs to me—

Jean. And to me too, with submission, sir.

Offi. Pass then. *(retires.)*

Lau Justice indeed——I'm sure justice is the most unjustest impolitest, un—

Edw Peace, bring you any news?

Lau. News! bless you——why I said you didn't know it—how should you—but hush—Ah, Monsieur Calas—if you knew what's going on in the town you'd bless yourself, but may one speak?

Edw Yes, but softly.

Lau. Then there's a most glorious rumpus——such junketty poodle—big, little, rich, poor, tag rag, and rory boys, all declare they'll sooner hang up the Capitoul himself, than he shall lay finger on an innocent man, that's not guilty of no crime of any kind.

Calas. Now fate forbid.

Lau. They won't be forbid—all the workmen, the shop keepers, the every body, they call you their father, friend and benefactor—they swear they'll set fire to the town if a hair of your head is but once touch'd, and things come to that, I could find in my own heart to be one among the jolly conflagrationarians.

Edw. Shew me! lead me—I have in vain defended you before the judges, and now—

Calas. (severely) Edward! remain! I conjure—I command you—should my judges erroneously condemn me to the wheel, they only will destroy this worthless body, which if you dare to rescue by a violation of the laws, you, more cruel than their sentence, will become the assasin of my family, the executioner of my reputation.

Edw The wheel said you! I shall spare your judges a a dreadful crime, are you not innocent and the father of my wife?

Paul. O husband! save my father!

Mde. Calas. Son! preserve my dying husband!

Calas. Stay, Edward, stay—*(Edward rushes out.)* alas! he's lost, he's lost!

Lau. Not while I can find him, and if he must be lost it shan't be by himself, while I've a leg to stand on. [*runs out.*

Calas What have you done?—fly—bring him back, and you, my daughter, consider he is your husband, and 'tis your duty to save him when he would rush upon his ruin.

Paul. My first duty is to save my father——my heart trembles for Edward, but to snatch you from a cruel death I could sacrifice him and myself. *(drum rolls.)*

Jacob The judges are returning to make report.

Mde. Calas. My blood runs cold.

Calas. My fate is fixed—I shall have no more trials to sustain, and have only to submit me to the will of Heaven!

The Judges re-enter from the council chamber—the Capitoul *gives written orders to an officer, and the soldiers are directed different ways.*

Mde. Calas What mean those dreadful orders—those arrangements? *(The Capitoul comes forward.)*

Cap (to Madame Calas.) I recommend you madam, and your daughter, in the name of the council, to retire. *(they look at the* Capitoul, *and approach* Calas *still nearer, as if fearful of quitting him.)* You have heard me, will you not have the goodness to obey?

Mde. Calas. No, my lord, my daughter and I—will—will remain—I will never abandon my husband—I am as he is, equally innocent or guilty—our actions have been the same, nothing ought to divide our fate—if you condemn *him*, all his family are willing to march with him to the place of execution and be partakers of his punishment—my daughter, your father and ourselves are one—*(they throw their arms round him.)* My lord judge, we are here, we are ready——pronounce your award, and let the same blow fall upon us all.

Calas. My lord! do you hear them!

Cap. (to Calas.*)* Do you persist in denying that you have accomplices.

Calas. Where no crime exists, how can there be accomplices?

Cap. And thus you reject by a culpable silence, the clemency of Heaven and the indulgence of man.

Calas. On the contrary, I implore both—for the most innocent has need of them—and do you, my lord, consider

that Heaven beholds, and will judge you equally with myself.

Cap. Listen to your sentence.

Music—he takes a paper from one of the other Judges *and opens it with hesitation—*Calas *attends with his eyes raised toward heaven, the ladies keep close to him.* Jacob *and* Jeannette *hang on each other in fearful expectation, at a little distance.*

Mde. Calas. (sobbing.) O God! thou knowest his innocence—avert this evil from him.

Cap. (reads.) "The tribunal assembled to enquire "into the murder of Marc Antoine Calas, have, on the "testimony of the witness Ambroise, and other corro- "borating circumstances, resolved that the said crime "could only have been committed by John Calas, who, "by a majority of seven voices to five, is hereby con- "demned to the pain of death" *(all droop round* Calas, *who alone remains firm and erect.)*

Mde. Calas. Husband!

Paul. Father!

Cap. (continues reading.) "And in consequence of a "threatened opposition to this sentence, it is ordered to "be carried into instant execution." *(they start with terror.)* "and that the magistrates shall not quit their "posts till the third sound of the great bell shall "announce the death of the condemned." *(gives back the paper.)* Officers, see that the decision of the tribunal be effected

Mde. Calas. Can it be true?—I follow thee to death—nothing shall separate us, and the executioners shall only strike thee through this bosom!

Calas. Where then is your fortitude—your noble and pious resignation? when we have now to fulfil the highest, the most sublime duties the Eternal has prescribed to man! let my death and thy life serve as examples, while I join my son, and prepare thy place in another and a happier world.

(an Officer *signs to the* Capitoul *that all is ready.*

Cap. We have delay'd too long.

The Guards *divide at the back, the great central window opens and a scaffold hung with black and surrounded with* Soldiers, *is seen—a wheel is elevated—the bell strikes* Once—*the family, with a suppressed shriek, hide their eyes, and cling close to* Calas.

Calas. Farewell! my friends! my child! my good, my faithful wife! may Heaven love and protect you better than I have done—tell Edward I forbid him to revenge my fall. I forgive my enemies—and—my Judges—may God forgive them as I do. Pauline—support your mother—adieu! adieu!

Madame Calas *falls into the arms of those about her*—Calas *kisses her*——*the bell tolls a second time—he tears himself from her*——*the* Guards *point to the scaffold.*

Paul. (wildly.) Mother! mother! they take him from us!

Mde Calas. (recovering.) Hold! hold!

Calas. In the name of Heaven, shorten my sufferings!

He rushes out through the central window, which is closed after him—the Judges *return into the chamber of justice*—Jacob *follows his master*—Madame Calas *sinks on a sort of bench*—Pauline *falls at her feet, hiding her face in her mother's lap*—Jeannette *stands behind sobbing, with her apron to her eyes*—Ambroise *enters, and is passing out, when the groupe of the three females arrests his attention.*

Amb. (in a half choked voice.) Behold my work!—I have satisfied my hatred—I have consummated my vengeance, and now—aye—now the crime begins to reward itself.

Enter GILBERT *with a Letter.*

Gil. At last I have got through the crowd: since seven this morning have I been trying to—ah! dear, dear! sure enough. that is the poor suffering family!—poor—dear—*(wipes his eyes.)* What a damned villain must the fellow be, who has brought them to this misery! *(*Ambroise *starts*—Gilbert *nearly runs against him.—During this,* Pauline *and* Jeannette *busy themselves to recover* Mde. Calas.*)* I beg your pardon, sir; perhaps you can be my friend—I have got a letter here of some consequence—'tis for the Capitoul, the premier Judge.

Paul. She'll never revive.

Jean. And no one to help us! *[people gather round them.*

Amb. For the Capitoul! let's see—let's see—by all that's terrible—'tis—yes, 'tis the hand writing of—

Gil. You know the writing then?

Amb. The writing!—why—at what hour did you receive this?

Gil. At—at eight last night.

Amb. And where?

Gil. Close by the house of Monsieur Calas.

Amb. My friend—you—you cannot see the Capitoul.

Gil. Not see him!

Amb. Not at present—but I'll undertake—he—he shall have it—when the—the business of the day is ended

Gil No! will you? how good you are—you must feel for those poor people—its a sad thing to have committed a crime!—but such men as you—for I know *you*, sir—such men as you, who are kind and condescending, and never have injured nobody—you are paid by—

Amb. Yes, yes, but—

Gil. Your own feelings—I dare say, they speak much more than I can do—poor family! I thank you kindly, sir.—Do let me help. *(to* Pauline, *&c. who send* Gilbert *off.)*

Amb. Go! go! my punishment indeed, begins. *(apart)*

Paul. (as the people clear away from Madame Calas.*)* She breathes—she opens her eyes—ah! my mother!

Jean. Madame! dear madame!

Amb. (looks round, then opens the letter.) Let us see—let us see— *(they lead* Madame Calas *up the stage.)*

Amb. How fortunate!—by hell! had I not seen this, I had been lost for ever—this witness must be destroyed—

As he is going to tear it, an Officer *from the chamber of justice, lays his hand on his arm.*

Officer. My lord the Capitoul, would see you, sir.

Amb (hiding the letter.) The Capitoul!

Offi. He has ordered me, to conduct you to his presence.

Amb. I follow you—this—this—*(crushing the letter into his bosom.)* shall never appear *(exit with the* Officer *into the hall of justice.)*

Mde. Calas. (coming forward with Pauline *and* Jeannette*)* What darkness surrounds me—*(wildly.)* where is my son!—where is my husband! am I then alone!

Goes slowly and wildly round the stage, as if searching for some one—Pauline *and* Jeannette *unable to attend longer to her—weep, leaning on each other*—Madame Calas *at length, reads the inscriptions over the two doors, and exclaims in a hollow tone—*

A hall of justice—chamber of council—ah! *(screams as if recollecting.)* My husband is gone to death!! *(is rushing out, and stopped by her daughter and* Jeannette.*)*

Paul. Mother!

Jean. Madam!

Mde. Calas. (wandering.) Come, come, come, my friend—come my child—let us die with him—come—come—

Jean. Dear madam, do not, do not go! [*a noise heard.*] hark! 'tis Mr. Edward—Edward, madame, and my father—perhaps some hope——

Enter EDWARD, JACOB *and* People.

Edward *dragging on* Gilbert—*the women run to him.*

Mde. Calas. My husband! where?

Paul. My father!

Jean. My master!

Edw. Perhaps I bring his justification—his safety—a letter from your son Antoine.

All. A letter!!

Edw. (to Gilbert *furiously.)* Where is the man you gave it to—where is he—where is he? speak—

Gil. (terrified.) I don't know—he *was* here—Patience—he's gone to give it to the Capitoul.

Edw. Let us fly *(rushes into the hall of justice, followed by the people, &c.)*

Mde. Calas. My child!—my friend! what an awful moment!

Enter the CAPITOUL, JUDGES, *&c. &c.*

Cap. What tumult!—

Edw. (holding Gilbert, *and pointing to those who enter.)* Observe—is that the man to whom you gave the letter—or was it him—or him?

Gil. No!

Edw. Him?

Gil. No!

Mde. Calas. I tremble—

Edw. Take heed—

Gil. No, no—*(Ambroise appears.)* there! that's he—that's he—the good worthy—yes, that's the man I gave the letter to—

The Family. Ambroise!!

Cap. What means this?

Edw. (pointing to Ambroise.*)* The traitor possesses a letter, addressed to you—tis from the son of Calas, and may announce the innocence of his father.

Amb. Me!——

Cap. A letter!

Edw. Order them to take it from him, or by all that's good I'll render you responsible for the death of the innocent

Cap. (to the Guards.) Take it from him.

Mde. Calas. Hasten—my husband is on his way to death.

Edw. (siezes the letter, and holds it up.) Tis here!—tis here!

All. Tis here! here, my lord *(they give the letter to the* Capitoul.*)*

Cap. (reads in agitation) "Let no one be accused of "my death—Ambroise, Ambroise alone conducted me to "the precipice—and the blow which extricates me is "given by myself."—Wretch! *(to* Ambroise.*)*

Mde. Calas. Haste! save my husband!

Cap. Run! fly!

Edw. (seizing the letter.) Let me be the first! *(rushes out at the central window.)*

Amb. I am lost!!

As they go out, a third sound of the bell is heard, all form a picture of affright—the Capitoul *staggers, and falls on the seat, where* Madame Calas *had fainted—the* Guards *surround* Ambroise.

Jacob, &c. He's lost! *(a shout—*Edward *rushes in.)*

Edw. He would have been—but I'm in time! *(a grand shout—*Calas *appears at the window—the family rush towards him.)* Had he died, that mournful bell would for ever have sounded in your ears.—Ages to come would have done him justice, and the name of Calas would have been written in characters of blood!

Ambroise *endeavouring to escape, is surrounded by the soldiery, with uplifted swords—groupes are formed all over the stage.*

Edw. Thus may innocence triumph, and villainy meet its just reward!

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Finis.

Lowndes, Printer, Marquis Court, Drury Lane, London.

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OR,

HARLEQUIN IN LONDON.

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Mrs. Syntax, *afterwards Clown*..... Signor PAULO.

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Villagers, Lodgers, Old Men and Women, Scholars, &c. by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Corps de Ballet.

DOCTOR SYNTAX,

&c.

SCENE I.

Parlour at Dr. Syntax's.

"I'll make a tour, and then I'll write it."

DR. SYNTAX *discovered musing in his arm-chair;* MRS. SYNTAX *dozing; and* DOLLY *at work.* KITTY STUBBINS *spinning in one corner.*

TRIO.

KIT. Hark! hark! hark!
The bells so merry ringing,
Seem to say---Make holiday,
For summer is beginning.

MRS. SYN. You hussey, mind your spinning.

DOC. How can I think?

MRS. SYN. Or sleep a wink?

BOTH. While thus the jade is singing?

KIT. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
Hark how they mingle with my song!

Mrs. Syn. Oh, this is more than I can bear!
Doc. Enough to make a parson swear!
Both. You hussey, mind your spinning!
Kit. The summer is beginning, &c.

(Music.—Dr. Syntax starts from his chair, and appears delighted with the result of his cogitations.—Mrs. Syntax and Dolly rise, alarmed, to inquire the cause of his sudden extasy.

Mrs. Syn. Mercy preserve us! what's the matter?
Doc. Good Mrs. Syntax cease your clatter:
For such a plan has come athwart me,
Which some kind sprite from heav'n has brought me,
That if you will your councils join,
To aid this golden scheme of mine,
You shall, in silks and muslins fine,
The Graces, wife, far, far outshine.
Mrs. Syn. You charm my heart! you quite delight it!
Doc. I'll make a tour---and then I'll write it.
You well know what my pen can do;
And I'll employ my pencil too.
I'll ride and write, and sketch and print,
And thus create a little mint;
I'll prose it here, and verse it there,
And picturesque it every where.
At Doctor Pompus give a look,---
He made his fortune by a book:
And if my volume does not beat it,
When I return, I'll fry and eat it.
My clothes, my cash, my all prepare;
Let Ralph look to the grizzle mare;
Tho' wond'ring fools may laugh and scoff,
This very morning I'll be off;

And 'ere old Time a month has run,
Our business, lovee, will be done.
I will in search of Fortune roam,
While you enjoy yourself at home.

SCENE II.

The Plan approved of—Preparations for Travelling—Love in a Village—When the Cat's away, the Mice will Play—A Discovery and a Declaration, followed by a Refusal and a Rumpus—Turn out—" Parents have Flinty Hearts, Children must be Wretched.

Outside of Dr. Syntax's House.

" Good luck! Good luck! she loudly cried;
" Vale! Oh, Vale! he replied."

(*Music.—Enter* RALPH, *leading the Doctor's mare, Grizzle, with a crowd of villagers and schoolboys.—The* DOCTOR *enters, fully equipped for his journey, with* MRS. SYNTAX *and* DOLLY.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, &c.

Success to the Doctor; success to his plan;
May he safely his journey pursue;
And return to his home and his friends a rich man,
So hollo! boys; hollo! boys; do.
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

(*The Doctor mounts his mare, and bows to the crowd.*

Mrs. SYN. Good luck! good luck!
Doc. Vale! oh, Vale!

SCENE III.

The Departure—An Elopement—A Hue and Cry—Hysterics, with Concomitants—"A Race for a Wife"—"Catch him who can."

A Heath: on one side, Romantic Ruins, on the other, a defaced Finger-post; a Bank in front.

"Thus to a tree they quickly bound him;
"The cruel cords went round and round him;
"And having of all power bereft him,
"They tied him fast, and there they left him."

(*Music.*) *Enter* Three Robbers; *they listen for the approach of travellers.---Noise heard without, and they retire into the ruins.---Enter* DOCTOR SYNTAX.

DOC. Well, I declare, I've lost my way;
This finger-post direct me may:---
Provoking chance! some senseless wight,
Who to fair learning owes a spite,
Has every letter-mark defaced,
Which might have help'd me o'er the waste.
I fear it will be all in vain
To find my way across the plain!
Well, here my fortune I will try,
And wait till some one passes by.
Upon this bank awhile I'll sit,
And let poor Grizzle graze a bit;
And that my time may not be lost,
I'll sketch that ruin and this post.

A Capture---A Rescue---Gratitude Triumphant---An Unpleasant Arrival---"The Grey Mare the Better Horse"---A Separation.

(*Music.*) *The* FAIRY FANTASSINA *appears.*

FAN. Children of Fancy!---for both old and young
Of your description are from Fancy sprung---
Hear my decree:---This youthful swain and fair
Love truly, and their bliss shall be my care;
But, for a trial, 'ere their hands I join,
Must roam as HARLEQUIN and COLOMBINE.

(*They change.*

To Mrs. SYN.] You, for ill-nature, I to CLOWN transform,
As you love chasing, they shall keep you warm.

(*She changes.*

To DOC.] You, for ingratitude, I'll punish soon:
Appear a lean and slippered PANTALOON.

(*He changes.*

Away! and in that character grotesque,
Go seek where'er you will the---

The Fairy touches the scene with her wand, and the heath changes to Ruins, which express the word PICTURESQUE, *as designated in the vignette to the poem, forming*

SCENE IV.

"Thus I (which few I think can boast)
"Have made a landscape of a post"

SCENE V.

A Mountainous View.

Pursuit.

SCENE VI.

Inside of a Grocer's Shop,

A Sweet Scene, with Sour Sauce---Milling the Glaze---Tricks upon Travellers---The Effects of Gunpowder and Cannon Ale---A Dead Hit---A Theft---

He that would wear a watch, this must he do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

More Slaughter---A Shop and a Shutter.

SCENE VII.

Inside of a Hair-Dresser's.

Harlequin's Wand more effective than Rowland's Macassar Oil-----Clown sets up for himself-----A Black Joke-----What a Beauty !-----How to make the Hair Curl-----A Trifling Accident-----A Dance of Blockheads.

SCENE VIII.

Old Strongback's Wonderful Mill.

"The Wonderful Mechanical Mill for Grinding Old People Young"---"Wastings"---"Exchange no Robbery"---Clown Shoots at a Pigeon, and Kills a Crow ---A Duel in Black and White---A Barber Box'd.

SCENE IX.

Outside of a Boot-maker's and Pastry-cook's.

Flying Oysters---"Fire and Water"---Bellows and Bellowing---Boots under Prime Cost---A Body and Nobody---The Effect of Air---More Frightened than Hurt-----A Knock-down Argument-----The Clown Smoked, and gets the *Bag*---Oh, the Devil!---and Patent Method of Sweeping Chimnies.

SCENE X.

Interior of Jedediah Cleishbotham's School-room.

A Concealment---An Ineffectual Search---Clown a great Dunce, and no Observer of *Forms*---

"A rod in pickle,
"His toby to tickle."

Striking Situations.

SCENE XI.

Back-front View of a Country Inn.

Fancy Dance---A Chapter of Accidents.

SCENE XII.

My Uncle's, and Toby Toggery's Shop.

A Pledge of Love---A Young *Spouter*---Wall Fruit---Butterfly and Brickbats---Left in the Lurch---More Spouting---A General Uproar.

SCENE XIII.

Interior of a Lodging House.

A Bad Night's Rest----Midnight Visitors----An Old Friend with a New Face, or the Clock Strikes *One*---Clown makes the House too Hot to hold 'em, and all Scramble for it.

SCENE XIV.

Dark and Dismal.

Overtaken at last---The Old Story.

FAIRY. Enough! Enough!
To PANT. & CLOWN.] The crimes that you have done
Are pardoned for the perils you have run :
Repent, reform, and I will be your friend.
To HARL.] For you---your toils shall have a blissful end :
Hymen shall strait your hands and hearts unite
In the fair palace of your guardian sprite.

SCENE XV.

Superb Temple of Fancy.

FINALE.

Mirth and joy, shall now employ
Every hour that Fate allows ye ;
Mourning, care, and sorrow ne'er
From the blissful trance shall rouse ye

Hymen here your hearts and hands
Every night shall gaily join,
Unless you [*to the audience*] forbid the banns
Of Harlequin and Columbine.

FINIS.

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Interior of the King's Bench, *in its true Light.*
Charing-Cross, *by a Blue-light.*
Grand Saloon, *by a Fan-light.*

☞ *The Songs and Stanzas printed in* Roman Characters, *were omitted in the Representation.*

SONGS, DUETS,

&c. &c.

ACT I.

AIR AND CHORUS. — FIREDRAKE, GIOVANNI, and DÆMONS.

(Fly not yet).

FIREDRAKE.

Come along, 'tis just the hour
When Dæmons have the greatest power
To feed the Libertine's desires,
And make him burn with real fires;
So bring your flambeaux near.

GIOVANNI.

Oh pray! oh stay!
No log am I; your flames restrain;
Burn not yet, for oh! 'tis pain;
Then take your links away.

DÆMONS.

Nay, nay! Nay, nay.
We are just like gas-lights here,
We always burn when night is near;
Make light of it we pray.

CHORUS. — FIREDRAKE and DÆMONS.

[Round about the Maypole.]

Round about the sinner let us trot,
Scot,
Lot,
Hissing hot,
Turning,
Burning,
Torching,
Scorching,
Perplexing, vexing, and what not,
Round about the sinner, &c.

AIR. — GIOVANNI. — [Pray, Goody.]

Pray, Dæmons, please to moderate the fury of your fire,
Nor flash those sparks of sulphur from each link;
Remember, I'm but flesh and blood, and kindly check your ire,
And, 'pon my soul, I'll treat you all to drink.

Ply me,
Try me,
Prove me, ere you try me;
Do not roast me,
Pray but toast me;
I'll soon find the chink,
Pray, Dæmons, please, &c.

AIR. — GIOVANNI.

[German Melody by Kunzen, from "Die Weinlese."]

Gentle Fury, see me languish,
And in pity quench my flame;
Lovely Brimstone, ease my anguish,
No tongue my warmth can name:
I burn, I burn,
Gentle fury, — yes,
Burn with a flame I must not express.
Pretty devil,
Oh be civil!
I am scorching with love!
I'm on fire
With desire,
Then a match *let it prove.*

AIR. — GIOVANNI. — [I've kiss'd and I've prattled.]

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty she-devils,
And chang'd them sans ceremonie;
But of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
Flour of Brimstone's the Fury for me. [To 1st Fury.
Cream of Tartar's the Fury for me. [Aside to 2d Fury.

CHORUS. — DÆMONS. — [Turn out.]

From our regions infernal turn out, turn out,
From our regions infernal turn out;
Since first here you came,
You've set Hell in a flame,
So now, Giovanni, turn out, turn out.

A match for the Devil, turn out, turn out,
A match for the Devil, turn out ;
For us, Don Giovanni,
You've prov'd one too many;
So as quick as you can, Don, turn out, turn out.

GLEE. — Sung behind the Scenes.

[Condemned Souls, Canadian Boat Song.]

Ply the oar, Charon, and speed the boat,
While o'er Styx' dusky waves we float —
Erebus' tide! the trembling moon
Will see us in Purgatory soon.

But ere our souls from hence shall fly,
We'll raise our parting hymn on high :
Row, Charon, row, the Styx runs fast,
The Devil is near, and the daylight's past.

AIR. — Giovanni. — [Love amongst the Roses.]

Stern Pluto sought th' infernal bowers,
With Proserpine to pass the hours,
'Midst pitch and tar, and fire and smoke,
The brilliant gas and pleasant coke.
The Devils were at play, it sure is,
And found Giovanni 'mongst the Furies.
Oh happy day! oh joyous hour!
They kick'd Giovanni from the bower.

GLEE. — *Mrs. Drainemdry, Mrs. Porous, and Mrs. Simpkins.*

[*We be Three poor Mariners.*]

Charon, we be three poor souls
But newly come from earth,
Our bodies we have left behind,
Expecting a warm birth.
Here we are all aground, aground, aground,
For many a wanton trick ;
Then row along, thou jolly boy,
And take us to Old Nick.

BALLAD. — *Charon.*

[*Farewell, my trim-built Wherry.*]

Oh farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars and Styx and souls farewell!
Never more at Lethe's ferry
Shall old Charon take his spell.

BALLAD. — *Leporello.* — [*Old Air.*]

I have a little sixpence,
A pretty little sixpence,
I love my little sixpence dearer than my life;
But I'll spend a penny,
I'll lend a penny,
And I'll take fourpence home to my wife.

I have a little fourpence,
A pretty little fourpence
I love my little fourpence more dearly than my life;
But I'll spend a penny,
I'll lend a penny,
And I'll take twopence home to my wife.

I have a little twopence,
A pretty little twopence,
I love my little twopence more dearly than my life;
But I'll spend a penny,
I'll lend a penny.
And I'll take — nothing home to my wife.

I have a little nothing,
A pretty little nothing,
I love my little nothing more dearly than my life;
I'll spend nothing,
I'll lend nothing.
I'll take nothing home to my wife.

TRIO. — Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

[My Lady's Nag.]

We are three jolly widowers, that have just lost our wives,
And ne'er since we were bachelors so blest have been our lives;
They lie in yon church-yard, and there we'll let them be.
Peace to the r souls, they're now at rest, and so for once are we,
And our tol de rol lol, &c.

STAVE. — LEPORELLO. — [Galloping Dreary Dun.]

A master I had — a wicked and sly
Amorous fighting Don,
He's gone to the Devil, and so won't I;
No, I'll take care of number One.

LIFE OF GIOVANNI.—LEPORELLO.—[Heigho, says Rowley.]

There liv'd in Spain, as stories tell oh,
One Don Giovanni,
Among the girls a deuce of a fellow;
And he had a servant they call'd Leporello,
With his primo, buffo, canto, basso,
Heigho, sigh'd Don Giovanni.

He serenaded Donna Anna,
Did Don Giovanni,
He swore she was more sweet than manna;
Then into her window he stole to trepan her,
With his wheedle, tweedle, lango, dillo,
O wicked Don Giovanni!

The Commandant, her guardian true,
Caught Don Giovanni;
Says he, you're a blackguard, run, Sir, do,
I will, says Giovy, and then run him through,
With his carte-o, tierce-o, thrust-o, pierce-o,
And away run Don Giovanni.

A wedding he met, and the bride 'gan to woo,
Fie, Don Giovanni!
I am running away, will you run away too?
Said he. Yes, says she, I don't care if I do,
With my helter, skelter, questo, presto,
What a devil was Don Giovanni!

To a church-yard he came, being once at a loss,
Lost Don Giovanni,
Where the Commandant's Statue sat on a stone-horse,
Like King Charles' Statue that's at Charing Cross,
With his saddle, bridle, falchion, truncheon,
Will you give me a call? said Giovanni.

To call on Giovanni, the Statue wasn't slow,
Bold Don Giovanni,
Will you sup, Mr. Statue? said he: — it cry'd No,
For you must sup with me in the regions below,
Off my brimstone, sulphur, pitch-oh, smoke-oh.
I'll be damn'd if I do, cry'd Giovanni!

TRIO. — Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Oh what pleasure will abound
When my wife is under ground!
If they cover her, I'll dance over her, Tol lol lol.

SESTETTO. — Messrs. and Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins. — [Deadly Lively.]

Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

You cruel perjur'd villains!

Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Oh zounds, let go our hair!

Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Disown your lawful wives now, you scoundrels, if you dare!

Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Our wives! a pretty joke — it is some hoax, that's clear,
Their bodies in the church-yard lie.

Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Yes — but our souls are here.

Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Tol, lol, lol, de rol, &c.

Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

Tol, lol, lol, de rol, &c.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

[Oh! dear, what can the matter be?]

Here, here, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
What's all this hubbub, we pray?

TRIO. — Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.

This fellow has come from the regions infernal,
And brought back our wives, who as dead were as door-nail,
Disturbing our quiet with click clack eternal;
To the round-house pray bear them away!

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

Hey! what! brought back your wives to you?
Why not? — Mayn't he bring ours back too?
We'll not have with him ought to do;
Let those meddle with him that may.

GLEE. — Grand Chorus. — [Away with Melancholy.]

Away with fight and quarrel,
Black eye, crack'd heads, that bring;
Let us attack the barrel,
And jollily, jollily sing
Tol, lol.

Let's drink like hearty fellows
Our Country and our King,
Burn old King Rose's bellows,
And jollily dance and sing
Tol, lol.

AIR. — Mrs. Leporello. [Oh! rest thee Babe.]

Oh hush thee, my darling, the hour will soon come,
When thy Sire from the ale-house half-drunk will reel home;
Oh rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may,
For when he comes, there'll be the devil to pay.

TRIO. — Leporello, Giovanni, and Squalling Fanny.

[Young Love.]

Solo. — Leporello.

Your love she lives in yon humble shed,
Where turnips selling,
And "greens oh" yelling,
She gets a daily bit of bread,
And wild and sweet is the life she has led;
Her stall has flourish'd,
Her barrow's nourish'd
The natives with savoys and beans:
For working folks must still be fed;
And pickled pork eats best with greens.

Giovanni.

Zounds! what poor wretch is this I spy,
Who has come hither
Her sweets to wither;
Her beauty now is all my eye;
Plague on't! don't let the witch come nigh.

FANNY.

Dear Don Giovanni,
Don't scorn poor Fanny;
All day my greens for you I'll cry.

GIOVANNI.

My once lov'd Fanny, cry away,
But not for me — no, faith — good bye!

DUETTO. — Mrs. BILLINGSGATE and LEPORELLO.

[*Wapping Old Stairs.*]

Mrs. BILLINGSGATE.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the man on the horse came and took you —

LEPORELLO.

Down stairs.

Mrs. BILLINGSGATE.

When you vow'd that you still would continue the same,
And you gave me the ridicule worked with your name.

SONG. — *LEPORELLO.* — [*Devil's Bridge.*]

Behold! in his sweet expressive face,
His Daddy's features you can see;
And here the charming smile can trace,
That is so beautiful in me;
My boy like me is lovely ever,
And pity 'tis we e'er should sever.

DUETTO. — FANNY and GIOVANNI. — [Guaracha.]

FANNY.

Oh remember the time in La Mancha's Plains,
I had just been to church to be wed,
When you swore that my Bridegroom wasn't burthen'd with brains;
And clapp'd two huge horns on his head.

GIOVANNI.

Oh yes, then you were sweet as the breath of the south,
And I thought you were truly a prize:
But now crying greens, Fan, has widen'd your mouth,
Crack'd your voice, aye, and dimm'd your bright eyes.

SONG. — LEPORELLO. — [*Air*, Quite Politely.]

If in London Town you'd live,
Quite politely, quite politely,
Let me, Sir, this lesson give,
And be complete a Beaux, Sir:
Cossacks you, like sacks must wear,
In a Brutus cock your hair,
And wear of Wellingtons a pair,
To shine from top to toe, Sir!
Tol de rol, &c.

You must get a pair of stays,
Like the Ladies, like the Ladies,
Through an eye-glass still must gaze,
And stare at all you meet, Sir;
With sham collar hide your nose,
Wear false calves like other Beaux,
And still a brazen front disclose,
With brass heels to your feet, Sir.
Tol de rol, &c

To the Opera you must go,
Don Giovanni, Don Giovanni,
And talk as fashionables do,
Most loudly while they're singing;
You must go to Ball and Play,
Drink, game, swear, and lie all day,
Protect some graceless *chere amie,*
Yourself to ruin bringing.
Tol de rol, &c.

You must visit, race, and fight,
Betting on, Sir, two to one, Sir;
Four in hand to drive delight,
Like Groom and Jockey clever.
With your tailor debts contract,
In the Bench for three months pack'd,
Get out by the white-washing Act,
And be as clean as ever.
Tol de rol, &c.

DUET. — GIOVANNI and CONSTANTIA. — [Voulez vous dansez.]

GIOVANNI.

Will you dance with me, dear Ma'am'selle
Cheer my heart, nor
Slight your partner,
I can Quadrille and Waltz as well.
La poule et la finale.

In the Waltz our forms we'll twine,
Thine to mine, and mine to thine;
And all as sweet,
Our hearts shall meet,
Should we in love's circle join.

CONSTANTIA.

Willingly, Sir, with you I'll dance,
Cheer your heart, nor
Slight your partner;
For ah, who could refuse to prance,
Requested so genteelly!

BALLAD. — *CONSTANTIA.*

[AIR, *Savourna Deelish.*]

Oh, long shall I think of the Miller's fair daughter,
The flower of the valley, poor Eleanor Grey,
For tho' Sorrow's sure hand to the cold grave has brought her,
Her virtues in memory ne'er shall decay:
Like the glow-worm which shines the night's darkness illuming,
Like the breath of the rose, which though sweet while 'tis blooming,
Breathes sweeter when death is its beauty entombing,
Is the memory sweet of poor Eleanor Grey.
If to love be a crime, and there's sin in believing,
Then scarcely a sinner was Eleanor Grey;
For Edward was tender, and form'd for deceiving,
And swore to protect when he meant to betray;
And like the mild night-plant when some rude foot bends it,
Whose only reproach is the perfume it lends it, —
She sighed, my heart blesses the false youth who rends it,
Then died as she blessed him, poor Eleanor Grey.

DUET. — CONSTANTIA and FINICKIN.

[Oh! thou wert born to please me.]

Const. *Oh, thou wert born to teaze me!*
Finick. *Nay, don't say so, my love.*
Const. *I'm sure you'll never please me.*
Finick. *I'll sure your pleasure prove.*

Const. *Oh! never, never!*
Finick. *Fie, Miss.*
Const. *You cannot!*
Finick. *Pr'ythee try, Miss.*
Const. *'Twould be to little purpose, you namby pamby thing!*
Finick. *Oh, cruel! from my tester I very soon shall swing.*

AIR. — LEPORELLO. — [See that pretty Creature there.]

See that pretty creature there,
Oh, how charming, oh how fair:
Hug her, kiss her, Sir, for, zounds,
She's got thirty thousand pounds.

AIR. — GIOVANNI. — [Gramachree Molly.]

Had I a heart to falsehood giv'n,
To you I should be true;
I sooner could be false to Heav'n,
Than to those eyes of blue.

DUET. — GIOVANNI and CONSTANTIA.

[*Together let us range the Fields.*]

Together let us trapse the streets,
The White Horse Cellar gain,
There take the Mail for Gretna-Green,
And link the Blacksmith's chain.

DUO. — *LEPORELLO* and *FINIKIN.* — [Blue Bells of Scotland.]

Finick. *Oh where, and oh where is my own dear maiden gone?*
Lepor. *She's gone with Don Giovanni, and won't a maid return.*
Finick. *Then its heigho my heart, for she's left me all forlorn.*

SONG. — *LEPORELLO.* — [*Bay of Biscay.*]

Loud roars the dreadful thunder,
The skies their shower-baths broach;
No umbrella under,
'Tis fit we call a coach:
The night is dark and drear.
Ulloa, old Jarvy, here,
Drive, good fellow,
To the White-Horse Cellar,
Or we shall lose the Mail — that's clear.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

DUET. — *Bobby Brush and Jemmy Twist.*
[*Will you come to the Bower.*]

Bobby.

Come along, Jemmy Twist, for this here is Chalk-farm,
And those ere is the fields vere the birds do so svarm;
Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, come, come along,
And ve'll get us some tea for to make ourselves strong.

Jemmy.

I is here, Bobby Brush — Oh my vig, how I svets!
Ve an't shot nothing yet, to put into our nets:
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, let us go back,
For I've carried my gun till my back's fit to crack.

Bobby.

Tho' our dogs have knock'd up, ve ourselves mustn't yield,
'Tis the first of September — ve're first in the field:
Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, come, come along,
And, blow me, if ve don't have a shot before long.

Jemmy.

Ve've no licence to game, ve've not got master's leave;
Then our ramrods are shop-yards, our horns make believe:
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, let us go back;
At the Adam and Eve I'll treat you with a snack.

AIR. — Giovanni. — [The Legacy.]

Giovanni.

If in death I should chance recline,
A patent coffin get me, do,
Or, else the resurrection men —

Leporello.

Will cheat the Devil of his due.

Giovanni.

Bid all my sweethearts banish sorrow,
And get another as soon as they will,
And try if you ten pounds can borrow,
To pay the undertaker's bill.

Should it so happen, I am done o'er;
Take the goods I have on trust,
Carry them to some broker's door,
And raise on them a little dust —
'Twill for my funeral sermon pay;
Then for your services so civil,
Here, Leporello, hear me say
I'll give you heartily to the Devil.

AIR. — Giovanni. — [Black Joke.]

Our ground we have taken, our pistols we have,
We have nothing to do but the signal to give
Of one, two, three — fire away!
So, dear Sir, your best I'd advise you to do,
For if you don't wing me, faith, I shall wing you.
Now ready, Sir, stand, take your pistol in hand,
For I'm going to sing out the word of command —
Hip — one, two, three — fire away!

AIR. — Mr. Deputy English.

I'll get me a pipe, and I'll get me a pot,
And in that rural box there, I'll sit and I'll sot,
And I'll not budge a foot till my dinner I've got
Off the roast beef of Old England,
Off the Old English roast beef.

DUO and CHORUS. — Giovanni, Mrs. English, &c.

[Tyrolese Air to Liberty.]

Giovanni.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh, merrily oh,
Now Giovanni's freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh, merrily oh;
Here the pistol's balls fly more fleetly,
Here the syllabubs eat more sweetly,
Every joy this place surroundeth,
Merrily oh, merrily oh, merrily, merrily oh.

Mrs. English.

Cheerily now from Hampstead's valley,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh,
Over Primrose-hill we'll sally,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh;
If a charming girl won by bravery,
Sweeter be than one kept by knavery,
Round Giovanni's pistol rally,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh, cheerily, cheerily oh.

NOTTURNO. — *Giovanni.* — [*Copenhagen Waltz.*]

Pretty star of my soul! heaven's stars all outshining;
Sweet dream of my slumbers! ah, love, pray you rise!
Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining,
To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes.
To my anguish you're balm, to my pleasure your bliss,
To my touch you are joy, there's the world in your kiss;
Day is not day with me, if your presence I miss,
Ah, no! 'tis a night cold and moonless as this.

SONG. — Leporello.

Giovanni is leading his usual life;
Oh, he's a frolicksome dandy O!
He's come here to make love to another man's wife,
As sweet as sugar candy O!

Three bottles he drank at a tavern to-day,
Oh, he's a tipsy dandy O!
So 'tis odds, but there'll be the devil to pay,
What a galloping roguish dandy O!

I've brought him a ladder, and brought him a lamp,
To fight the Cockney dandy O!
For a notion I have, when he means to decamp,
That he'll find them devilish handy O!

I don't know how 'tis, but I feel to-night
Not to be quite so handy O!
So I'll off to the whiskey-shop, down by the right,
And get me a quartern of brandy O!

SONG. — *Constantia.*

[Air, *He loves, and he rides away.*]

At Deputy English's door was seen
A Libertine so gay,
The Deputy's Lady let him in,
So winning was his lay.
Oh, gentle lady, list to one
Who knows he can betray:
Beware, beware of this false young Don,
Who loves and then runs away.

DUET. — Giovanni and Mr. Deputy English.

[*Air*, "Chanson D'Amour," pushing on.]

Giovanni.

I gave her kisses one,
Half afraid;
I gave her kisses one,
She frown'd, and cry'd Have done!
But, go on, her pretty blue eyes plainly said.
I gave her kisses two,
Bolder grown,
I gave her kisses four ——

Deputy.

Oh, zounds! I'll hear no more!
I've heard too much already, Mr. Don.

TRIO. — Constantia, Leporello, and Giovanni.

[*Air*, Soldier, give me one pound.]

Leporello.

Giovanni, give me one pound.

Constantia.

Giovanni, give me two.

Leporello.

Trial it comes on to-day;

Constantia.

And nothing we can do.

Leporello.

You must give a fee,
Both to me —

CONSTANTIA.

And me.

LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA.

For oh, the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

LEPORELLO.

Giovanni give me one pound.

CONSTANTIA.

Giovanni give me two.

CONSTANTIA and LEPORELLO.

For oh, a brief without a fee, will never, never do.

CONSTANTIA.

Don't you know the law

LEPORELLO.

Has laid on you its claw?

BOTH.

And oh, the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

GIOVANNI.

Lawyer, there is one pound, [To Constantia.
Lawyer, there are two; [To Leporello.
And now I am without a pound,
Thanks to law and you.
For oh! I feel the law
Has clapp'd on me its paw;
And oh, the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

AIR. — GIOVANNI. — [The Woodpecker.]

I knew by their wigs that so greasefully curl'd
Adown their lank cheeks, that they wanted a fee,
And I said, if I had but a pound in the world,
These devils of lawyers would take it from me.
All was still in the Court, not a sound did I fear;
But the Baily quick tapping my shoulder, oh dear!

SONG. — NOKES. — [*Air*, Over the water to Charley.]

Over the water and over the bridge,
And into the King's Bench, Giovanni;
And over the water we now must trudge,
Or get in a coach Giovanni.

Giovanni, you love ale and wine,
Giovanni, you love brandy,
Giovanni, you love a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar candy.

CHORUS OF DEBTORS. [Peggy of Derby, oh!]

Oh, laugh at the hour,
When, in John Doe's power,
We debtors to the Surrey College came—
Let's hasten to our play,
Three months soon will pass away:
What is life after all but a racket game?

Then debtors get your jackets,
And let us go to rackets:
Like a ball, we're up and down at fortune's smile—the wench—
Like our balls, we here remain
But one day to ease our pain,
Like a bat, the Act will soundly knock us out of the Bench.

AIR. — GIOVANNI. — [Robin Adair.]

What's the gay town to me,
In the King's Bench?
Oh, when shall I get free
From the King's Bench!
Oh, still to joy and mirth,
Freedom it is gives birth,
Confinement's hell on earth,
In the King's Bench.

AIR. — CONSTANTIA. — [Cease your funning.]

Cease your dunning,
Serjeant Running —
Ton shall set Giovanni free:
Then how soothing,
Owing nothing,
What a happy man he'll be!
Leaving roving,
True to loving,
True, he'll to Constantia be.

GIOVANNI'S ADDRESS TO HIS OPPOSING CREDITORS.

[Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.]

Duns, that give Giovanni trust,
Duns doubt not I shall be just,
But take the benefit I must,
For 'tis for liberty!
Now's the day, and now the hour,
See the Bailiff grimly lour,
See approach the Sheriff's power,
Writs and slavery.

Who would be a Debtor, eh?
Who in the King's Bench would stay?
Who would be confin'd all day?
Let him prisoner be!
Who for the Insolvent Laws
Freedom's schedule freely draws,
Freeman stands in freedom's cause,
Come, and on with me.

TRIO. — GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and LEPORELLO.

[John of Paris.]

GIOVANNI.

Three months in durance vile I pin'd,
By cruel creditors confin'd;
But hence with pain,
I'm free again,
Yes, free as is the wandering wind,
I'll love, I'll drink, I'll game, I'll fight,
I'll pass in bliss each coming night;
And taste whole ages of delight,
To make amends for fortune's spite.

CONSTANTIA.

Giovanni welcome, once more free,
I'll leave you to your liberty,
But should you e'er
Again know care,
Perhaps, you'll cast a thought on me.

LEPORELLO.

Giovanni now is free again,
Away with care, away with pain!
He still will rove,
He still will love,
And make amends for Slavery's chain.

BALLAD. — LEPORELLO (*very ghostly*).

[Barney, leave the Girls alone.]

Giovanni, leave the girls alone,
For oh your trieks move stock and stone;
Giovanni, leave the girls alone,
And quiet let them be.

Pluto, put the kettle on,
Pluto, put the kettle on;
To supper once I ask'd the Don,
I'll ask him now to tea.

SONG. — Mrs. LEPORELLO. — [Nobody coming to marry me.]

A maid at sixty-six
Must not refuse a man;
But ah not a soul can I fix,
Though I'm sure I do all that I can.
Oh dear, what will become of me!
Dear, dear, what shall I do?
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.

FINALE. — [Here's a Health to all good Lasses.]

DEPUTY.

I wish success to Giovanni!

FINICKEN and CONSTANTIA.

We wish success to Giovanni!

Omnes.

All wish success to Giovanni!
For tho' he has deceived many,
Here he makes amends at last.

Ladies.

Worthy patrons,

Gentlemen.

Kindly shield him,

Ladies.

Do not blame him—

Gentlemen.

Pardon yield him.

Omnes.

We wish success to Giovanni!
For tho' he has deceived many,
Overlook his errors past.

THE END.

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